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The

WORKS

of

SHAKESPEARE,

Volume the eighth:

containing,

Julius Cæsar;
Antony *and* Cleopatra;
Timon *of* Athens;
Titus Andronicus.

LONDON:

Printed for J. *and* R. TONSON *in the Strand.*

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May, 1873

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Perſons represented:

Julius Cæsar.
Octavius Cæsar,
Marcus Antonius,
M. Æmil. Lepidus, } *Triumvirs, after the Death of* Cæsar.
Cicero, Publius, Popilius Lena, *Senators.*
Brutus,
Caſſius,
Caſca,
Cinna,
Decius,
Metellus,
Trebonius,
Ligarius, } *Conſpirators againſt* Cæsar.
Flavius, *and* Murellus, *Tribunes.*
a Soothſayer; Artemidorus, *a Sophiſt*;
Cinna, *a Poet*; *and another Poet.*
Lucilius, Titinius, Meſſala, *young* Cato, *and*
Volumnius; *Friends to* Brutus *and* Caſſius.
Lucius, Varro, Claudius, Clitus, Dardanius,
and Strato *a* Grecian; *Servants to* Brutus.
Pindarus, *Servant to* Caſſius.
Serv. to Cæsar; *Serv. to* Antony; *Serv. to* Octavius;
four Citizens, a Meſſenger, and two Soldiers.

Calphurnia, *Wife to* Cæsar.
Portia, *Wife to* Brutus.

Other Citizens, Soldiers, Officers, Senators, &c.

Scene diſperſ'd: in Rome, *near* Sardis, *and near* Philippi.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Rome. *A Street.*

Enter a Rabble of Citizens; FLAVIUS, *and* MURELLUS, *driving them.*

FLA. Hence; home, you idle creatures, get you home:
Is this a holiday? What, know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk,
Upon a labouring day, without the ſign
Of your profeſſion? — Speak, what trade art thou?

1. *C.* Why, ſir, a carpenter.

MUR. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What doſt thou with thy beſt apparel on? —
You, ſir; what trade are you?

2. *C.* Truly, ſir, in reſpect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would ſay, a cobler.

MUR. But what trade art thou? Anſwer me directly.

2. *C.* A trade, ſir, that, I hope, I may use with a ſafe conſcience; which is, indeed, ſir, a mender of bad ſouls.

MUR. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, [what trade?

16 *Fla.* What

2. *C.* Nay, I beſeech you, ſir, be not out with me: Yet, if you be out, ſir, I can mend you. [fellow?

Mur. What meaneſt thou by that? Mend me, thou ſaucy

2. *C.* Why, ſir, coble you.

Fla. Thou art a cobler, art thou?

2. *C.* Truly, ſir, all that I live by is, the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters; but, with all. I am, indeed, ſir, a ſurgeon to old ſhoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover them: As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather have gone upon my handy-work.

Fla. But wherefore art not in thy ſhop to-day? Why doſt thou lead these men about the ſtreets?

2. *C.* Truly, ſir, to wear out their ſhoes, to get myſelf into more work. But, indeed, ſir, we make holiday, to ſee *Cæsar*, and to rejoice in his triumph. [home?

Mur. Wherefore rejoice? What conqueſt brings he
What tributaries follow him to *Rome*,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you ſtones, you worſe than ſenſeleſs things!
O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of *Rome*,
Knew you not *Pompey?* Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney' tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have ſat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To ſee great *Pompey* paſs the ſtreets of *Rome:*
And when you ſaw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an univerſal ſhout,
That *Tyber* trembl'd underneath his banks,
To hear the replication of your ſounds
Made in his concave ſhores?

[6] is with the Aule [3] v. *Note*,

And do you now put on your beſt attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now ſtrew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over *Pompey*'s blood?
Be gone;
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs muſt light on this ingratitude.

Fla. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Aſſemble all the poor men of your ſort;
Draw them to *Tyber* banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, 'till the loweſt ſtream
Do kiſs the moſt exalted ſhores of all.

[*Exeunt* Citizens.

See, whe'r their baſeſt metal be not mov'd;
They vaniſh tongue-ty'd in their guiltineſs.
Go you down that way towards the capitol;
This way will I: Diſrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

Mur. May we do ſo? you know, it is the feaſt
Of *Lupercal.*

Fla. 'Tis no matter; let no images
Be hung with *Cæsar*'s trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the ſtreets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from *Cæsar*'s wing,
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
Who elſe would ſoar above the view of men,
And keep us all in ſervile fearfulneſs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The ſame. A publick Place.*

Enter, in ſolemn Proceſſion, with Muſick, &c.

CÆSAR; ANTONY, *for the Course*; CALPHURNIA, Portia; Decius, Cicero, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, &c. *a great Crowd following*; Soothsayer *in the Crowd.*

CÆS. *Calphurnia,*

CASCA. Peace, ho! *Cæsar* speaks. [*Musick ceases.*

CÆS. *Calphurnia,*

CAL. Here, my lord.

CÆS. Stand you directly in *Antonio*'s way,
When he doth run his course.—*Antonio,*

ANT. *Cæsar,* my lord.

CÆS. Forget not, in your speed, *Antonio,*
To touch *Calphurnia:* for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chace,
Shake off their steril curse.

ANT. I shall remember:
When *Cæsar* says, *Do this,* it is perform'd.

CÆS. Set on; and leave no ceremony out.
[*Musick*; *and the Procession moves.*

SOO. *Cæsar,*

CÆS. Ha! Who calls?

CASCA. Bid every noise be still:—Peace yet again.
[*Musick ceases.*

CÆS. Who is it in the press, that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the musick,
Cry, *Cæsar:* Speak; *Cæsar* is turn'd to hear.

SOO. Beware the ides of *March.*

CÆS. What man is that?

BRU. A soothsayer, bids beware the ides of *March.*

CÆS. Set him before me, let me see his face.

CAS. Fellow, come from the throng, look upon *Cæsar.*

CÆS. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.

29 bids you beware

Soo. Beware the ides of *March.*

Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him: paſs.

[*Musick. Exeunt All, but* Bru. *and* Caſ.

Cas. Will you go ſee the order of the courſe?

Bru. Not I.

Cas. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gameſome; I do lack ſome part
Of that quick ſpirit that is in *Antony:* —
Let me not hinder, *Caſſius*, your desires;
I'll leave you.

Cas. *Brutus*, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleneſs,
And ſhew of love, as I was wont to have:
You bear too ſtubborn and too ſtrange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. *Caſſius*,
Be not deceiv'd: If I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Meerly upon myſelf. Vexed I am,
Of late, with paſſions of ſome difference,
Conceptions only proper to myſelf,
Which give ſome ſoil, perhaps, to my behaviours:
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd;
(Among which number, *Caſſius*, be you one,)
Nor conſtrue any further my neglect,
Than that poor *Brutus*, with himſelf at war,
Forgets the ſhews of love to other men.

Cas. Then, *Brutus*, I have much miſtook your paſſion;
By means whereof, this breaſt of mine hath bury'd
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good *Brutus*, can you ſee your face?

Bru. No, *Caſſius:* for the eye ſees not itſelf,

But by reflection, by ſome other things.
Cas. 'Tis juſt:
And it is very much lamented, *Brutus*,
That you have no ſuch mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthineſs into your eye,
That you might ſee your ſhadow. I have heard,
Where many of the beſt reſpect in *Rome*,
(Except immortal *Cæsar*) ſpeaking of *Brutus*,
And groaning underneath this age's yoak,
Have wiſh'd that noble *Brutus* had his eyes.
Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, *Caſſius*,
That you would have me ſeek into myſelf
For that which is not in me?
Cas. Therefore, good *Brutus*, be prepar'd to hear:
And, ſince you know you cannot ſee yourſelf
So well as by reflection, I, your glaſs,
Will modeſtly diſcover to yourſelf
That of yourſelf which yet you know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle *Brutus*:
Were I a common laugher, or did use
To ſtale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new proteſter; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after ſcandal them; or if you know
That I profeſs myſelf in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.
[*Shout within.*
Bru. What means this ſhouting? I do fear, the people
Choose *Cæsar* for their king.
Cas. Ay, do you fear it?
Then muſt I think you would not have it ſo.
Bru. I would not, *Caſſius*; yet I love him well:—

18 you yet 20 Laughter

But wherefore do you hold me here ſo long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be ought toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For, let the gods ſo ſpeed me, as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, *Brutus*,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the ſubject of my ſtory.—
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my ſingle ſelf,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of ſuch a thing as I myſelf.
I was born free as *Cæsar*; ſo were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and guſty day,
The troubl'd *Tyber* chafing with his ſhores,
Cæsar ſaid to me, *Dar'ſt thou*, Caſſius, *now*
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And ſwim to yonder point? Upon the word,
Accouter'd as I was, I plunged in,
And bad him follow: ſo, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it
With luſty ſinews; throwing it aſide,
And ſtemming it with hearts of controverſy.
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cry'd; *Help me*, Caſſius, *or I ſink.*
I, as *Æneas*, our great anceſtor,
Did from the flames of *Troy* upon his ſhoulder
The old *Anchiſes* bear, ſo, from the waves of *Tyber*

Did I the tired *Cæsar:* And this man
Is now become a god; and *Cassius* is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If *Cæsar* carelesly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in *Spain*,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their colour fly;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose it's lustre: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bad the *Romans*
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas, it cry'd, *Give me some drink*, Titinius,
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestick world,
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout again.*

Bru. Another general shout:
I do believe, that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on *Cæsar.*

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,
Like a *Colossus*; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear *Brutus*, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and *Cæsar:* What should be in that *Cæsar?*
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,

Brutus will ſtart a ſpirit as ſoon as *Cæsar*.
Now in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our *Cæsar* feed,
That he is grown ſo great? Age, thou art ſham'd:
Rome, thou haſt loſt the breed of noble bloods.
When went there by an age, ſince the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they ſay, 'till now, that talk'd of *Rome*,
That her wide walls encompaſſ'd but one man?
Now is it *Rome* indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O! you and I have heard our fathers ſay,
There was a *Brutus* once, that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his ſtate in *Rome*,
As eaſily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have ſome aim:
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I ſhall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, ſo with love I might intreat you,
Be any further mov'd: What you have ſaid,
I will conſider; what you have to ſay,
I will with patience hear; and find a time
Both meet to hear, and anſwer, ſuch high things.
'Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himſelf a ſon of *Rome*
Under ſuch hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad, that my weak words
Have ſtruck but thus much ſhew of fire from *Brutus*.

Re-enter Cæsar, *and his Train.*

9 Walkes 28 Under theſe hard

Bru. The games are done, and *Cæsar* is returning.
Cas. As they pass by, pluck *Casca* by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded, worthy note, to-day.
Bru. I will do so:—But, look you, *Cassius*,
The angry spot doth glow on *Cæsar*'s brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and *Cicero*
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the capitol,
Being crost'd in conference by some senators.
Cas. *Casca* will tell us what the matter is.
Cæs. *Antonio*,
Ant. *Cæsar*.
Cæs. Let me have men about me, that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yon *Cassius* has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.
Ant. Fear him not, *Cæsar*, he's not dangerous;
He is a noble *Roman*, and well given.
Cæs. 'Would he were fatter: But I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare *Cassius*. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, *Antony*; he hears no musick:
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;

And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear; for always I am *Cæsar*.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'ſt of him.

[*Exeunt* CÆSAR, *and Train:* Caſca *ſtays.*

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; Would you ſpeak with me?

Bru. Ay, *Caſca*; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day, That *Cæsar* looks ſo ſad.

Casca. Why you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I ſhould not then aſk *Caſca* what had chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him: and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus †; and then the people fell a' ſhouting.

Bru. What was the ſecond noise for?

Casca. Why for that too?

Cas. They ſhouted thrice; What was the laſt cry for?

Casca. Why for that too?

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honeſt neighbours ſhouted.

Cas. Who offer'd him the crown?

Casca. Why, *Antony*.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle *Caſca*.

Casca. I can as well be hang'd, as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery, I did not mark it. I ſaw *Mark Antony* offer him a crown;—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once: but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he

offer'd it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third time; he put it the third time by: and ſtill as he refus'd it, the rabblement houted, and clap'd their chopt hands, and threw up their ſweaty night-caps, and utter'd ſuch a deal of ſtinking breath because *Cæsar* refus'd the crown, that it had almoſt choak'd *Cæsar*; for he ſwooned, and fell down at it: And for mine own part, I durſt not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, ſoft, I pray you; What, did *Cæsar* ſwoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was ſpeechleſs.

Bru. 'Tis very like; he hath the falling-ſickneſs.

Cas. No, *Cæsar* hath it not; but you, and I, And honeſt *Caſca*, we have the falling-ſickneſs.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am ſure, *Cæsar* fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiſs him, according as he pleas'd, and diſpleas'd them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What ſaid he, when he came unto himſelf?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refus'd the crown, he pluck'd me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut:—An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues:—and ſo he fell. When he came to himſelf again, he ſaid, If he had done, or ſaid, any thing amiſs, he desir'd their worſhips to think it was his in-

firmity. Three or four wenches, where I ſtood, cry'd, *Alas, good ſoul!* and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if *Cæsar* had ſtab'd their mothers, they would have done no leſs.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus ſad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did *Cicero* ſay any thing?

Casca. Ay, he ſpoke *Greek*.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i'th' face again: But those, that underſtood him, ſmil'd at one another, and ſhook their heads: but, for mine own part, it was *Greek* to me. I could tell you more news too: *Murellus* and *Flavius*, for pulling ſcarfs off *Cæsar*'s images, are put to ſilence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you ſup with me to-night, *Caſca?*

Casca. No, I am promis'd forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do ſo: Farewel, both. [*Exit* Casca.

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be? He was quick mettle, when he went to ſchool.

Cas. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeneſs is a ſauce to his good wit,
Which gives men ſtomach to digeſt his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is.
For this time, I will leave you, Cassius:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.
Cas. I will do so: 'till then, think of the world.
[*Exit* Brutus.
Well, *Brutus*, thou art noble: yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd: Therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd?
Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves *Brutus*:
If I were *Brutus* now, and he were *Cassius*,
He should not humour me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That *Rome* holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:
And, after this, let *Cæsar* seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The same. A Street.*

Thunder and Lightning. Enter, from opposite Sides, Cicero, *and* Casca *with his Sword drawn.*

Cic. Good even, *Casca:* Brought you *Cæsar* home?
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?
Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth
Shakes, like a thing unfirm? O *Cicero*,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds

Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have ſeen
The ambitious ocean ſwell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds:
But never 'till to-night, never 'till now,
Did I go through a tempeſt dropping fire.
Either there is a civil ſtrife in heaven;
Or elſe the world, too ſaucy with the gods,
Incenſes them to ſend deſtruction.

Cic. Why, ſaw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common ſlave (you know him well by ſight)
Held up his left hand, which did flame, and burn,
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not ſenſible of fire, remain'd unſcorch'd.
Beſides, (I have not ſince put up my ſword)
Againſt the capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me, and went ſurly by,
Without annoying me: And there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred gaſtly women,
Tranſformed with their fear; who ſwore, they ſaw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the ſtreets.
And, yeſterday, the bird of night did ſit,
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting, and ſhrieking. When these prodigies
Do ſo conjointly meet, let not men ſay,
These are their reasons,—They are natural;
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a ſtrange-diſposed time:
But men may conſtrue things after their faſhion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themſelves.
Comes *Cæsar* to the capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid *Antonio*

16 glar'd

Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, *Casca:* this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, *Cicero.* [*Exit* Cicero.

Enter Cassius.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A *Roman.*

Cas. *Casca*, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. *Cassius*, what night is this?

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those, that have known the earth so full of faults.
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night;
And, thus unbraced, *Casca*, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone:
And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it. [heavens?

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the
It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, *Casca*; and those sparks of life,
Which should be in a *Roman*, you do want,
Or else you use not: You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind;
Why old men, fools, and children, calculate;

Why all these things change, from their ordinance,
Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,
To monſtrous quality; why, you ſhall find,
That nature hath infus'd them with these ſpirits,
To make them inſtruments of fear, and warning,
Unto ſome monſtrous ſtate. Now could I *Caſca*,
Name thee a man moſt like this dreadful night;
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the capitol:
A man no mightier than thyſelf, or me,
In perſonal action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as these ſtrange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis *Cæsar*, that you mean: Is it not, *Caſſius?*

Cas. Let it be who it is: for *Romans* now
Have thews and limbs like to their anceſtors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' ſpirits;
Our yoak and ſufferance ſhew us womaniſh.

Casca. Indeed, they ſay, the ſenators to-morrow
Mean to eſtabliſh *Cæsar* as a king:
And he ſhall wear his crown, by ſea, and land,
In every place, ſave here in *Italy*.

Cas. I know where I will wear this † dagger then;
Caſſius from bondage will deliver *Caſſius:*
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak moſt ſtrong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor ſtony tower, nor walls of beaten braſs,
Nor airleſs dungeon, nor ſtrong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the ſtrength of ſpirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to diſmiſs itſelf.
If I know this, know all the world beſides,

† name to thee

That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
I can ſhake off at pleasure.

Casca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why ſhould *Cæsar* be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf,
But that he ſees, the *Romans* are but ſheep:
He were no lion, were not *Romans* hinds.
Thoſe that with haſte will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak ſtraws: What traſh is *Rome*,
What rubbiſh, and what offal, when it ſerves
For the baſe matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as *Cæsar?* But, o, grief,
Where haſt thou led me? I, perhaps, ſpeak this
Before a willing bondman: then I know
My anſwer muſt be made: But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You ſpeak to *Caſca*; and to ſuch a man,
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold my hand:
Be factious for redreſs of all these griefs;
And I will ſet this foot of mine as far,
As who goes fartheſt.

Cas. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, *Caſca*, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the nobleſt-minded *Romans*,
To undergo, with me, an enterprise
Of honourable-dang'rous conſequence;
And I do know, by this, they ſtay for me
In *Pompey*'s porch: For now, this fearful night,
There is no ſtir, or walking in the ſtreets;
And the complexion of the element

Is favour'd like the work we have in hand,
Moſt bloody, fiery, and moſt terrible.

Enter CINNA.

Caſca. Stand cloſe a while, for here comes one in haſte.

Caſ. 'Tis *Cinna*, I do know him by his gate;
He is a friend.—*Cinna*, where haſte you ſo?

Cin. To find out you: Who's that? *Metellus Cimber?*

Caſ. No, it is *Caſca*; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not ſtay'd for, *Cinna?*

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this?
There's two or three of us have ſeen ſtrange ſights.

Caſ. Am I not ſtay'd for, Cinna? tell me.

Cin. Yes,
You are. O, *Caſſius*, if you could but win
The noble *Brutus* to our party—

Caſ. Be you content: Good *Cinna*, take this † paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where *Brutus* may but find it; and throw † this
In at his window; ſet this † up with wax
Upon old *Brutus'* ſtatue: all this done,
Repair to *Pompey*'s porch, where you ſhall find us.
Is *Decius Brutus*, and *Trebonius*, there?

Cin. All but *Metellus Cimber*; and he's gone
To ſeek you at your houſe. Well, I will hye,
And ſo beſtow these papers as you bad me.

Caſ. That done, repair to *Pompey*'s theatre.

[*Exit* CINNA.

Come, *Caſca*, you and I will, yet, ere day,
See *Brutus* at his houſe: three parts of him
Is ours already; and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

Caſca. O, he ſits high in all the people's hearts:

[1] Is Favors, like

And that, which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richeſt alchymy,
Will change to virtue, and to worthineſs.

Cas. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited: Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be ſure of him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The ſame.* Brutus's *Garden.*

Enter Brutus.

Bru. What, *Lucius*, ho!—
I cannot, by the progreſs of the ſtars,
Give gueſs how near to day.—*Lucius*, I ſay!—
I would it were my fault to ſleep ſo ſoundly.—
When, *Lucius*, when? Awake, I ſay: What, *Lucius!*

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my ſtudy, *Lucius:*
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Bru. It muſt be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no perſonal cause to ſpurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:—
How that might change his nature, there's the queſtion.
It is the bright day, that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him? That;
And then, I grant, we put a ſting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuſe of greatneſs is, when it disjoins

Remorſe from power: And, to ſpeak truth of *Cæsar*,
I have not known when his affections ſway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowlineſs is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face:
But when he once attains the upmoſt round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back;
Looks in the clouds, ſcorning the baſe degrees
By which he did aſcend: So *Cæsar* may;
Then, leſt he may, prevent. And, ſince the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Faſhion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these, and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a ſerpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow miſchievous;
And kill him in the ſhell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, ſir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This ✝ paper, thus ſeal'd up; and, I am ſure,
It did not lye there, when I went to bed.

Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of *March?*

Luc. I know not, ſir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, ſir. [*Exit.*

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give ſo much light, that I may read by them.
reads] Brutus *thou ſleep'ſt; awake, and ſee thyſelf.*
Shall Rome + + + + *Speak, ſtrike, redreſs.*
Brutus, *thou ſleep'ſt; awake,* ——
Such inſtigations have been often drop'd,

Where I have took them up.
Shall Rome — Thus must I piece it out;
Shall *Rome* stand under one man's awe? What, *Rome?*
My ancestors did from the streets of *Rome*
The *Tarquin* drive, when he was call'd a king.
Speak, strike, redress. — Am I entreated
To speak, and strike? O *Rome*, I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of *Brutus*.

Re-enter LUCIUS. *within.*

Luc. Sir, *March* is wasted fourteen days. [*Knock*
Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.
[*Exit* LUCIUS.
Since *Cassius* first did whet me against *Cæsar*,
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The genius, and the mortal instruments,
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother *Cassius* at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.
Bru. Is he alone?
Luc. No, sir, there are more with him.
Bru. Do you know them?
Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluckt about their ears,
And half their faces bury'd in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.

[11] fifteene days

Bru. Let them enter. [*Exit* Lucius.
They are the faction. O conspiracy,
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day,
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough,
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles, and affability:
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not *Erebus* itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus, *and* Trebonius.

Cas. I think, we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, *Brutus*; Do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour; awake, all night.
Know I these men, that come along with you?

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here,
But honours you: and every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of yourself,
Which every noble *Roman* bears of you.
This is *Trebonius*.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This, *Decius Brutus*.

Bru. He is welcome too. [*Cimber*.

Cas. This, *Casca*; *Cinna*, this; and this, *Metellus*

Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word? [*converse apart*.

Dec. Here lyes the east: Doth not the day break here?

Casca. No.

Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon grey lines,

25 this, *Cinna*

That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess, that you are both deceiv'd.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: If not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
'Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,
What need we any spur, but our own cause,
To prick us to redress? what other bond,
Than secret *Romans*, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath,
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think, that, or our cause, or our performance,

Did need an oath; when every drop of blood,
That every *Roman* bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath past from him.

Cas. But what of *Cicero?* Shall we sound him?
I think, he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O, let us have him; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands;
Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit appear,
But all be bury'd in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not: let us not break with him;
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd, but only *Cæsar?*

Cas. *Decius*, well urg'd:—I think, it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of *Cæsar*,
Should out-live *Cæsar:* We shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far,
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let *Antony*, and *Cæsar*, fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, *Caius Cassius*,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards:
For *Antony* is but a limb of *Cæsar*.

Let us be ſacrificers, but not butchers, *Caius*.
We all ſtand up againſt the ſpirit of *Cæsar*;
And in the ſpirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by *Cæsar*'s ſpirit,
And not diſmember *Cæsar!* But, alas,
Cæsar muſt bleed for it: And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a diſh fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcaſs fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as ſubtle maſters do,
Stir up their ſervants to an act of rage,
And after ſeem to chide them. This ſhall make
Our purpose neceſſary, and not envious:
Which ſo appearing to the common eyes,
We ſhall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for *Mark Antony*, think not of him;
For he can do no more than *Cæsar*'s arm,
When *Cæsar*'s head is off.

Cas. Yet I do fear him:
For in the engrafted love he bears to *Cæsar*,—

Bru. Alas, good *Caſſius*, do not think of him:
If he love *Cæsar*, all that he can do
Is to himſelf; take thought, and dye for *Cæsar*:
And that were much he ſhould; for he is given
To ſports, to wildneſs, and much company.

Tre. There is no fear in him; let him not dye;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

Bru. Peace, count the clock. [*Clock ſtrikes.*

Cas. The clock hath ſtricken three.

Tre. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
Whe'r *Cæsar* will come forth to-day, or no:

For he is ſuperſtitious grown of late;
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantaſy, of dreams, and ceremonies:
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccuſtom'd terror of this night,
And the perſuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that: If he be ſo reſolv'd,
I can o'er-ſway him: for he loves to hear,
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glaſſes, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers:
But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
He ſays, he does; being then moſt flattered.
Let me work:
For I can give his humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour; Is that the uttermoſt?

Cin. Be that the uttermoſt, and fail not then.

Met. *Caius Ligarius* doth bear *Cæsar* hatred,
Who rated him for ſpeaking well of *Pompey*;
I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good *Metellus*, go along to him:
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I'll faſhion him. [*Brutus*;—

Cas. The morning comes upon us: We'll leave you,
And, friends, diſperſe yourſelves: but all remember
What you have ſaid, and ſhew yourſelves true *Romans*.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look freſh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes;
But bear it as our *Roman* actors do,

24 along by him

With untir'd ſpirits, and formal conſtancy:
And ſo, good morrow to you every one.
[*Exeunt All but* Brutus.
Boy! *Lucius!* Faſt aſleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of ſlumber:
Thou haſt no figures, nor no fantaſies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou ſleep'ſt ſo ſound.

Enter PORTIA.

Por. *Brutus*, my lord.
Bru. *Portia*, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.
Por. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, *Brutus*,
Stole from my bed: And yeſternight, at ſupper,
You ſuddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing, and ſighing, with your arms acroſs:
And when I aſk'd you what the matter was,
You ſtar'd upon me with ungentle looks:
I urg'd you further; then you ſcratch'd your head,
And too impatiently ſtamp'd with your foot:
Yet I inſiſted, yet you anſwer'd not;
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave ſign for me to leave you: So I did;
Fearing to ſtrengthen that impatience,
Which ſeem'd too much enkindl'd; and, withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which ſometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor ſleep;
And, could it work ſo much upon your ſhape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I ſhould not know you, *Brutus*. Dear my lord,

Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.
Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.
Por. *Brutus* is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.
Bru. Why, ſo I do: Good *Portia*, go to bed.
Por. Is *Brutus* ſick; and is it physical,
To walk unbraced, and ſuck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What, is *Brutus* ſick;
And will he ſteal out of his wholſome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night?
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his ſickneſs? No, my *Brutus*;
You have ſome ſick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: And, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourſelf, your half,
Why you are heavy; and what men to-night
Have had resort to you: for here have been
Some ſix or ſeven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkneſs.
Bru. Kneel not, gentle *Portia.* [*raising her.*
Por. I ſhould not need, if you were gentle *Brutus.*
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, *Brutus*,
Is it excepted, I ſhould know no ſecrets
That appertain to you? Am I your ſelf,
But, as it were, in ſort, or limitation;
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you ſometimes? Dwell I but in the ſuburbs
Of your good pleaſure? If it be no more,

Portia is *Brutus*' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That visit my ſad heart.

Por. If this were true, then ſhould I know this ſecret.
I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman that lord *Brutus* took to wife:
I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman well-reputed, *Cato*'s daughter:
Think you, I am no ſtronger than my ſex,
Being ſo father'd, and ſo husbanded?
Tell me your counſels, I will not diſclose them:
I have made ſtrong proof of my conſtancy,
Giving myſelf a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: Can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's ſecrets?

Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife! [*Knock within.*
Hark, hark! one knocks: *Portia*, go in a while;
And by and by thy bosom ſhall partake
The ſecrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will conſtrue to thee,
All the charactery of my ſad brows:
Leave me with haſte. [*Exit* Portia.

Enter Lucius, *and* Ligarius.

Lucius, who's that that knocks?

Luc. Here is a ſick man, that would ſpeak with you.

Bru. "*Caius Ligarius*, that *Metellus* ſpake of."—
Boy, ſtand aſide.— [*Exit* Luc.] *Caius Ligarius*, how?

Lig. Vouchſafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave *Caius*,
To wear a kerchief? 'Would you were not ſick!

Lig. I am not ſick, if *Brutus* have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.
Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, *Ligarius*,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.
Lig. By all the gods that *Romans* bow before,
I here diſcard my ſickneſs. Soul of *Rome*,
Brave ſon, deriv'd from honourable loins,
Thou, like an exorciſt, haſt conjur'd up
My mortified ſpirit. Now bid me run,
And I will ſtrive with things impoſſible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?
Bru. A piece of work, that will make ſick men whole.
Lig. But are not ſome whole, that we muſt make ſick?
Bru. That muſt we alſo. What it is, my *Caius*,
I ſhall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it muſt be done.
Lig. Set on your foot;
And, with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it ſufficeth,
That *Brutus* leads me on.
Bru. Follow me then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The ſame. A Room in* Cæsar's *Palace.*

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Cæsar.

Cæs. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath *Calphurnia* in her ſleep cry'd out,
Help, ho! They murder Cæsar. Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My lord?
Cæs. Go bid the prieſts do present ſacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of ſucceſs.
Ser. I will, my lord. [*Exit* Servant.

Enter CALPHURNIA. [forth?

CAL. What mean you, *Cæsar?* Think you to walk
You ſhall not ſtir out of your houſe to-day. [me

CÆS. *Cæsar* ſhall forth: the things that threaten'd
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they ſhall ſee
The face of *Cæsar*, they are vaniſhed.

CAL. *Cæsar*, I never ſtood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Beſides the things that we have heard and ſeen,
Recounts moſt horrid ſights ſeen by the watch.
A lioneſs hath whelped in the ſtreets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead:
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks, and ſquadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizel'd blood upon the capitol:
The noise of battle hurtl'd in the air,
Horſes did neigh, and dying men did groan;
And ghoſts did ſhriek, and ſqueal about the ſtreets.
O *Cæsar*, these things are beyond all uſe,
And I do fear them.

CÆS. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Yet *Cæsar* ſhall go forth: for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to *Cæsar*.

CAL. When beggars dye, there are no comets ſeen;
The heavens themſelves blaze forth the death of princes.

CÆS. Cowards dye many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taſte of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It ſeems to me moſt ſtrange that men ſhould fear;
Seeing that death, a neceſſary end,
Will come, when it will come.

Re-enter Servant.

What ſay the augurers?

Ser. They would not have you to ſtir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beaſt.

Cæs. The gods do this in ſhame of cowardice:
Cæsar ſhould be a beaſt without a heart,
If he ſhould ſtay at home to-day for fear.
No, *Cæsar* ſhall not: Danger knows full well,
That *Cæsar* is more dangerous than he.
We are two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And *Cæsar* ſhall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is conſum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: Call it my fear,
That keeps you in the houſe, and not your own.
We'll ſend *Mark Antony* to the ſenate-houſe;
And he ſhall ſay, you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. *Mark Antony* ſhall ſay, I am not well;
And, for thy humour, I will ſtay at home.

Enter Decius.

Here's *Decius Brutus*, he ſhall tell them ſo.

Dec. *Cæsar*, all hail! Good morrow, worthy *Cæsar*;
I come to fetch you to the ſenate-houſe.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the ſenators,
And tell them, that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is falſe; and that I dare not, falſer;
I will not come to-day, tell them ſo, *Decius*.

Cal. Say, he is ſick.

[11] We heare two

Cæs. Shall *Cæsar* ſend a lye?
Have I in conqueſt ſtretch'd mine arm ſo far,
To be afear'd to tell gray-beards the truth? —
Decius, go tell them, *Cæsar* will not come.
Dec. Moſt mighty *Cæsar*, let me know ſome cauſe,
Leſt I be laugh'd at, when I tell them ſo.
Cæs. The cauſe is in my will, I will not come;
That is enough to ſatiſfy the ſenate.
But, for your private ſatiſfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia here, my wife, ſtays me at home:
She dreamt to-night, ſhe ſaw my ſtatue, Decius,
Which, like a fountain, with a hundred ſpouts
Did run pure blood; and many luſty *Romans*
Came ſmiling, and did bath their hands in it:
And these does ſhe apply for warnings, portents
Of evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath beg'd, that I will ſtay at home to-day.
Dec. This dream is all amiſs interpreted;
It was a vision, fair and fortunate:
Your ſtatue ſpouting blood in many pipes,
In which ſo many ſmiling *Romans* bath'd,
Signifies, that from you great *Rome* ſhall ſuck
Reviving blood; and that great men ſhall preſs
For tinctures, ſtains, relicks, and cognisance.
This by *Calphurnia*'s dream is ſignify'd.
Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.
Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can ſay:
And know it now; The ſenate have concluded
To give, this day, a crown to mighty *Cæsar*.
If you ſhall ſend them word, you will not come,
Their minds may change. Beſides, it were a mock

16 warnings and portents, 17 And evils

Apt to be render'd, for ſome one to ſay,
Break up the ſenate 'till another time,
When Cæsar's *wife ſhall meet with better dreams.*
If *Cæsar* hide himſelf, ſhall they not whiſper,
Lo, Cæsar *is afraid?*
Pardon me, *Cæsar*; for my dear, dear, love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.
Cæs. How fooliſh do your fears ſeem now, *Calphurnia?*
I am aſhamed I did yield to them.—
Give me my robe, for I will go:— [*to an Att:*
Enter Publius, Ligarius, Brutus, Casca, Cinna, Metellus, *and* Trebonius.
And look where *Publius* is come to fetch me.
Pub. Good morrow, *Cæsar.*
Cæs. Welcome, *Publius.*—
What, *Brutus*, are you ſtir'd ſo early too?—
Good morrow, *Caſca.*—*Caius Ligarius,*
Cæsar was ne'er ſo much your enemy,
As that ſame ague which hath made you lean.—
What is't o'clock?
Bru. *Cæsar*, 'tis ſtrucken eight.
Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courteſy.
Enter Antony.
See! *Antony*, that revels long o'nights,
Is notwithſtanding up:—Good morrow, *Antony.*
Ant. So to moſt noble *Cæsar.*
Cæs. Bid them prepare within:— [*to an Att:*
I am to blame to be thus waited for.—
Now, *Cinna:*—Now, *Metellus:*—What, *Trebonius!*
I have an hour's talk in ſtore for you;
Remember that you call on me to-day:

Be near me, that I may remember you.

Tre. *Cæsar*, I will: " and so near will I be,
" That your best friends shall wish I had been further."

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;
And we, like friends, will straitway go together.

Bru. " That every like is not the same, o *Cæsar*,"
" The heart of *Brutus* yearns to think upon."

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. Street near the Capitol.*

Enter Artemidorus.

Art. [*reads.*] Cæsar, *beware of* Brutus; *take heed of* Cassius; *come not near* Casca; *have an eye to* Cinna; *trust not* Trebonius; *mark well* Metellus Cimber: Decius Brutus *loves thee not*; *thou hast wrong'd* Caius Ligarius. *There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against* Cæsar: *If thou beest not immortal, look about you: Security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee!*

Thy lover, Artemidorus.

Here will I stand, 'till *Cæsar* pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments, that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, o *Cæsar*, thou may'st live;
If not, the fates with traitors do contrive.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The same. Another Part of the same Street, before* Brutus's *House.*

Enter Portia, *and* Lucius.

Por. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:
Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.
Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou ſhould'ſt do there.—
"O conſtancy, be ſtrong upon my ſide!"
"Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!"
"I have a man's mind, but a woman's heart."
"How hard it is, for women to keep counſel!"—
Art thou here yet?
Luc. Madam, what ſhould I do?
Run to the capitol, and nothing elſe?
And ſo return to you, and nothing elſe?
Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went ſickly forth: And take good note,
What *Cæsar* doth, what ſuitors preſs to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?
Luc. I hear none, madam.
Por. Pr'ythee, liſten well:
I heard a buſtling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the capitol.
Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.
Enter Soothſayer.
Por. Come hither, fellow:
Which way haſt thou been?
Soo. At mine own houſe, good lady.
Por. What is't o'clock?
Soo. About the ninth hour, lady,
Por. Is *Cæsar* yet gone to the capitol?
Soo. Madam, not yet; I go to take my ſtand,
To ſee him paſs on to the capitol.
Por. Thou haſt ſome ſuit to *Cæsar*, haſt thou not?
Soo. That I have, lady, if it will please *Cæsar*
To be ſo good to *Cæsar*, as to hear me:

I ſhall beſeech him to befriend himſelf. [wards him?
Por. Why, know'ſt thou any harm's intended to-
Soo. None that I know will be, much that I fear may
Good-morrow to you. Here the ſtreet is narrow: [chance.
The throng that follows *Cæsar* at the heels,
Of ſenators, of prætors, common ſuitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almoſt to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great *Cæsar* as he comes along. [*Exit.*
Por. I muſt go in. "Ay me! how weak a thing"
"The heart of woman is! O *Brutus*, Brutus,"
"The heavens ſpeed thee in thine enterprise!"
"Sure, the boy heard me:" *Brutus* hath a ſuit,
That *Cæsar* will not grant. O, I grow faint:—
Run, *Lucius*, and commend me to my lord;
Say, I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth ſay to thee.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The ſame. The Capitol: Senate ſitting. In the Entrance, and amid a Throng of People,* Artemidorus, *and the* Soothſayer. *Flouriſh, and Enter* Cæsar, *attended*; Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Cinna, Decius, Metellus, *and* Trebonius; Popilius, Publius, Lepidus, Antony, *and Others.*

Cæs. The ides of *March* are come.
Soo. Ay, *Cæsar*; but not gone.
Art. Hail, *Cæsar!* Read this ✝ ſchedule.
Dec. *Trebonius* doth desire you to o'er-read,

At your beſt leisure, this ✝ his humble ſuit.

Art. O, *Cæsar*, read mine firſt; for mine's a ſuit
That touches *Cæsar* nearer: Read it, great *Cæsar*.

Cæs. What touches us ourſelf, ſhall be laſt ſerv'd.

Art. Delay not, *Cæsar*; read it inſtantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cas. What, urge you your petitions in the ſtreet?
Come to the capitol. [Artemidorus *is puſh'd back.* Cæsar, *and the reſt, enter the Senate: The Senate rises.* Popilius *preſſes forward to ſpeak to* Cæsar; *and paſſing* Caſſius, *ſays,*

Pop. I wiſh, to-day your enterprise may thrive.

Cas. What enterprise, *Popilius?*

Pop. Fare you well. [*leaves him, and joins* Cæsar.

Bru. "What ſaid *Popilius Lena?*" [thrive."

Cas. "He wiſh'd, to-day our enterprise might
"I fear, our purpose is diſcovered."

Bru. "Look, how he makes to *Cæsar:* Mark him."

Cas. "*Caſca*, be ſudden, for we fear prevention."
"*Brutus*, what ſhall be done? If this be known,"
"*Caſſius*, or *Cæsar*, never ſhall turn back,"
"For I will ſlay myſelf."

Bru. "*Caſſius*, be conſtant:"
"*Popilius Lena* ſpeaks not of our purposes;"
"For, look, he ſmiles, and *Cæsar* doth not change."

Cas. "*Trebonius* knows his time; for, look you,
"He draws *Mark Antony* out of the way." [*Brutus*,"

[*Exeunt* Antony *and* Trebonius, *converſing.* Cæsar *takes his Seat*; *the Senate, theirs: and* Metellus *advances towards* Cæsar.

Dec. "Where is *Metellus Cimber?* Let him go,"

" And presently prefer his ſuit to *Cæsar*."

Bru. " He is addreſſ'd: preſs near, and ſecond him."

Cin. " *Caſca*, you are the firſt that rear your hand."

[*The Conſpirators range themſelves about* Cæsar; Casca, *on the right hand of his Chair, behind.*

Cæs. Are we all ready? What is now amiſs,
That *Cæsar*, and his ſenate, muſt redreſs? [*Cæsar,*

Met. Moſt high, moſt mighty, and moſt puiſſant *Metellus Cimber* throws before thy ſeat
An humble heart:— [*proſtrating himſelf.*

Cæs. I muſt prevent thee, *Cimber*.
These couchings, and these lowly courteſies,
Might fire the blood of ordinary men;
And turn pre-ordinance, and firſt decree,
Into the lane of children. Be not fond,
To think that *Cæsar* bears ſuch rebel blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, ſweet words,
Low-crooked curt'ſies, and baſe ſpaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is baniſhed:
If thou doſt bend, and pray, and fawn, for him,
I ſpurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, *Cæsar* doth not wrong; nor without cause
Will he be ſatisfy'd.

Met. Is there no voice, more worthy than my own,
To ſound more ſweetly in great *Cæsar*'s ear,
For the repealing of my baniſh'd brother?

Bru. I kiſs thy hand, but not in flattery, *Cæsar*;
Desiring thee, that *Publius Cimber* may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, *Brutus!*

Cas. Pardon, *Cæsar*; *Cæsar*, pardon:

As low as to thy foot doth *Caſſius* fall,
To beg enfranchiſement for *Publius Cimber*.

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am conſtant as the northern ſtar;
Of whose true-fixt, and reſting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The ſkies are painted with unnumber'd ſparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth ſhine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So, in the world; 'Tis furniſh'd well with men,
And men are fleſh and blood, and apprehenſive;
Yet, in the number, I do know but one
That unaſſailable holds on his rank,
Unſhak'd of motion: and, that I am he,
Let me a little ſhew it, even in this;
That I was conſtant *Cimber* ſhould be baniſh'd,
And conſtant do remain to keep him ſo.

Cin. O *Cæsar*,—

Cæs. Hence! Wilt thou lift up *Olympus?*

Dec. Great *Cæsar*,—

Cæs. Doth not *Brutus* bootleſs kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me. [*ſtabbing him in the Neck.* Cæsar *riſes, catches at the Dagger, and ſtruggles with him: defends himſelf, for a time, againſt him, and againſt the other Conſpirators; but, ſtab'd by* Brutus,

Cæs. *Et tu, Brute?*—Then fall, *Cæsar.* [*he ſubmits; muffles up his Face in his Mantle; falls, and dies. Senate in Confuſion.*

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the ſtreets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out, *Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!*

Bru. People, and ſenators, be not affrighted;
Fly not, ſtand ſtill: ambition's debt is pay'd.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, *Brutus.*

Dec. And *Caſſius* too.

Bru. Where's *Publius?*

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand faſt together, leſt ſome friend of *Cæsar*'s
Should chance—

Bru. Talk not of ſtanding:—*Publius*, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your perſon,
Nor to no *Roman* elſe: ſo tell them, *Publius.*

Cas. And leave us, *Publius*; leſt that the people,
Ruſhing on us, ſhould do your age ſome miſchief.

Bru. Do ſo;—and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers. [*Exeunt All but Conſpirators.*

Re-enter Trebonius.

Cas. Where's *Antony?*

Tre. Fled to his houſe amaz'd:
Men, wives, and children, ſtare, cry out, and run,
As it were doom's-day.

Bru. Fates, we will know your pleaſures:—
That we ſhall dye, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men ſtand upon.

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off ſo many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we *Cæsar*'s friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, *Romans*, ſtoop,
And let us bath our hands in *Cæsar*'s blood
Up to the elbows, and beſmear our ſwords:

Then walk we forth, even to the market-place;
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, *Peace, freedom and liberty!*

Cas. Stoop then, and waſh.—How many ages hence,
Shall this our lofty ſcene be acted over,
In ſtates unborn, and accents yet unknown?

Bru. How many times ſhall *Cæsar* bleed in ſport,
That now on *Pompey*'s baſis lyes along,
No worthier than the duſt?

Cas. So oft as that ſhall be,
So often ſhall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What, ſhall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every man away:
Brutus ſhall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the moſt boldeſt and beſt hearts of *Rome*.

Enter a Servant. b.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? A friend of *Antony*'s.

Ser. Thus, *Brutus*, † did my maſter bid me kneel;
Thus did *Mark Antony* bid me fall down;
And, being proſtrate, thus he bad me ſay.
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honeſt;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say, I love *Brutus*, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd *Cæsar*, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If *Brutus* will vouchſafe, that *Antony*
May ſafely come to him, and be resolv'd
How *Cæsar* hath deserv'd to lye in death,
Mark Antony ſhall not love *Cæsar* dead
So well as *Brutus* living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble *Brutus*,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod ſtate,

With all true faith. So ſays my maſter *Antony*.

Bru. Thy maſter is a wise and valiant *Roman*;
I never thought him worſe.
Tell him, ſo please him come unto this place,
He ſhall be ſatiſfy'd; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Ser. I'll fetch him preſently. [*Exit* Servant.

Bru. I know, that we ſhall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wiſh, we may: but yet have I a mind
That fears him much; and my miſgiving ſtill
Falls ſhrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter Antony.

Bru. But here comes *Antony*.—Welcome, *Mark Antony*. [*tony*.

Ant. O mighty *Cæsar!* Doſt thou lye ſo low?
Are all thy conqueſts, glories, triumphs, ſpoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.—
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who elſe muſt be let blood, who elſe is rank:
If I myſelf, there is no hour ſo fit
As *Cæsar*'s death's hour; nor no inſtrument
Of half that worth, as those your ſwords, made rich
With the moſt noble blood of all this world.
I do beſeech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilſt your purpl'd hands do reek and ſmoak,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I ſhall not find myſelf ſo apt to dye:
No place will please me ſo, no mean of death,
As here by *Cæsar*, and by you cut off,
The choice and maſter ſpirits of this age.

Bru. O *Antony*, beg not your death of us.
Though now we muſt appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands, and this our present act,

You ſee we do; yet ſee you but our hands,
And this the bleeding buſineſs they have done:
Our hearts you ſee not, they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of *Rome*,
(As fire drives out fire, ſo pity, pity)
Hath done this deed on *Cæsar*. For your part,
To you our ſwords have leaden points, *Mark Antony*,
Our arms no ſtrength of malice; and our hearts,
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in,
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice ſhall be as ſtrong as any man's,
In the diſpoſing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient, 'till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beſide themſelves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cauſe,
Why I, that did love *Cæsar* when I ſtrook him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wiſdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
Firſt, *Marcus Brutus*, will I ſhake with you;—
Next, *Caius Caſſius*, do I take your hand;—
Now, *Decius Brutus*, yours;—now yours, *Metellus*;—
Yours, *Cinna*;—and, my valiant *Caſca*, yours;—
Though laſt, not leaſt in love, yours, good *Trebonius*.
Gentlemen all, alas! what ſhall I ſay?
My credit now ſtands on ſuch ſlippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you muſt conceit me,
Either a coward, or a flatterer.—
That I did love thee, *Cæsar*, o, 'tis true:
If then thy ſpirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
To ſee thy *Antony* making his peace,

[8] Armes in ſtrength

Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Moſt noble! in the presence of thy corſe?
Had I as many eyes as thou haſt wounds,
Weeping as faſt as they ſtream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, than to close
In terms of friendſhip with thine enemies.
Pardon me, *Julius!* Here waſt thou bay'd, brave hart;
Here didſt thou fall; and here thy hunters ſtand,
Sign'd in thy ſpoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.—
O world, thou waſt the foreſt to this hart;
And this, indeed, o world, the heart of thee.—
How like a deer, ſtrooken by many princes,
Doſt thou here lye?

Cas. *Mark Antony,*—

Ant. Pardon me, *Caius Caſſius:*
The enemies of *Cæsar* ſhall ſay this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modeſty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising *Cæsar* ſo;
But what compáct mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;
Or ſhall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but was, indeed,
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on *Cæsar.*
Friends am I with you all, and love you all;
Upon this hope, that you ſhall give me reasons,
Why, and wherein, *Cæsar* was dangerous.

Bru. Or elſe were this a ſavage ſpectacle:
Our reasons are ſo full of good regard,
That were you, *Antony*, the ſon of *Cæsar*,
You ſhould be ſatisfy'd.

Ant. That's all I ſeek:
And am moreover ſuitor, that I may

Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You ſhall, *Mark Antony.*

Cas. *Brutus*, a word with you.
"You know not what you do; Do not conſent,"
"That *Antony* ſpeak in his funeral:"
"Know you how much the people may be mov'd"
"By that which he will utter?"

Bru. "By your pardon;—
"I will myſelf into the pulpit firſt,"
"And ſhew the reason of our *Cæsar*'s death:"
"What *Antony* ſhall ſpeak, I will proteſt"
"He ſpeaks by leave and by permiſſion;"
"And that we are contented, *Cæsar* ſhall"
"Have all true rites, and lawful ceremonies."
"It ſhall advantage more, than do us wrong."

Cas. "I know not what may fall; I like it not."

Bru. *Mark Antony*, here, take you *Cæsar*'s body.
You ſhall not in your funeral ſpeech blame us,
But ſpeak all good you can devise of *Cæsar*;
And ſay, you do't by our permiſſion;
Elſe ſhall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: And you ſhall ſpeak
In the ſame pulpit whereto I am going,
After my ſpeech is ended.

Ant. Be it ſo;
I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt All but* Antony.

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!

Thou art the ruins of the nobleſt man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that ſhed this coſtly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I propheſy,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue;—
A curſe ſhall light upon the limbs of men;
Domeſtic fury, and fierce civil ſtrife,
Shall cumber all the parts of *Italy:*
Blood and deſtruction ſhall be ſo in uſe,
And dreadful objects ſo familiar,
That mothers ſhall but ſmile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity choak'd with cuſtom of fell deeds:
And *Cæsar*'s ſpirit, ranging for revenge,
With *Até* by his ſide, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry, *Havock*, and let ſlip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed ſhall ſmell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.—

Enter a Servant. c.

You ſerve *Octavius Cæsar*, do you not?

Ser. I do, *Mark Antony.*

Ant. *Cæsar* did write to him, to come to *Rome.*

Ser. He did receive his letters, and is coming:
And bid me ſay to you by word of mouth,—
O *Cæsar!*— [*Seeing the Body.*

Ant. Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep.
Paſſion, I ſee, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of ſorrow ſtand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy maſter coming?

Ser. He lies to-night within ſeven leagues of *Rome.*

Ant. Poſt back with ſpeed, and tell him what hath
Here is a mourning *Rome*, a dangerous *Rome*, [chanc'd:
No *Rome* of ſafety for *Octavius* yet;
Hie hence, and tell him ſo. Yet, ſtay a while;
Thou ſhalt not back, 'till I have born this corſe
Into the market-place: there ſhall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel iſſue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou ſhalt diſcourſe
To young *Octavius* of the ſtate of things.
Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt, with the Body.*

SCENE II. *The ſame. The Forum.*

Enter a Throng of Citizens, *tumultuouſly*; Brutus, *and* Cassius.

Cit. We will be ſatiſfy'd; let us be ſatiſfy'd.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—
Caſſius, go you into the other ſtreet, [friends.—
And part the numbers.—
Those that will hear me ſpeak, let them ſtay here;
Those that will follow *Caſſius*, go with him;
And publick reasons ſhall be rendered
Of *Cæsar*'s death.

1. *C.* I will hear *Brutus* ſpeak.

2. *C.* I will hear *Caſſius*; and compare their reasons,
When ſeverally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit* Cassius, *with ſome of the Citizens:* Brutus *goes into the Roſtrum.*

3. *C.* The noble *Brutus* is aſcended: Silence.

Bru. Be patient 'till the laſt. *Romans*, countrymen, and lovers, hear me for my cauſe; and be ſilent, that you may hear: believe me for

mine honour; and have reſpect to mine honour, that you may believe: cenſure me in your wisdom; and awake your ſenſes, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this aſſembly, any dear friend of *Cæsar*'s, to him I ſay, that *Brutus*' love to *Cæsar* was no leſs than his: If then that friend demand, why *Brutus* rose againſt *Cæsar*, this is my anſwer,— Not that I lov'd *Cæsar* leſs, but that I lov'd *Rome* more. Had you rather *Cæsar* were living, and dye all ſlaves; than that *Cæsar* were dead, to live all free men? As *Cæsar* lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I ſlew him: There is tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honour, for his valour; and death, for his ambition. Who is here ſo baſe, that would be a bondman? If any, ſpeak; for him have I offended. Who is here ſo rude, that would not be a *Roman?* If any, ſpeak; for him have I offended. Who is here ſo vile, that will not love his country? If any, ſpeak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Cit. None, *Brutus*, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to *Cæsar*, than you ſhall do to *Brutus*. The queſtion of his death is enroll'd in the capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforc'd, for which he ſuffered death.

Enter Antony, *and certain of his Houſe, bearing* Cæsar's *body.*

Here comes his body, mourn'd by *Mark Antony:* who, though he had no hand in his death, ſhall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the common-

wealth; As which of you ſhall not? With this I depart; That, as I ſlew my beſt lover for the good of *Rome*, I have the ſame dagger for myſelf, when it ſhall please my country to need my death. [*comes down.*

Cit. Live, *Brutus*, live, live!

1. *C.* Bring him with triumph home unto his houſe.

2. *C.* Give him a ſtatue with his anceſtors.

3. *C.* Let him be *Cæsar*.

4. *C.* *Cæsar*'s better parts
Shall now be crown'd in *Brutus*. [clamours.

1. *C.* We'll bring him to his houſe with ſhouts and

Bru. My countrymen,—

2. *C.* Peace; ſilence; *Brutus* ſpeaks.

1. *C.* Peace, ho.

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my ſake, ſtay here with *Antony*:
Do grace to *Cæsar*'s corps, and grace his ſpeech
Tending to *Cæsar*'s glories; which *Mark Antony*
By our permiſſion is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, 'till *Antony* have ſpoke.

[*Exit* Bru.

1. *C.* Stay, ho, and let us hear *Mark Antony*.

3. *C.* Let him go up into the publick chair;
We'll hear him:—Noble *Antony*, go up.

Ant. For *Brutus*' ſake, I am beholding to you.

[*goes up.*

4. *C.* What does he ſay of *Brutus?*

3. *C.* He ſays, for *Brutus*' ſake,
He finds himſelf beholding to us all.

4. *C.* 'Twere beſt he ſpeak no harm of *Brutus* here.

1. *C.* This *Cæsar* was a tyrant.

3. *C.* Nay, that's certain:
We are moſt bleſt, that *Rome* is rid of him.
2. *C.* Peace; let us hear what *Antony* can ſay.
Ant. You gentle *Romans*,—
Cit. Peace, ho; let us hear him. [ears;
Ant. Friends, *Romans*, countrymen, lend me your
I come to bury *Cæsar*, not to praise him:
The evil, that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with *Cæsar*. The noble *Brutus*
Hath told you, *Cæsar* was ambitious:
If it were ſo, it was a grievous fault;
And grievouſly hath *Cæsar* anſwer'd it.
Here, under leave of *Brutus*, and the reſt,
(For *Brutus* is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men)
Come I to ſpeak in *Cæsar*'s funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and juſt to me:
But *Brutus* ſays, he was ambitious;
And *Brutus* is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to *Rome*,
Whose ranſoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in *Cæsar* ſeem ambitious?
When that the poor have cry'd, *Cæsar* hath wept:
Ambition ſhould be made of ſterner ſtuff:
Yet *Brutus* ſays, he was ambitious;
And *Brutus* is an honourable man.
You all did ſee, that, on the *Lupercal*,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: Was this ambition?
Yet *Brutus* ſays, he was ambitious;
And, ſure, he is an honourable man.

I ſpeak not to diſprove what *Brutus* ſpoke,
But here I am to ſpeak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?—
O judgment, thou art fled to brutiſh beaſts,
And men have loſt their reason!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with *Cæsar*,
And I muſt pauſe 'till it come back to me.

1. *C.* Methinks, there is much reason in his ſayings.

2. *C.* If thou conſider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3. *C.* Has he *my* maſters?
I fear, there will a worse come in his place. [crown;

4. *C.* Mark'd ye his words? he would not take the
Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1. *C.* If it be found ſo, ſome will dear abide it.

2. *C.* Poor ſoul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3. *C.* There's not a nobler man in *Rome*, than *Antony*.

4. *C.* Now mark him, he begins again to ſpeak.

Ant. But yeſterday the word of *Cæsar* might
Have ſtood againſt the world: now lyes he there,
And none ſo poor to do him reverence.
O maſters, if I were diſpos'd to ſtir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I ſhould do *Brutus* wrong, and *Caſſius* wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myſelf, and you,
Than I will wrong ſuch honourable men.
But here's † a parchment, with the ſeal of *Cæsar*,
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this teſtament,

(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read)
And they would go and kiſs dead *Cæsar*'s wounds,
And dip their napkins in his ſacred blood;
Nay, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their iſſue.

4. *C.* We'll hear the will; — Read it, *Mark Antony*.

Cit. The will, the will; we will hear *Cæsar*'s will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I muſt not read it;
It is not meet you know how *Cæsar* lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not ſtones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of *Cæsar*,
I will enflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you ſhould, O, what would come of it?

4. *C.* Read the will; we will hear it, *Antony*;
You ſhall read us the will; *Cæsar*'s will.

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you ſtay a while?
I have o'er-ſhot myſelf, to tell you of it.
I fear, I wrong the honourable men,
Whose daggers have ſtab'd *Cæsar*; I do fear it.

4. *C.* They were traitors: Honourable men!

Cit. The will, the teſtament!

2. *C.* They were villains, murderers: The will; read the will.

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corps of *Cæsar*,
And let me ſhew you him that made the will:
Shall I deſcend? And will you give me leave?

Cit. Come down.

2. *C.* Deſcend.

3. *C.* You ſhall have leave. [*he comes down.*
4. *C.* A ring;
Stand round.
1. *C.* Stand from the hearſe, ſtand from the body.
2. *C.* Room for *Antony*; moſt noble *Antony.*
Ant. Nay, preſs not ſo upon me; ſtand far off.
Cit. Stand back, room; bear back.
Ant. If you have tears, prepare to ſhed them now.
You all do know this † mantle: I remember
The firſt time ever *Cæsar* put it on;
'Twas on a ſummer's evening, in his tent;
That day he overcame the *Nervii:* —
Look, in this place ran *Caſſius'* dagger through:
See, what a rent the envious *Caſca* made:
Through this the well-beloved *Brutus* ſtab'd;
And, as he pluck'd his curſed ſteel away,
Mark how the blood of *Cæsar* follow'd it;
As ruſhing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If *Brutus* ſo unkindly knock'd, or no.
For *Brutus*, as you know, was *Cæsar's* angel:
Judge, o you gods, how dearly *Cæsar* lov'd him!
This was the moſt unkindeſt cut of all:
For when the noble *Cæsar* ſaw him ſtab,
Ingratitude, more ſtrong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquiſh'd him: then burſt his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the baſe of *Pompey's* ſtatue,
Which all the while ran blood, great *Cæsar* fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilſt bloody treason flouriſh'd over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel

The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind ſouls, what, weep you, when you but behold
Our *Cæsar*'s veſture wounded? Look you here,
Here † is himſelf, mar'd, as you ſee, with traitors.
1. *C.* O piteous ſpectacle!
2. *C.* O noble *Cæsar!*
3. *C.* O woeful day!
4. *C.* O traitors, villains!
1. *C.* O
Moſt bloody ſight!
2. *C.* We'll be reveng'd: Revenge;
About, ſeek, burn, fire, kill, ſlay;—
Let not a traitor live.
Ant. Stay, countrymen.
1. *C.* Peace there, hear the noble *Antony.*
2. *C.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll dye with him. [up
Ant. Good friends, ſweet friends, let me not ſtir you
To ſuch a ſudden flood of mutiny.
They, that have done this deed, are honourable;
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise, and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons anſwer you.
I come not, friends, to ſteal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as *Brutus* is:
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well,
That gave me publick leave to ſpeak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of ſpeech,
To ſtir men's blood: I only ſpeak right on;
I tell you that, which you yourſelves do know;

Shew you ſweet *Cæsar*'s wounds, poor, poor, dumb mouths,
And bid them ſpeak for me: But were I *Brutus*,
And *Brutus Antony*, there were an *Antony*
Would ruffle up your ſpirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of *Cæsar*, that ſhould move
The ſtones of *Rome* to rise and mutiny.

Cit. We'll mutiny.

1. *C.* We'll burn the houſe of *Brutus*.

3. *C.* Away then, come, ſeek the conſpirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me ſpeak.

Cit. Peace, ho; hear *Antony*, moſt noble *Antony*.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath *Cæsar* thus deserv'd your loves?
Alas, you know not; I muſt tell you then:
You have forgot the will I told you of.

Cit. Moſt true; the will, let's ſtay and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, † and under *Cæsar*'s ſeal.
To every *Roman* citizen he gives,
To every ſeveral man, ſeventy five drachmas.

2. *C.* Moſt noble *Cæsar!*—We'll revenge his death.

3. *C.* O royal *Cæsar!*

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Cit. Peace, ho.

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this ſide *Tiber*; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourſelves.
Here was a *Cæsar*: When comes ſuch another?

1. *C.* Never, never:—Come, come, away:
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire all the traitors' houses.

Take up the body.

2. *C.* Go, fetch fire.

3. *C.* Pluck down

The benches.

4. *C.* Pluck down forms, the windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt* Citizens, *with the Body.*

Ant. Now let it work: Miſchief, thou art a-foot,
Take thou what courſe thou wilt.

Enter Servant. c.

How now, fellow?

Ser. Sir, *Octavius* is already come to *Rome.*

Ant. Where is he?

Ser. He and *Lepidus* are at *Cæsar*'s houſe.

Ant. And thither will I ſtraight to visit him:
He comes upon a wiſh. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Ser. I heard them ſay, *Brutus* and *Caſſius*
Are rid like madmen through the gates of *Rome.*

Ant. Belike, they had ſome notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to *Octavius.*

SCENE III. *The ſame. A Street.*

Enter Cinna *the Poet.*

Cin. I dreamt to-night, that I did feaſt with *Cæsar,*
And things unlucky charge my fantaſy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet ſomething leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

1. *C.* What is your name?

2. *C.* Whither are you going?

3. *C.* Where do you live?

4. *C.* Are you a marry'd man, or a batchelor?

25 unluckily

2. *C.* Answer every man directly.

1. *C.* Ay, and briefly.

4. *C.* Ay, and wisely.

3. *C.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a marry'd man, or a batchelor? Then to answer every man directly, and briefly, wisely, and truly. Wisely I say, I am a batchelor.

2. *C.* That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry:—You'll bear me a bang for that, I fear: Proceed, directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to *Cæsar*'s funeral.

1. *C.* As a friend, or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2. *C.* That matter is answer'd directly.

4. *C.* For your dwelling,—briefly?

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the capitol.

3. *C.* Your name, sir, truly?

Cin. Truly, my name is *Cinna*.

1. *C.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am *Cinna* the poet, I am *Cinna* the poet.

4. *C.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad [verses.

Cin. I am not *Cinna* the conspirator.

4. *C.* It is no matter, his name's *Cinna*; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going. [brands:

3. *C.* Tear him, tear him. Come, brands, ho, fire-To *Brutus*', to *Cassius*'; burn all: Some to *Decius*' house, and some to *Casca*'s; some to *Ligarius*': away; go.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same. A Room in* Antony's *House.*

Enter ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, *and* LEPIDUS.

Ant. These many † then shall dye; their names are [prick'd.
Oct. Your brother too must dye; Consent you, *Le-*
Lep. I do consent: [*pidus?*
Oct. Prick him down, *Antony.*
Lep. Upon condition *Publius* shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, *Mark Antony.*
Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.
But, *Lepidus*, go you to *Cæsar*'s house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.
Lep. What, shall I find you here?
Oct. Or here, or at the capitol. [*Exit* LEPIDUS.
Ant. This is a slight, unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: Is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?
Oct. So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be prick'd to dye,
In our black sentence and proscription.
Ant. *Octavius*, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers sland'rous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.
Oct. You may do your will,

But he's a try'd and valiant ſoldier.

Ant. So is my horſe, *Octavius*; and, for that,
I do appoint him ſtore of provender:
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to ſtop, to run directly on;
His corporal motion govern'd by my ſpirit.
And, in ſome taſte, is *Lepidus* but ſo;
He muſt be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:
A barren-ſpirited fellow; one that feeds
On abject orts, and imitations;
Which, out of uſe, and ſtal'd by other men,
Begin his faſhion: Do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, *Octavius*,
Liſten great things. *Brutus* and *Caſſius*
Are levying powers: we muſt ſtraight make head:
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,
Our beſt friends made, our beſt means ſtretch'd;
And let us presently go ſit in council,
How covert matters may be beſt diſclos'd,
And open perils ſureſt anſwered.

Oct. Let us do ſo: for we are at the ſtake,
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And ſome, that ſmile, have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of miſchiefs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Camp near* Sardis.

Before Brutus's *Tent*. *Enter* Brutus, *and Forces*; Lucius, *and Others, attending:*

Bru. Stand, ho. [*to his Officers, entering.*

to him, Lucilius, *with Soldiers*; Pindarus, *and* Titinius.

Luc. Give the word, ho, and ſtand. [*to his Party.*

[10] On Objects, Arts, and

Bru. What now, *Lucilius?* is *Caſſius* near?
Luc. He is at hand; and *Pindarus* is come
To do you ſalutation from his maſter.
[*preſenting* Pindarus, *who gives a Letter.*
Bru. He greets me well.—Your maſter, *Pindarus,*
In his own charge, or by ill officers,
Hath given me ſome worthy cauſe to wiſh
Things done, undone: but, if he be at hand,
I ſhall be ſatiſfy'd.
Pin. I do not doubt,
But that my noble maſter will appear
Such as he is, full of regard, and honour.
Bru. He is not doubted.—"A word, *Lucilius*;"
"How he receiv'd you,—let me be reſolv'd."
Luc. "With courteſy, and with reſpect enough;"
"But not with ſuch familiar inſtances,"
"Nor with ſuch free and friendly conference,"
"As he hath us'd of old."
Bru. "Thou haſt deſcrib'd"
"A hot friend cooling: Ever note, *Lucilius,*"
"When love begins to ſicken and decay,"
"It uſeth an enforced ceremony."
"There are no tricks in plain and ſimple faith:"
"But hollow men, like horſes hot at hand,"
"Make gallant ſhew and promiſe of their mettle;"
"But when they ſhould endure the bloody ſpur,"
"They fall their creſts, and, like deceitful jades,"
"Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?"
Luc. "They mean this night in *Sardis* to be quarter'd;
"The greater part, the horſe in general,"
"Are come with *Caſſius.*" [*March within.*
Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd:—

March gently on to meet him. [*March.*

Enter CASSIUS, *and Forces.*

Cas. Stand, ho. [*to his Officers, entering.*

Bru. Stand:— [*to his.*] Speak the word along.

1. *O.* Stand.

2. *O.* Stand.

3. *O.* Stand.

Cas. Moſt noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine enemies? And, if not ſo, how ſhould I wrong a brother?

Cas. *Brutus*, this ſober form of yours hides wrongs; And when you do them,—

Bru. *Caſſius*, be content,
Speak your griefs ſoftly, I do know you well:
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which ſhould perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: Bid them move away;
Then in my tent, *Caſſius*, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. *Pindarus*,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. *Lucilius*,
Do you the like; and let no man, Lucilius,
Come to our tent, 'till we have done our conference.
Let *Lucius* and *Titinius* guard our door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Within the Tent.*

LUCIUS, *and* Titinius, *at the Door:*

Enter BRUTUS, *and* CASSIUS.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted *Lucius Pella*,

For taking bribes here of the *Sardians*;
Wherein, my letter, praying on his ſide,
Because I knew the man, was ſlighted of.

Bru. You wrong'd yourſelf, to write in ſuch a caſe.

Cas. In ſuch a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence ſhould bear his comment.

Bru. And let me tell you, *Caſſius*, you yourſelf
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To ſell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm?
You know, that you are *Brutus* that ſpeak this,
Or, by the gods, this ſpeech were elſe your laſt.

Bru. The name of *Caſſius* honours this corruption,
And chaſtisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chaſtisement!

Bru. Remember *March*, the ides of *March* remember:
Did not great *Julius* bleed for juſtice' ſake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did ſtab,
And not for juſtice? What, ſhall one of us,
That ſtruck the foremoſt man of all this world,
But for ſupporting robbers; ſhall we now
Contaminate our fingers with baſe bribes?
And ſell the mighty ſpace of our large honours
For ſo much traſh, as may be graſped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than ſuch a *Roman*.

Cas. *Brutus*, bay not me,
I'll not endure it: you forget yourſelf,
To hedge me in; I am a ſoldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourſelf
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not *Caſſius.*
Cas. I am.
Bru. I ſay, you are not.
Cas. Urge me no more, I ſhall forget myſelf;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no farther.
Bru. Away, ſlight man!
Cas. Is't poſſible?
Bru. Hear me, for I will ſpeak.
Muſt I give way and room to your raſh choler?
Shall I be frighted, when a madman ſtares?
Cas. O ye gods, ye gods! Muſt I endure all this?
Bru. All this? Ay, more: Fret, 'till your proud heart
Go, ſhew your ſlaves how cholerick you are, [break;
And make your bondmen tremble. Muſt I budge?
Muſt I obſerve you? Muſt I ſtand and crouch
Under your teſty humour? By the gods,
You ſhall digeſt the venom of your ſpleen,
Though it do ſplit you: for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waſpiſh.
Cas. Is it come to this?
Bru. You ſay, you are a better ſoldier:
Let it appear ſo; make your vaunting true,
And it ſhall please me well: For mine own part,
I ſhall be glad to learn of noble men.
Cas. You wrong me every way, you wrong me, *Brutus*;
I ſaid, an elder ſoldier, not a better:
Did I ſay, better?
Bru. If you did, I care not. [me.
Cas. When *Cæsar* liv'd, he durſt not thus have mov'd
Bru. Peace, peace; you durſt not ſo have tempted
Cas. I durſt not? [him.

Bru. No.

Cas. What, durſt not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durſt not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love,
I may do that I ſhall be ſorry for.

Bru. You have done that you ſhould be ſorry for.
There is no terror, *Caſſius*, in your threats;
For I am arm'd ſo ſtrong in honeſty,
That they paſs by me, as the idle wind,
Which I reſpect not. I did ſend to you
For certain ſums of gold, which you deny'd me;—
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile traſh,
By any indirection. I did ſend
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you deny'd me: Was that done like *Caſſius?*
Should I have anſwer'd *Caius Caſſius* ſo?
When *Marcus Brutus* grows ſo covetous,
To lock ſuch raſcal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunder-bolts,
Daſh him to pieces!

Cas. I deny'd you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not: he was but a fool, [heart:
That brought my anſwer back. *Brutus* hath riv'd my
A friend ſhould bear his friend's infirmities,
But *Brutus* makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, 'till you practiſe them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never ſee ſuch faults.
Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high *Olympus*.
Cas. Come, *Antony*, and, young *Octavius*, come,
Revenge yourſelves alone on *Caſſius*,
For *Caſſius* is aweary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults obſerv'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and con'd by rote,
To caſt into my teeth. O, I could weep
My ſpirit from mine eyes. There is † my dagger,
And here † my naked breaſt; within, a heart
Dearer than *Plutus'* mine, richer than gold:
If that thou beeſt a *Roman*, take it forth;
I, that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou did'ſt at *Cæsar*; for, I know,
When thou did'ſt hate him worſt, thou lov'dſt him better
Than ever thou lov'dſt *Caſſius*.
Bru. Sheath your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it ſhall have ſcope;
Do what you will, diſhonour ſhall be humour.
O *Caſſius*, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, ſhews a haſty ſpark,
And ſtraight is cold again.
Cas. Hath *Caſſius* liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his *Brutus*,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?
Bru. When I ſpoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.
Cas. Do you confeſs ſo much? Give me your hand.
Bru. And my heart too.
Cas. O *Brutus*,—

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that raſh humour, which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful? [*Noise within.*

Bru. Yes, *Caſſius*; and, henceforth,
When you are over-earneſt with your *Brutus*,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you ſo.

Poet. [*within*] Let me go in to ſee the generals;
There is ſome grudge between them, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Luc. [*at the Door.*] You ſhall not come to them.

Poet. [*within.*] Nothing but death ſhall ſtay me.

Enter Poet.

Cas. How now? What's the matter?

Poet. For ſhame, you generals; What do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two ſuch men ſhould be;
For I have ſeen more years, I'm ſure, than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha; how vilely does this cynick rhime?

Bru. Get you hence, ſirrah; ſaucy fellow, hence.

Cas. Bear with him, *Brutus*; 'tis his faſhion.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time:
What ſhould the wars do with these jingling fools? —
Companion, hence.

Cas. Away, away, be gone. [*Exit* Poet.

Enter Lucilius, *and* Titinius.

Bru. *Lucilius* and *Titinius*, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night. [you

Cas. And come yourſelves, and bring *Meſſala* with
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt* Lucilius, *and* Titinius.

Bru. *Lucius*, a bowl of wine. [*Exit* Lucius.

Cas. I did not think, you could have been ſo angry.

Bru. O *Caſſius*, I am ſick of many griefs.

5 and from henceforth 22 Jigging

Cas. Of your philoſophy you make no uſe,
If you give place to accidental evils.
Bru. No man bears ſorrow better:—*Portia* is dead.
Cas. Ha! *Portia?*
Bru. She is dead.
Cas. How 'ſcap'd I killing, when I croſſ'd you ſo?—
O inſupportable and touching loſs!—
Upon what ſickneſs?
Bru. Impatient of my abſence;
And grief, that young *Octavius* with *Mark Antony*
Have made themſelves ſo ſtrong;—for with her death
That tidings came;—With this ſhe fell diſtract,
And, her attendants abſent, ſwallow'd fire.
Cas. And dy'd ſo?
Bru. Even ſo.
Cas. O ye immortal gods!
Re-enter Lucius, *with Wine, and Tapers.*
Bru. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine:—
In this I bury all unkindneſs, *Caſſius.* [*drinks.*
Cas. My heart is thirſty for that noble pledge:—
Fill, *Lucius*, 'till the wine o'er-ſwell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of *Brutus'* love. [*drinks.*
Re-enter Titinius, *with* Messala.
Bru. Come in, *Titinius:*—Welcome, good *Meſſala.*—
Now ſit we cloſe about this taper here,
And call in queſtion our neceſſities.
Cas. "*Portia!* art thou gone?"
Bru. "No more, I pray you."—
Meſſala, I have here † received letters,
That young *Octavius*, and *Mark Antony*,
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition towards *Philippi.*

Mes. Myſelf have letters of the ſelf-ſame tenour.
Bru. With what addition?
Mes. That by proſcription, and bills of out-lawry, *Octavius*, *Antony*, and *Lepidus*,
Have put to death a hundred ſenators.
Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine ſpeak of ſeventy ſenators, that dy'd
By their proſcriptions, *Cicero* being one.
Cas. *Cicero* one?
Mes. Ay, *Cicero* is dead,
And that by order of proſcription.—
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?
Bru. No, *Meſſala*.
Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?
Bru. Nothing, *Meſſala*.
Mes. That, methinks, is ſtrange.
Bru. Why aſk you? Hear you ought of her in yours?
Mes. No, my lord.
Bru. Now, as you are a *Roman*, tell me true.
Mes. Then like a *Roman* bear the truth I tell;
For certain ſhe is dead, and by ſtrange manner.
Bru. Why, farewel, *Portia*.—We muſt dye, *Meſſala*:
With meditating that ſhe muſt dye once,
I have the patience to endure it now.
Mes. Even ſo great men great loſſes ſhould endure.
Cas. I have as much of this in art as you, [*to* Bru.
But yet my nature could not bear it ſo.
Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to *Philippi* presently?
Cas. I do not think it good.
Bru. Your reason?
Cas. This it is:

'Tis better that the enemy ſeek us:
So ſhall he waſte his means, weary his ſoldiers,
Doing himſelf offence; whilſt we, lying ſtill,
Are full of reſt, defence, and nimbleneſs.

Bru. Good reasons muſt, of force, give place to better.
The people, 'twixt *Philippi* and this ground,
Do ſtand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them ſhall make a fuller number up,
Come on refreſh'd, new-added, and encourag'd;
From which advantage ſhall we cut him off,
If at *Philippi* we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon. You muſt note beſide,
That we have try'd the utmoſt of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe;
The enemy increaſeth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in ſhallows, and in miseries.
On ſuch a full ſea are we now afloat;
And we muſt take the current when it ſerves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on;
We'll on ourſelves, and meet them at *Philippi*.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature muſt obey neceſſity;
Which we will niggard with a little reſt.

29 wee'l along our

There is no more to ſay?
Cas. No more. Good night:
Early to-morrow will we riſe, and hence. [*Meſſala:*—
Bru. *Lucius*, my gown. [*Exit* Luc.] Farewel, good
Good night, *Titinius:*—Noble, noble *Caſſius*,
Good night, and good repoſe.
Cas. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come ſuch diviſion 'tween our ſouls!
Let it not, *Brutus.*
Bru. Every thing is well.
Cas. Good night, my lord.
Bru. Good night, good brother.
Tit. Mes. Good night, lord *Brutus.*
Bru. Farewel, every one. [*Exeunt* Cas. Tit. Mes.
Re-enter Lucius, *with the Gown.*
Give me the gown. Where is thy inſtrument?
Luc. Here in the tent.
Bru. What, thou ſpeak'ſt drowſily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd.
Call *Claudius*, and ſome other of my men;
I'll have them ſleep on cuſhions in my tent.
Luc. *Varro*, and *Claudius!*
Enter Varro, *and* Claudius.
Var. Calls my lord?
Bru. I pray you, ſirs, lye in my tent, and ſleep;
It may be, I ſhall raiſe you by and by
On buſineſs to my brother *Caſſius.* [pleaſure.
Var. So please you, we will ſtand, and watch your
Bru. I will not have it ſo: lye down, good ſirs;
It may be, I ſhall otherwiſe bethink me.
[*Servants retire, and ſleep.*

Look, *Lucius*, here's † the book I ſought for ſo;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.
Luc. I was ſure, your lordſhip did not give it me.
Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Can'ſt thou hold up thy heavy eyes a while,
And touch thy inſtrument a ſtrain or two?
Luc. Ay, my lord, an't please you.
Bru. It does, my boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
Luc. It is my duty, ſir.
Bru. I ſhould not urge thy duty paſt thy might;
I know, young bloods look for a time of reſt.
Luc. I have ſlept, my lord, already.
Bru. It was well done; and thou ſhalt ſleep again,
I will not hold thee long: If I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Musick, and a Song: toward the End,* Lucius *falls aſleep.*
This is a ſleepy tune:—O murd'rous ſlumber,
Lay'ſt thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee musick?—Gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee ſo much wrong to wake thee:
If thou doſt nod, thou break'ſt thy inſtrument,
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.
[*lays the Inſtrument by, and ſits down.*
Let me ſee, let me ſee; Is not the leaf turn'd down,
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.
Enter the Ghoſt of Cæsar.
How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?
I think, it is the weakneſs of mine eyes,
That ſhapes this monſtrous apparition.
It comes upon me:—Art thou any thing?
Art thou ſome god, ſome angel, or ſome devil,

That mak'ſt my blood cold, and my hair to ſtare?
Speak to me, what thou art.

Gho. Thy evil ſpirit, *Brutus.*

Bru. Why com'ſt thou?

Gho. To tell thee, thou ſhalt ſee me at *Philippi.*

Bru. Well; Then I ſhall ſee thee again?

Gho. Ay, at *Philippi.* [*vaniſhes.*

Bru. Why, I will ſee thee at *Philippi* then.
Now I have taken heart, thou vaniſheſt:
Ill ſpirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—
Boy, *Lucius!*—*Varro! Claudius!*—Sirs, awake!—
Claudius!

Luc. The ſtrings, my lord, are falſe.

Bru. He thinks, he ſtill is at his inſtrument.—
Lucius, awake.

Luc. My lord. [*waking.*] [out?

Bru. Did'ſt thou dream, *Lucius*, that thou ſo cry'dſt

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou did'ſt: Did'ſt thou ſee any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, *Lucius.*—Sirrah, *Claudius!*
Fellow thou, awake.

Var. My lord.

Cla. My lord.

Bru. Why did you ſo cry out, ſirs, in your ſleep?

Var. Cla. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay; Saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I ſaw nothing.

Cla. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go and commend me to my brother *Caſſius*;
Bid him ſet on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Var. Cla. It ſhall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Plains of* Philippi.

Enter Octavius, Antony, *and their Army.*

Oct. Now, *Antony*, our hopes are anſwered:
You ſaid, the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not ſo: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us at *Philippi* here,
Anſwering before we do demand of them.
Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking, by this face,
To faſten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not ſo.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant ſhew;
Their bloody ſign of battle is hung out,
And ſomething to be done immediately.
Ant. *Octavius*, lead your battle ſoftly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.
Oct. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.
Ant. Why do you croſs me in this exigent?
Oct. I do not croſs you; but I will do ſo. [*March.*

Drum. *Enter* Brutus, Cassius, *and their Army*; Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, *and Others, attending.*

Bru. They ſtand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand faſt, *Titinius*, we muſt out and talk.
Oct. *Mark Antony*, ſhall we give ſign of battle?
Ant. No, *Cæsar*, we will anſwer on their charge.
Make forth, the generals would have ſome words.
Oct. Stir not until the ſignal. [*to his Troops.*
Bru. Words before blows: Is it ſo, countrymen?
Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.
Bru. Good words are better than bad ſtrokes, *Octavius.*
Ant. In your bad ſtrokes, *Brutus*, you give good words:
Witneſs the hole you made in *Cæsar*'s heart,
Crying, *Long live! hail*, Cæsar!
Cas. *Antony*,
The poſture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, you rob the *Hybla* bees,
And leave them honeyleſs.
Ant. Not ſtingleſs too.
Bru. O, yes, and ſoundleſs too;
For you have ſtoln their buzzing, *Antony*,
And, very wisely, threat before you ſting.
Ant. Villains, you did not ſo, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the ſides of *Cæsar:*
You ſhew'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kiſſing *Cæsar*'s feet;
Whilſt damned *Caſca*, like a cur, behind,
Strook *Cæsar* on the neck. O flatterers!
Cas. Flatterers!—Now, *Brutus*, thank yourſelf;
This tongue had not offended ſo to-day,
If *Caſſius* might have rul'd. [ſweat,
Oct. Come, come, the cause: If arguing make us
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look, † I draw a ſword againſt conſpirators;
When think you that the ſword goes up again?

† O you Flat—

Never, 'till *Cæsar*'s three and twenty wounds
Be well aveng'd; or 'till another *Cæsar*
Have added ſlaughter to the ſword of traitors.
Bru. *Cæsar*, thou can'ſt not dye by traitors' hands,
Unleſs thou bring'ſt them with thee.
Oct. So I hope;
I was not born to dye on *Brutus*' ſword.
Bru. O, if thou wert the nobleſt of thy ſtrain,
Young man, thou could'ſt not dye more honourable.
Cas. A peeviſh ſchool-boy, worthleſs of ſuch honour,
Join'd with a maſker and a reveller.
Ant. Old *Caſſius* ſtill.
Oct. Come, *Antony*; away.—
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have ſtomacks.
[*Exeunt* Antony, Octavius, *and Army.*
Cas. Why now, blow, wind; ſwell, billow; and ſwim, bark:
The ſtorm is up, and all is on the hazard.
Bru. *Lucilius*; hark, a word with you.
Luc. My lord. [*they converſe apart.*
Cas. *Meſſala*,—
Mes. What ſays my general?
Cas. *Meſſala*,
This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was *Caſſius* born. Give me thy hand, *Meſſala*:
Be thou my witneſs, that, againſt my will,
As *Pompey* was, am I compell'd to ſet
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know, that I held *Epicurus* ſtrong,
And his opinion: now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do preſage.

[1] thirty

Coming from *Sardis*, on our former enſign
Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our ſoldiers' hands;
Who to *Philippi* here conſorted us:
This morning are they fled away, and gone;
And, in their ſteads, do ravens, crows, and kites,
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
As we were ſickly prey; their ſhadows ſeem
A canopy moſt fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghoſt.

Mes. Believe not ſo.

Cas. I but believe it partly;
For I am freſh of ſpirit, and resolv'd
To meet all perils very conſtantly.

Bru. Even ſo, *Lucilius*.

Cas. Now, moſt noble *Brutus*,
The gods to-day ſtand friendly; that we may,
Lovers, in peace, lead on our days to age!
But ſince the affairs of men reſt ſtill uncertain,
Let's reason with the worſt that may befal.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very laſt time we ſhall ſpeak together:
What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philoſophy,
By which I did blame *Cato* for the death
Which he did give himſelf;—I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, ſo to prevent
The term of life:—arming myſelf with patience,
To ſtay the providence of ſome high powers,
That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,

19 reſts 29 The time of

You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the ſtreets of *Rome?*
Bru. No, *Caſſius*, no: think not, thou noble *Roman*,
That ever *Brutus* will go bound to *Rome*;
He bears too great a mind. But this ſame day
Muſt end that work, the ides of *March* begun;
And, whether we ſhall meet again, I know not.
Therefore our everlaſting farewel take:
For ever, and for ever, farewel, *Caſſius!*
If we do meet again, why we ſhall ſmile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.
Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewel, *Brutus!*
If we do meet again, we'll ſmile indeed;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.
Bru. Why then, lead on.—O, that a man might know
The end of this day's buſineſs, ere it come!
But it ſufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is known.—Come, ho; away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The ſame. The Field of Battle. Alarums, as of a Battle join'd. Enter* Brutus, *and* Meſſala.

Bru. Ride, ride, *Meſſala*, ride, and give these † bills
Unto the legions on the other ſide:
Let them ſet on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanour in *Octavius'* wing,
And ſudden puſh gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, *Meſſala*; let them all come down. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another Part of the Field. Alarums. Enter* Cassius, *and* Titinius.

Cas. O, look, *Titinius*, look, the villains fly!

Myſelf have to mine own turn'd enemy:
This enſign here of mine was turning back;
I ſlew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O *Caſſius*, *Brutus* gave the word too early:
Who, having ſome advantage on *Octavius*,
Took it too eagerly; his ſoldiers fell to ſpoil,
Whilſt we by *Antony* are all enclos'd.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord:
Fly therefore, noble *Caſſius*, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough.—Look, look, *Titinius*;
Are those my tents, where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. *Titinius*, if thou lov'ſt me,
Mount thou my horſe, and hide thy ſpurs in him,
'Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may reſt aſſur'd,
Whether yon' troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought.

[*Exit* TITINIUS.

Cas. Go, *Pindarus*, get thither on that hill;
My ſight was ever thick; regard *Titinius*,
And tell me what thou not'ſt about the field.

[*Exit* PINDARUS.

This day I breathed firſt: time is come round,
And, where I did begin, there ſhall I end;
My life is run his compaſs.—Sirrah, what news?

Pin. [*within.*] O my lord!

Cas. What news?

Pin. [*within.*] *Titinius* is enclosed round about
With horſemen, that make to him on the ſpur;—

Yet he ſpurs on.—Now they are almoſt on him:—
Titinius!—Now ſome light:—O, he lights too:—
He's ta'en; and, hark, they ſhout for joy. [*Shout.*
Cas. Come down,
Behold no more.—
O, coward that I am, to live ſo long,
To ſee my beſt friend ta'en before my face!

Re-enter PINDARUS.

Come hither, ſirrah:
In *Parthia* did I take thee priſoner;
And then I ſwore thee, ſaving of thy life,
That whatſoever I did bid thee do,
Thou ſhould'ſt attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath;
Now be a free-man; and, with this good ſword,
That ran through *Cæsar*'s bowels, ſearch this boſom.
Stand not to anſwer: Here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the ſword.—*Cæsar*, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the ſword that kill'd thee. [*dies.*
Pin. So, I am free; yet would not ſo have been,
Durſt I have done my will. O *Caſſius!*
Far from this country *Pindarus* ſhall run,
Where never *Roman* ſhall take note of him. [*Exit.*

Re-enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, *Titinius*; for *Octavius*
Is overthrown by noble *Brutus*' power,
As *Caſſius*' legions are by *Antony*.
Tit. These tidings will well comfort *Caſſius*.
Mes. Where did you leave him?
Tit. All diſconſolate,
With *Pindarus* his bondman, on this hill.
Mes. Is not that he, that lies upon the ground?

[2] Now *Titinius*.

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!
Mes. Is not that he?
Tit. No, this was he, *Meſſala*,
But *Caſſius* is no more.—O ſetting ſun,
As in thy red rays thou doſt ſink to night,
So in his red blood *Caſſius*' day is ſet;
The ſun of *Rome* is ſet! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Miſtruſt of my ſucceſs hath done this deed.
Mes. Miſtruſt of good ſucceſs hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child,
Why doſt thou ſhew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? Error, ſoon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'ſt unto a happy birth,
But kill'ſt the mother that engender'd thee.
Tit. Why, *Pindarus!* Where art thou, *Pindarus?*
Mes. Seek him, *Titinius*; whilſt I go to meet
The noble *Brutus*, thruſting this report
Into his ears: I may ſay, thruſting it;
For piercing ſteel, and darts envenom'd,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of *Brutus*,
As tidings of this ſight.
Tit. Hye you, *Meſſala*,
And I will ſeek for *Pindarus* the while.
[*Exit* Messala.
Why did'ſt thou ſend me forth, brave *Caſſius?*
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this † wreath of victory, [ſhouts?
And bid me give it thee? Did'ſt thou not hear their
Alas, thou haſt miſconſtru'd every thing.
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy *Brutus* bid me give it thee, and I

13 O Error

Will do his bidding.—*Brutus*, come apace,
And see how I regarded *Caius Cassius*.—
By your leave, gods:—This is a *Roman*'s part;
Come, *Cassius*' sword, and find *Titinius*' heart. [*dies.*

Re-enter MESSALA, *with* Lucilius, BRUTUS, *young* CATO, *and Others.*

Bru. Where, where, *Messala*, doth his body lye?

Mes. Lo, yonder; and *Titinius* mourning it.

Bru. *Titinius*' face is upward.

y. C. He is slain.

Bru. O *Julius Cæsar*, thou art mighty yet;
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails.

y. C. Brave *Titinius!*—
Look, whe'r he have not crown'd dead *Cassius!*

Bru. Are yet two *Romans* living such as these?—
Thou last of all the *Romans*, fare thee well!
It is impossible, that ever *Rome*
Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.—
I shall find time, *Cassius*, I shall find time.—
Come, therefore, and to *Thassos* send his body;
His funeral shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us.—*Lucilius*, come;—
And come, young *Cato*; let us to the field.—
Labeo, and *Flavius*, set our battles on:—
'Tis three o'clock; and, *Romans*, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Another Part of the Field. Alarums. Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both Armies; then,* BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, *and Others.*

17 The last 22 *Tharsus* 23 Funeralls

Bru. Yet, countrymen, o, yet, hold up your heads!
y. C. What baſtard doth not?—Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field:—
I am the ſon of *Marcus Cato*, ho,
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
I am the ſon of *Marcus Cato*, ho!
[*charges the retiring Enemy.*
Bru. And I am *Brutus*, *Marcus Brutus*, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for *Brutus!*
[*charges them in another Part, and Exit, driving them in. The Party charg'd by* Cato *rally, and* Cato *falls.*
Luc. O young and noble *Cato*, art thou down?
Why, now thou dy'ſt as bravely as *Titinius*;
And may'ſt be honour'd being *Cato*'s ſon.
1. *S.* Yield, or thou dy'ſt.
Luc. Only I yield to dye:
There is † ſo much, that thou wilt kill me ſtraight;
Kill *Brutus*, and be honour'd in his death.
1. *S.* We muſt not, ſir.—A noble prisoner!
2. *S.* Room, ho! Tell *Antony*, *Brutus* is ta'en.
1. *S.* I'll tell the news.—Here comes the general:—
Enter Antony.
Brutus is ta'en, *Brutus* is ta'en, my lord.
Ant. Where is he? [*they ſhow* Lucilius.
Luc. Safe, *Antony*; *Brutus* is ſafe enough:
I dare aſſure thee, that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble *Brutus*:
The gods defend him from ſo great a ſhame!
When you do find him, or alive, or dead,
He will be found like *Brutus*, like himſelf.
Ant. This is not *Brutus*, friend; but, I aſſure you,

† tell thee newes

A prize no leſs in worth: keep this man ſafe,
Give him all kindneſs: I had rather have
Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,
And ſee whe'r *Brutus* be alive, or dead:
And bring us word, unto *Octavius'* tent,
How every thing is chanc'd, [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Another Part of the Field.*

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, *and* VOLUMNIUS.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, reſt on this rock.

Cli. *Statilius* ſhew'd the torch-light; but, my lord,
He came not back, he is or ta'en, or ſlain.

Bru. Sit thee down, *Clitus:* Slaying is the word;
It is a deed in faſhion. Hark thee, *Clitus.*
[*whiſpering him in the ear.*

Cli. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill myſelf.

Bru. Hark thee, *Dardanius.* [*whiſpers him.*

Dar. I do ſuch a deed!

Cli. O *Dardanius!*

Dar. O *Clitus!*

Cli. What ill requeſt did *Brutus* make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, *Clitus:* Look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble veſſel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good *Volumnius*; liſt a word.

Vol. What ſays my lord?

Bru. Why, this, *Volumnius:*
The ghoſt of *Cæsar* hath appear'd to me
Two ſeveral times by night: at *Sardis*, once;

[21] Shall I do

And, this laſt night, here in *Philippi* fields:
I know, my hour is come.
Vol. Not ſo, my lord.
Bru. Nay, I am ſure it is, *Volumnius*.
Thou ſee'ſt the world, *Volumnius*, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit: [*low Alarums.*
It is more worthy, to leap in ourſelves,
Than tarry 'till they puſh us. Good *Volumnius*,
Thou know'ſt, that we two went to ſchool together;
Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,
Hold thou my ſword's hilt, whil'ſt I run on it.
Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.
[*Alarums ſtill.*
Cli. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.
Bru. Farewel to you;—and you;—and you, *Volumnius*.—
Strato, thou haſt been all this while aſleep; Farewel to thee too, *Strato*.—Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me.
I ſhall have glory by this losing day,
More than *Octavius*, and *Mark Antony*,
By this vile conqueſt ſhall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for *Brutus*' tongue
Hath almoſt ended his life's hiſtory:
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would reſt,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.
[*Alarums. Cry within*, Fly, fly, fly.
Cli. Fly, my lord, fly.
Bru. Hence, I will follow thee.
[*Exeunt* Clitus, Dardanius, *and* Volumnius.
I pr'ythee, *Strato*, ſtay thou by thy lord:
Thou art a fellow of a good reſpect;

11 Sword Hilts, 17 to thee, to *Strato*, Countrymen:

Thy life hath had ſome ſmatch of honour in it:
Hold then my ſword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, *Strato?*

Str. Give me your hand firſt: Fare you well, my lord.

Bru. Farewel, good *Strato.*—*Cæsar*, now be ſtill;
I kill'd not thee with half ſo good a will.

[*runs upon his Sword, and dies.*

Alarums. Retreat.

Enter Octavius, Antony, *and their Army*; Lucilius, *and* Messala.

Oct. What man is that?

Mes. My maſter's man.—*Strato*, where is thy maſter?

Str. Free from the bondage you are in, *Meſſala*;
The conquerors can but make a fire of him:
For *Brutus* only overcame himſelf,
And no man elſe hath honour by his death.

Luc. So *Brutus* ſhould be found.—I thank thee, *Brutus*,
That thou haſt prov'd *Lucilius'* ſaying true.

Oct. All that ſerv'd *Brutus*, I will entertain them.—
Fellow, wilt thou beſtow thy time with me?

Str. Ay, if *Meſſala* will prefer me to you.

Oct. Do ſo, *Meſſala.*

Mes. How dy'd my maſter, *Strato?*

Str. I held the ſword, and he did run on it.

Mes. *Octavius*, then take him to follow thee,
That did the lateſt ſervice to my maſter.

Ant. This was the nobleſt *Roman* of them all:
All the conſpirators, ſave only he,
Did that they did in envy of great *Cæsar*;
He, only, in a general honeſt thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements

[22] Do ſo, good *Meſ-*

So mixt in him, that nature might ſtand up,
And ſay to all the world, *This was a man.*
Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all reſpect, and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night ſhall lye,
Moſt like a ſoldier, order'd honourably.—
So, call the field to reſt: and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt.*

ANTONY

and

CLEOPATRA.

Persons represented.

Octavius Cæsar,
Marcus Antonius,
M. Æmil. Lepidus, } *Triumvirs.*
Sextus Pompeius.
Mecænas, Agrippa, Taurus,
Thyreus, Dolabella, [Gallus,]
and Proculeius, Cæsarians:
Messengers, three; Soldiers, six; the same.
Demetrius, Philo, Enobarbus,
Ventidius, Silius, Canidius,
Scarus, Euphronius, Eros,
and Dercetas, Antonians:
Attendants, five; Messengers, six;
Soldiers (or Guards) nine; the same.
Varrius, Menas, *and* Menecrates, *Friends to* Pompey: *Servants of the same, two.*
A Soothsayer.
Alexas, Mardian *an Eunuch,*
Seleucus, Diomedes, *and Clown,*
Attendants upon Cleopatra.

Cleopatra, *Queen of* Egypt.
Octavia, *Wife to* Antony.
Charmian,
Iras, } *Attendants on* Cleopatra.

Other Attendants, Officers, Soldiers, &c.

Scene, dispers'd; in several Parts of the Roman *Empire.*

ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Alexandria.

A Room in Cleopatra's *Palace.*

Enter DEMETRIUS, *and* PHILO.

PHI. Nay, but this dotage of our general's
O'er-flows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and muſters of the war
Have glow'd like plated *Mars*, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which in the ſcuffles of great fights hath burſt
The buckles on his breaſt, reneges all temper;
And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a gipſy's luſt.—Look, where they come:
Flouriſh. Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, *and their Trains; Eunuchs fanning her.*
Take but good note, and you ſhall ſee in him
The triple pillar of the world tranſform'd
Into a ſtrumpet's fool: behold and ſee.

CLE. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.
Cle. I'll ſet a bourn how far to be belov'd. [earth.
Ant. Then muſt thou needs find out new heaven, new
Enter an Attendant.
Att. News, my good lord, from *Rome.*
Ant. 'Ꝛ grates me: — The ſum.
Cle. Nay, hear them *Antony:*
Fulvia, perchance, is angry; Or, who knows
If the ſcarce-bearded *Cæsar* have not ſent
His powerful mandate to you, *Do this, or this;*
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
Perform't, or elſe we damn thee.
Ant. How, my love!
Cle. Perchance? Nay, and moſt like: —
You muſt not ſtay here longer, your diſmiſſion
Is come from *Cæsar*; therefore hear it, *Antony.* —
Where's *Fulvia*'s proceſs? — *Cæsar*'s, I would ſay? —
Call in the meſſengers. — As I am *Egypt*'s queen, [Both?
Thou bluſheſt, *Antony*; and that blood of thine
Is *Cæsar*'s homager: ſo thy cheek pays ſhame,
When ſhrill-tongu'd *Fulvia* ſcolds. — The meſſengers.
Ant. Let *Rome* in *Tyber* melt! and the wide arch
Of the rang'd empire fall! Here † is my ſpace;
Kingdoms are clay: Our dungy earth alike
Feeds beaſt as man: the nobleneſs of life
Is, to do † thus; when ſuch a mutual pair,
And ſuch a twain can do't; in which, I bind,
On pain of puniſhment, the world to weet
We ſtand up peerleſs.
Cle. Excellent falſhood!
Why did he marry *Fulvia*, and not love her? —
I ſeem the fool I am not; *Antony*

20 homager: elſe ſo 32 Ile ſeeme

Will be himſelf.

Ant. But, ſtir'd by *Cleopatra*,—
Now, for the love of love, and his ſoft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference harſh:
There's not a minute of our lives ſhould ſtretch
Without ſome pleasure now: What ſport to-night?

Cle. Hear the embaſſadors.

Ant. Fie, wrangling queen!
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every paſſion fully ſtrives
To make itſelf, in thee, fair and admir'd!
No meſſenger, but thine; And all alone,
To-night, we'll wander through the ſtreets, and note
The qualities of people. Come, my queen;
Laſt night you did desire it: Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt* Antony, Cleopatra, *and Train.*

Dem. Is *Cæsar* with *Antonius* priz'd ſo ſlight?

Phi. Sir, ſometimes, when he is not *Antony*,
He comes too ſhort of that great property
Which ſtill ſhould go with *Antony*.

Dem. I am full ſorry,
That he approves the common lyar, who
Thus ſpeaks of him at *Rome*: But I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Reſt you happy! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The ſame. Another Room.*

Enter Alexas, Iras, Charmian, Soothſayer, *and Others.*

Cha. ——— *Alexas*, ſweet *Alexas*,
Moſt any thing *Alexas*, nay, almoſt
Moſt abſolute *Alexas*, where's the ſoothſayer
That you prais'd ſo to the queen?

3 and her ſoft

O, that I knew this husband, which, you ſay,
Muſt charge his horns with garlands!

Ale. Soothſayer,—

Soo. Your will?

Cha. Is this the man?—Is't you, ſir, that know things?

Soo. In nature's infinite book of ſecrecy
A little I can read.

Ale. Shew him your hand.

Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough,
Cleopatra's health to drink. [*to ſome within.*

Cha. Good ſir, give me good fortune.

Soo. I make not, but foreſee.

Cha. Pray then, foreſee me one.

Soo. You ſhall be yet far fairer than you are.

Cha. He means, in fleſh.

Ira. No, you ſhall paint when you are old.

Cha. Wrinkles forbid!

Ale. Vex not his preſcience, be attentive.

Cha. Huſh! [*to* Iras.

Soo. You ſhall be more beloving, than belov'd.

Cha. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Ale. Nay, hear him.

Cha. Good now, ſome excellent fortune: Let me be marry'd to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all: let me have a child at fifty, to whom *Herod* of *Jewry* may do homage: find me to marry with *Octavius Cæsar*, and companion me with my miſtreſs.

Soo. You ſhall outlive the lady whom you ſerve.

Cha. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

Soo. You have ſeen and prov'd a fairer former fortune
Than that which is to approach.

Cha. Then, belike, my children ſhall have no names: Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches muſt I have?

Soo. If every of your wiſhes had a womb,
And fertil every wiſh, a million.

Cha. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Ale. You think, none but your ſheets are privy to your wiſhes.

Cha. Nay, come, tell *Iras* hers.

Ale. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and moſt of our fortunes, to-night, ſhall be—drunk to bed.

Ira. There's a palm preſages chaſtity, if nothing elſe.

Cha. E'en as the o'er-flowing *Nilus* preſageth famine.

Ira. Go, you wild bed-fellow, you cannot ſoothſay.

Cha. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognoſtication, I cannot ſcratch mine ear.—Pr'ythee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Soo. Your fortunes are alike.

Ira. But how, but how? give me particulars.

Soo. I have ſaid.

Ira. Am I not an inch of fortune better than ſhe?

Cha. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

Ira. Not in my husband's nose.

Cha. Our worſer thoughts heavens mend!—*Alexas*—come, his fortune, his fortune.—O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, ſweet *Iſis*, I beſeech thee! And let her dye too, and give him a worſe! and let worſe follow worſe, 'till the worſt of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good *Iſis*,

5 and fore-tell every

hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good *Iſis*, I beſeech thee!

Ira. Amen. Dear goddeſs, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to ſee a handſome man looſe-wiv'd, ſo it is a deadly ſorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded; Therefore, dear *Iſis*, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Cha. Amen.

Ale. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themſelves whores, but they'd do't.

Eno. Huſh! here comes *Antony*.

Cha. Not he, the queen.

Enter Cleopatra, *attended*.

Cle. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

Cle. Was he not here?

Cha. No, madam.

Cle. He was diſpos'd to mirth; but on the ſudden A *Roman* thought hath ſtrook him.—*Enobarbus*,—

Eno. Madam. [*Alexas?*

Cle. Seek him, and bring him hither.—Where's

Ale. Here, lady, at your ſervice.—My lord approaches.

Enter Antony, *with a* Meſſenger; Attendants *following*.

Cle. We will not look upon him; Go with us.

[*Exeunt* Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Alexas, Iras, Charmian, Soothſayer, *and the reſt*.

Meſ. *Fulvia* thy wife firſt came into the field.

Ant. Againſt my brother *Lucius?*

Meſ. Ay: but ſoon

That war had end, and the time's ſtate made friends

Of them, jointing their forces againſt *Cæsar*;
Whose better iſſue in the war from *Italy*,
Upon the firſt encounter, drave them.
Ant. Well,
What worſt?
Meſ. The nature of bad news infects the teller.
Ant. When it concerns the fool, or coward. On:
Things, that are paſt, are done, with me: 'Tis thus;
Who tells me true, though in his tale lye death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.
Meſ. *Labienus*
(This is ſtiff news)
Hath with his *Parthian* force, through extended *Aſia*,
From *Euphrates* his conquering banner ſhook,
From *Syria*, to *Lydia*, and *Ionia*;
Whilſt—
Ant. *Antony*, thou would'ſt ſay,—
Meſ. O my lord!
Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue;
Name *Cleopatra* as ſhe's call'd in *Rome*:
Rail thou in *Fulvia*'s phraſe; and taunt my faults
With ſuch full licence, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds,
When our quick winds lye ſtill; and our ills told us,
Is as our earing. Fare thee well a while.
Meſ. At your noble pleaſure. [*Exit.*
Ant. From *Sicyon* how the news? Speak there.
1. *A.* The man from *Sicyon*,—Is there ſuch a one?
2. *A.* He ſtays upon your will.
Ant. Let him appear.—
These ſtrong *Egyptian* fetters I muſt break,
Enter another Meſſenger.

15 force 'gainſt 15 And to Ionia

Or lose myſelf in dotage.—What are you?

Meſ. *Fulvia* thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where dy'd ſhe?

Meſ. In *Sicyon:*

Her length of ſickneſs, with what elſe more ſerious
Importeth thee to know, this † bears.

Ant. Forbear me. [*Exit* Meſſenger.

There's a great ſpirit gone: Thus did I desire it:
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wiſh it ours again; the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itſelf: ſhe's good, being gone;
The hand could pluck her back, that ſhov'd her on.
I muſt from this enchanting queen break off;
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleneſs doth hatch—Ho! *Enobarbus!*

Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. What's your pleasure, ſir.

Ant. I muſt with haſte from hence.

Eno. Why, then we kill all our women: We ſee how mortal an unkindneſs is to them; if they ſuffer our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I muſt be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women dye: It were pity to caſt them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they ſhould be eſteem'd nothing. *Cleopatra*, catching but the leaſt noise of this, dyes inſtantly; I have ſeen her dye twenty times upon far poorer moment: I do think, there is mettle in death, which commits ſome loving act upon her, ſhe hath ſuch a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning paſt man's thought.

16 hatch. How now *Eno-*

Eno. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love: We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacks can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as *Jove*.

Ant. Would I had never seen her!

Eno. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blest withal, would have discredited your travel.

Ant. *Fulvia* is dead.

Eno. Sir?

Ant. *Fulvia* is dead.

Eno. *Fulvia?*

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shews to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that, when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but *Fulvia*, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crown'd with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat: and, indeed, the tears live in an onion, that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broached in the state
Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broach'd here cannot be without you; especially that of *Cleopatra*'s, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers
Have notice what we purpose: I shall break

The cause of our expedience to the queen,
And get her love to part. For not alone
The death of *Fulvia*, with more urgent touches,
Do ſtrongly ſpeak to us; but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in *Rome*
Petition us at home: *Sextus Pompeius*
Hath given the dare to *Cæsar*, and commands
The empire of the ſea: our ſlippery people
(Whose love is never link'd to the deſerver,
'Till his deſerts are paſt) begin to throw
Pompey the great, and all his dignities,
Upon his ſon; who, high in name and power,
Higher than both in blood and life, ſtands up
For the main ſoldier; whose quality, going on,
The ſides o' the world may danger: Much is breeding,
Which, like the courſer's hair, hath yet but life,
And not a ſerpent's poiſon. Say, our pleaſure,
To ſuch whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I ſhall do't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The ſame. Another Room.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, *and* Alexas.

Cle. Where is he?

Cha. I did not ſee him ſince.

Cle. See where he is, who's with him, what he does;—
I did not ſend you;—If you find him ſad,
Say, I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am ſudden ſick: Quick, and return.
[*Exit* Alexas.

Cha. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce

The like from him.

Cle. What ſhould I do, I do not?

Cha. In each thing give him way, croſs him in nothing.

Cle. Thou teacheſt like a fool: the way to lose him.

Cha. Tempt him not ſo too far: I wiſh, forbear;
In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter Antony.

But here comes *Antony*.

Cle. I am ſick, and ſullen.

Ant. I am ſorry to give breathing to my purpose,—

Cle. Help me away, dear *Charmian*, I ſhall fall;
It cannot be thus long, the ſides of nature
Will not ſuſtain it.

Ant. Now, my deareſt queen,—

Cle. Pray you, ſtand farther from me.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cle. I know, by that ſame eye, there's ſome good news:
What ſays the marry'd woman? You may go;
Would, ſhe had never given you leave to come!
Let her not ſay, 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no power upon you; hers you are.

Ant. The gods beſt know,—

Cle. O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd! Yet, at the firſt,
I ſaw the treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra,—

Cle. Why ſhould I think, you can be mine, and true,
Though you in ſwearing ſhake the throned gods,
Who have been falſe to *Fulvia?* Riotous madneſs,
To be entangl'd with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themſelves in ſwearing!

Ant. Moſt ſweet queen,—

Cle. Nay, pray you, ſeek no colour for your going,
But bid farewel, and go: when you ſu'd ſtaying,
Then was the time for words: No going then;
Eternity was in our lips, and eyes;
Bliſs in our brows' bent; none our parts ſo poor,
But was a race of heaven: They are ſo ſtill,
Or thou, the greateſt ſoldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greateſt lyar.

Ant. How now, lady!

Cle. I would, I had thy inches; thou ſhould'ſt know,
There were a heart in *Egypt*.

Ant. Hear me, queen:
The ſtrong neceſſity of time commands
Our ſervices a while; but my full heart
Remains in uſe with you. Our *Italy*
Shines o'er with civil ſwords: *Sextus Pompeius*
Makes his approaches to the port of *Rome*:
Equality of two domeſtic powers
Breeds ſcrupulous faction: The hated, grown to ſtrength,
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd *Pompey*,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of ſuch as have not thrived
Upon the present ſtate, whose numbers threaten;
And quietneſs, grown ſick of reſt, would purge
By any deſperate change: My more particular,
And that which moſt with you ſhould ſafe my going,
Is *Fulvia*'s death. [freedom,

Cle. Though age from folly could not give me
It does from childiſhneſs; Can *Fulvia* dye?

Ant. She's dead, my queen:
Look here †, and, at thy ſovereign leisure, read
The garboils ſhe awak'd; at the laſt, beſt:

See, when, and where ſhe dy'd.

Cle. O moſt falſe love!
Where be the ſacred vials thou ſhould'ſt fill
With ſorrowful water? Now I ſee, I ſee,
In *Fulvia*'s death, how mine ſhall be receiv'd.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purposes I bear; which are, or ceaſe,
As you ſhall give the advices: By the fire
That quickens *Nilus*' ſlime, I go from hence
Thy ſoldier, ſervant; making peace, or war,
As thou affect'ſt.

Cle. Cut my lace, *Charmian*, come;—
But let it be; I am quickly ill, and well,
So *Antony* loves.

Ant. My precious queen, forbear;
And give true evidence to his love, which ſtands
An honourable trial.

Cle. So *Fulvia* told me.
I pr'ythee, turn aſide, and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and ſay, the tears
Belong to *Egypt*: Good now, play one ſcene
Of excellent diſſembling; and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood; no more.

Cle. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

Ant. Now, by my ſword,—

Cle. And target,—Still he mends;
But this is not the beſt:—Look, pr'ythee, *Charmian*,
How this *Herculean Roman* does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cle. Courteous lord, one word.

Sir, you and I must part, — but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have lov'd, — but there's not it;
That you know well: Something it is I would, —
O, my oblivion is a very *Antony*,
And I am all-forgotten.

Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

Cle. 'Tis sweating labour,
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As *Cleopatra* this. But, sir, forgive me;
Since my becomings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you: Your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpity'd folly,
And all the gods go with you! Upon your sword
Sit laurel'd victory! and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!

Ant. Let us go. Come;
Our seperation so abides, and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Rome. *A Room in* Cæsar's *House.*
Enter Octavius Cæsar, Lepidus, *and their Trains.*

Cæs. You may see, *Lepidus*, and henceforth know,
[*giving him a Letter to read.*
It is not *Cæsar's* natural vice to hate
One great competitor: From *Alexandria*
This is the news, He fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel: is not more manlike
Than *Cleopatra*; nor the queen of *Ptolemy*

More womanly than he: hardly gave audience, or
Vouchſaf'd to think he had partners: You ſhall find there
A man, who is the abſtract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I muſt not think, there are
Evils enough to darken all his goodneſs:
His faults, in him, ſeem as the ſpots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackneſs; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent: Let us grant, it is not
Amiſs to tumble on the bed of *Ptolemy*;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to ſit
And keep the turn of tipling with a ſlave;
To reel the ſtreets at noon, and ſtand the buffet
With knaves that ſmell of ſweat: ſay, this becomes him,
(As his composure muſt be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemiſh) yet muſt *Antony*
No way excuse his foils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightneſs: If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuouſneſs,
Full ſurfeits, and the dryneſs of his bones,
Call on him for't: but, to confound ſuch time,—
That drums him from his ſport, and ſpeaks as loud
As his own ſtate, and ours,—'tis to be chid
As we rate boys; who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And ſo rebel to judgment.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Meſ. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
Moſt noble *Cæſar*, ſhalt thou have report

[2] vouchſafe

How 'tis abroad. *Pompey* is ſtrong at ſea;
And it appears, he is belov'd of those
That only have fear'd *Cæsar:* to the ports
The diſcontents repair, and mens' reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs. I ſhould have known no leſs:—
It hath been taught us from the primal ſtate,
That he, which is, was wiſh'd, until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd, 'till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd, by being lack'd. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the ſtream,
Goes to, and back, lackying the varying tide,
To rot itſelf with motion.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſ. *Cæsar*, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and *Menas*, famous pirates,
Make the ſea ſerve them; which they ear and wound
With keels of every kind: Many hot inroads
They make in *Italy*; the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on't, and fluſh youth revolt:
No veſſel can peep forth, but 'tis as ſoon
Taken as ſeen; for *Pompey*'s name ſtrikes more,
Than could his war reſiſted.

Cæs. *Antony*,
Leave thy laſcivious waſſails: When thou once
Wert beaten from *Modéna*, where thou ſlew'ſt
Hirtius and *Panſa*, conſuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'ſt againſt,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than ſavages could ſuffer: thou did'ſt drink
The ſtale of horſes, and the gilded puddle
Which beaſts would cough at: thy palate then did deign

[10] Comes fear'd [12] lacking [17] Make; [25] Vaſſailes [26] *Medena*

The rougheſt berry on the rudeſt hedge;
Yea, like the ſtag, when ſnow the paſture ſheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'ſt: on the *Alps*,
It is reported, thou didſt eat ſtrange fleſh,
Which ſome did dye to look on: And all this
(It wounds thine honour, that I ſpeak it now)
Was born ſo like a ſoldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. 'Tis pity of him.

Cæs. Let his ſhames quickly
Drive him to *Rome:* Time is it, that we twain
Did ſhew ourſelves i' the field; and, to that end,
Aſſemble we immediate council: *Pompey*
Thrives in our idleneſs.

Lep. To-morrow, *Cæsar*,
I ſhall be furniſh'd to inform you rightly
Both what by ſea and land I can be able,
To 'front this present time.

Cæs. 'Till which encounter,
It is my buſineſs too. Farewel. [time

Lep. Farewel, my lord: What you ſhall know mean
Of ſtirs abroad, I ſhall beſeech you, ſir,
To let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt not, ſir;
I knew it for my bond. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Cleopatra, *ſupporting herſelf on* Iras; Charmian, *and* Mardian, *following.*

Cle. Charmian,—

Cha. Madam.

Cle. Ha, ha,—Give me to drink mandragora.

11 'tis time

Cha. Why, madam?

Cle. That I might ſleep out this great gap of time,
My *Antony* is away.

Cha. You think of him
Too much.

Cle. O!—Treason!

Cha. Madam, I truſt, not ſo.

Cle. Thou, eunuch, *Mardian*,—

Mar. What's your highneſs' pleaſure?

Cle. Not now to hear thee ſing; I take no pleaſure
In ought an eunuch has: 'Tis well for thee,
That, being unſeminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of *Egypt*. Haſt thou affections?

Mar. Yes, gracious madam.

Cle. Indeed?

Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing
But what indeed is honeſt to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think
What *Venus* did with *Mars*.

Cle. O *Charmian*,
Where think'ſt thou he is now? Stands he, or ſits he?
Or does he walk? Or is he on his horſe?—
O happy horſe, to bear the weight of *Antony!*
Do bravely, horſe; For wot'ſt thou whom thou mov'ſt?
The demy *Atlas* of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of man.—He's ſpeaking now,
Or murmuring, *Where's my ſerpent of old* Nile?
For ſo he calls me;—Now I feed myſelf
With moſt delicious poiſon:—Think on me,
That am with *Phœbus'* amorous pinches black,
And wrinkl'd deep in time? Broad-fronted *Cæſar*,
When thou waſt here above the ground, I was

A morſel for a monarch: and great *Pompey*
Would ſtand, and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aſpect, and dye
With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.

Ale. Sovereign of *Egypt*, hail!

Cle. How much unlike art thou *Mark Antony!*
Yet, coming from him, that great med'cine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.—
How goes it with my brave *Mark Antony?*

Ale. Laſt thing he did, dear queen,
He kiſſ'd, the laſt of many doubl'd kiſſes,
This orient pearl †; His ſpeech ſticks in my heart.

Cle. Mine ear muſt pluck it thence.

Ale. Good friend, quoth he,
Say, The firm *Roman* to great *Egypt* ſends
This treasure of an oiſter: at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms; All the eaſt,
Say thou, ſhall call her miſtreſs. So he nodded,
And ſoberly did mount an arm-gaunt ſteed;
Who neigh'd ſo high, that what I would have ſpoke
Was beaſtly dumb'd by him.

Cle. What, was he ſad, or merry?

Ale. Like to the time o'the year between the extreams
Of hot and cold; he was nor ſad, nor merry.

Cle. O well-divided diſposition!—Note him,
Note him, good *Charmian*, 'tis the man, but note him:
He was not ſad; for he would ſhine on those
That make their looks by his: he was not merry;
Which ſeem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In *Egypt* with his joy: but between both:

23 dumbe

O heavenly mingle! — Be'ſt thou ſad, or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes;
So does it no man elſe. — Met'ſt thou my poſts?
Ale. Ay, madam, twenty ſeveral meſſengers:
Why do you ſend ſo thick?
Cle. Who's born that day
When I forget to ſend to *Antony*,
Shall dye a beggar. — Ink and paper, *Charmian*. —
Welcome, my good *Alexas*. — Did I, *Charmian*,
Ever love *Cæsar* ſo?
Cha. O that brave *Cæsar!*
Cle. Be choak'd with ſuch another emphaſis!
Say, the brave *Antony*.
Cha. The valiant *Cæsar!*
Cle. By *Iſis*, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with *Cæsar* paragon again
My man of men.
Cha. By your moſt gracious pardon,
I ſing but after you.
Cle. My ſallad days;
When I was green in judgment, cold in blood;
To ſay, as I ſaid then! — But, come, away;
Get me ink and paper: he ſhall have every day
A ſeveral greeting, or I'll unpeople *Egypt*. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. Meſſina. *A Room in* Pompey's *Houſe.*
Enter Pompey, Menecrates, *and* Menas.

Pom. If the great gods be juſt, they ſhall aſſiſt
The deeds of juſteſt men.

Mene. Know, worthy *Pompey*,
That what they do delay, they not deny.
Pom. Whiles we are ſuitors to their throne, delay's
The thing we ſue for.
Mene. We, ignorant of ourſelves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good: ſo find we profit,
By losing of our prayers.
Pom. I ſhall do well:
The people love me, and the ſea is mine;
My power's a creſcent, and my auguring hope
Says, it will come to the full. *Mark Antony*
In *Egypt* ſits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors: *Cæsar* gets money, where
He loses hearts: *Lepidus* flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.
Mene. *Cæsar* and *Lepidus*
Are in the field; a mighty ſtrength they carry.
Pom. Where had you this? 'tis falſe.
Mene. From *Silvius*, ſir.
Pom. He dreams; I know, they are in *Rome* together,
Looking for *Antony:* But all the charms of love,
Salt *Cleopatra*, ſoften thy wan lip;
Let witch-craft join with beauty, luſt with both!
Tye up the libertine in a field of feaſts,
Keep his brain fuming; *Epicurean* cooks,
Sharpen with cloyleſs ſauce his appetite;
That ſleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,

Enter VARRIUS.

Even 'till a lethe'd dulneſs—How now, *Varrius?*
Var. This is moſt certain that I ſhall deliver:

3 decayes 11 powers are Creſſent

Mark Antony is every hour in *Rome*
Expected; since he went from *Egypt*, 'tis
A space for farther travel.

Pom. I could have given less matter
A better ear. — *Menas*, I did not think,
This amorous surfeiter would have don'd his helm
For such a petty war: his soldiership
Is twice the other twain: But let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of *Egypt*'s widow pluck
The ne'er lust-weary'd *Antony*.

Men. I cannot hope,
Cæsar and *Antony* shall well greet together:
His wife, that's dead, did trespasses to *Cæsar*;
His brother war'd upon him; although, I think,
Not mov'd by *Antony*.

Pom. I know not, *Menas*,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant they should square between themselves;
For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords: but how the fear of us
May cément their divisions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know:
Be it as our gods will have it! It only stands
Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands.
Come, *Menas*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Rome. *A Room in* Lepidus' *House.*

Enter Enobarbus, *and* Lepidus.

Lep. Good *Enobarbus*, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to intreat your captain

To ſoft and gentle ſpeech.
Eno. I ſhall intreat him
To anſwer like himſelf: if *Cæsar* move him,
Let *Antony* look over *Cæsar*'s head,
And ſpeak as loud as *Mars*. By *Jupiter*,
Were I the wearer of *Antonio*'s beard,
I would not ſhave't to-day.
Lep. 'Tis not a time
For private ſtomaching.
Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in't.
Lep. But ſmall to greater matters muſt give way.
Eno. Not if the ſmall come firſt.
Lep. Your ſpeech is paſſion:
But, pray you, ſtir no embers up. Here comes
The noble *Antony*.

Enter Antony, *and* Ventidius.

Eno. And yonder *Cæsar*.

Enter Cæsar, Mecænas, *and* Agrippa.

Ant. If we compose well here, to *Parthia*:
Hark you, *Ventidius*,—
Cæs. I do not know,
Mecænas; aſk *Agrippa*.
Lep. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was moſt great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiſs,
May it be gently heard: When we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murther in healing wounds: Then, noble partners,
(The rather, for I earneſtly beſeech)
Touch you the ſoureſt points with ſweeteſt terms,
Nor curſtneſs grow to the matter.

21 Hearke *Ven-*

Ant. 'Tis ſpoken well:
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I ſhould do thus.
Cæs. Welcome to *Rome*.
Ant. Thank you.
Cæs. Sit.
Ant. Sit, ſir.
Cæs. Nay, then.
Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are not ſo;
Or, being, concern you not.
Cæs. I muſt be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should ſay myſelf offended; and with you
Chiefly i'the world: more laugh'd at, that I ſhould
Once name you derogately, when to ſound your name
It not concern'd me.
Ant. My being in *Egypt*, *Cæsar*,
What was't to you?
Cæs. No more than my residing here at *Rome*
Might be to you in *Egypt*: Yet, if you there
Did practiſe on my ſtate, your being in *Egypt*
Might be my queſtion.
Ant. How intend you, practiſ'd?
Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befall me: Your wife, and brother,
Made wars upon me; and their conteſtation
Was them'd for you, you were the word of war.
Ant. You do miſtake your buſineſs; my brother never
Did urge me in his act: I did inquire it;
And have my learning from ſome true reports,
That drew their ſwords with you. Did he not rather
Diſcredit my authority with yours;

And make the wars alike againſt my ſtomach,
Having alike your cauſe? Of this, my letters
Before did ſatiſfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
(As matter whole you have not to make it with)
It muſt not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourſelf,
By laying to me defects of judgment: but
You patch'd up your excuſes.

Ant. Not ſo, not ſo:
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very neceſſity of this thought, That I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainſt which he fought,
Could not with grateful eyes attend those wars
Which 'fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her ſpirit in ſuch another:
The third o' the world is yours; which with a ſnaffle
You may pace easy, but not ſuch a wife.

Eno. 'Would we had all ſuch wives, that the men might go to wars with the women.

Ant. So much uncurbable, her garboils, *Cæsar*,
Made out of her impatience, (which not wanted
Shrewdneſs of policy too) I grieving grant,
Did you too much diſquiet: for that, you muſt
But ſay, I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you,
When, rioting in *Alexandria*, you
Did pocket up my letters; and with taunts
Did gibe my miſſive out of audience.

Ant. Sir,
He fell upon me, ere admitted; then
Three kings I had newly feaſted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning: but, next day,

7 defects of judgment to me 13 gracefull

I told him of myſelf; which was as much
As to have aſk'd him pardon: Let this fellow
Be nothing of our ſtrife; if we contend,
Out of our queſtion wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken
The article of your oath; which you ſhall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, *Cæsar.*

Ant. No,
Lepidus, let him ſpeak;
The honour is ſacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it:—but on, *Cæsar*;
The article of my oath,—

Cæs. To lend me arms, and aid, when I requir'd them;
The which you both deny'd.

Ant. Neglected, rather;
And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you: but mine honeſty
Shall not make poor my greatneſs, nor my power
Work without it: Truth is, that *Fulvia*,
To have me out of *Egypt*, made wars here;
For which myſelf, the ignorant motive, do
So far aſk pardon, as befits mine honour
To ſtoop in ſuch a caſe.

Lep. 'Tis nobly ſpoken.

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs between ye: to forget them quite,
Were to remember that the present need
Speak to atone you.

Lep. Worthily ſpoken, *Mecænas.*

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the

inſtant, you may, when you hear no more words of *Pompey*, return it again: you ſhall have time to wrangle in, when you have nothing elſe to do.

Ant. Thou art a ſoldier only; ſpeak no more.

Eno. That truth ſhould be ſilent, I had almoſt forgot. [more.

Ant. You wrong this preſence, therefore ſpeak no

Eno. Go to then; your conſiderate ſtone.

Cæs. I do not much diſlike the manner, but
The matter of his ſpeech: for't cannot be,
We ſhall remain in friendſhip, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop ſhould hold us ſtaunch, from edge to edge
O'the world I would purſue it.

Agr. Give me leave, *Cæsar*,—

Cæs. Speak, *Agrippa*.

Agr. Thou haſt a ſiſter by the mother's ſide,
Admir'd *Octavia:* great *Mark Antony*
Is now a widower:

Cæs. Say not ſo, *Agrippa*;
If *Cleopatra* heard you, your reproof
Were well deserv'd of raſhneſs.

Ant. I am not marry'd, *Cæsar:* let me hear
Agrippa further ſpeak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unſlipping knot, take *Antony*
Octavia to his wife: whose beauty claims
No worſe a husband than the beſt of men;
Whose virtue, and whose general graces, ſpeak
That which none elſe can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealouſies, which now ſeem great,

19 the matter, but | The manner 20 not, ſay *Agr-* 21 your proofe

And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing: truths would then be tales,
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both
Would, each to other, and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have ſpoke;
For 'tis a ſtudy'd, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will *Cæsar* ſpeak?

Cæs. Not 'till he hears how *Antony* is touch'd
With what is ſpoke already.

Ant. What power is in *Agrippa*,
If I would ſay, Agrippa, *be it ſo*,
To make this good?

Cæs. The power of *Cæsar*, and
His power unto *Octavia*.

Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that ſo fairly ſhews,
Dream of impediment!—Let me have thy hand:
Further this act of grace; And, from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And ſway our great deſigns!

Cæs. There is my hand.
A ſiſter I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love ſo dearly: Let her live
To join our kingdoms, and our hearts; and never
Fly off our loves again!

Lep. Happily! Amen.

Ant. I did not think to draw my ſword 'gainſt *Pompey*;
For he hath lay'd ſtrange courteſies, and great,
Of late upon me: I muſt thank him only,
Leſt my remembrance ſuffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon us:
Of us muſt *Pompey* presently be ſought,
Or elſe he ſeeks out us.
Ant. Where lies he, *Cæsar?*
Cæs. About the mount *Miſenum.*
Ant. What's his ſtrength
By land?
Cæs. Great, and increaſing: but by ſea
He is an abſolute maſter.
Ant. So is the fame.
Would we had ſpoke together! Haſte we for it:
Yet, ere we put ourſelves in arms, diſpatch we
The buſineſs we have talk'd of.
Cæs. With moſt gladneſs;
And do invite you to my ſiſter's view,
Whither ſtraight I'll lead you.
Ant. Let us, *Lepidus,*
Not lack your company.
Lep. Noble *Antony,*
Not ſickneſs ſhould detain me.
[*Exeunt* Cæsar, Antony, *and* Lepidus.
Mec. Welcome from *Egypt,* ſir.
Eno. Half the heart of *Cæsar,* worthy *Mecænas!* — my honourable friend, *Agrippa!*
Agr. Good *Enobarbus!*
Mec. We have cause to be glad, that matters are ſo well digeſted. You ſtay'd well by it in *Egypt.*
Eno. Ay, ſir; we did ſleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.
Mec. Eight wild boars roaſted whole at a breakfaſt, and but twelve perſons there; Is this true?
Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much

5 Mount-Meſena.

more monſtrous matter of feaſt, which worthily deserved noting.

Mec. She's a moſt triumphant lady, if report be ſquare to her.

Eno. When ſhe firſt met *Mark Antony*, ſhe purſ'd up his heart, upon the river of *Cydnus*.

Agr. There ſhe appear'd indeed; or my reporter Devis'd well for her.

Eno. I will tell you, ſir:
The barge ſhe ſat in, like a burniſh'd throne,
Burnt on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the ſails, and ſo perfumed, that
The winds were love-ſick with them: the oars were ſilver;
Which to the tune of flutes kept ſtroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faſter,
As amorous of their ſtrokes. For her own perſon,
It beggar'd all deſcription: ſhe did lye
In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tiſſue)
O'er-picturing that *Venus*, where we ſee
The fancy out-work nature; on each ſide her
Stood pretty dimpl'd boys, like ſmiling *Cupids*,
With diverſe-colour'd fans, whoſe wind did ſeem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.

Agr. O, rare for *Antony!*

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the *Nereids*,
So many mermaids, tended her i'the eyes,
And made their bends adornings: at the helm
A ſeeming mermaid ſteers; the ſilken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-ſoft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge,
A ſtrange invisible perfume hits the ſenſe

Of the adjacent wharfs. The city caſt
Her people out upon her: and *Antony*,
Enthron'd i'the market-place, did ſit alone,
Whiſtling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on *Cleopatra* too,
And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare *Egyptian!*

Eno. Upon her landing, *Antony* ſent to her,
Invited her to ſupper: ſhe reply'd,
It ſhould be better, he became her gueſt;
Which ſhe intreated: Our courteous *Antony*,
Whom ne'er the word of *no* woman heard ſpeak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feaſt;
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart,
For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal wench!
She made great *Cæsar* lay his ſword to bed;
He plough'd her, and ſhe cropt.

Eno. I ſaw her once
Hop forty paces through the publick ſtreet:
And having loſt her breath, ſhe ſpoke, and panted;
That ſhe did make defect, perfection,
And, breathleſs, power breath forth.

Mec. Now *Antony*
Muſt leave her utterly.

Eno. Never; he will not:
Age cannot wither her, nor cuſtom ſtale
Her infinite variety: Other women cloy
The appetites they feed; but ſhe makes hungry,
Where moſt ſhe ſatiffies. For vileſt things
Become themſelves in her; that the holy prieſts
Bleſs her, when ſhe is riggiſh.

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modeſty, can ſettle
The heart of *Antony*, *Octavia* is
A bleſt allottery to him.
Agr. Let us go.—
Good *Enobarbus*, make yourſelf my gueſt,
Whilſt you abide here.
Eno. Humbly, ſir, I thank you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The ſame. A Room in* Cæsar's *Houſe.*
Enter Cæsar, Antony, Octavia *between them*; *Attendants behind, and* Soothſayer.

Ant. The world, and my great office, will ſometimes
Divide me from your bosom.
Oct. All which time,
Before the gods my knee ſhall bow in prayers
To them for you.
Ant. Good night, ſir.—My *Octavia*,
Read not my blemiſhes in the world's report:
I have not kept my ſquare; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.
Oct. Good night, ſir.
Cæs. Good night.
[*Exeunt* Cæsar, Octavia, *and Attendants.*
Ant. Now, ſirrah! you do wiſh yourſelf in *Egypt?*
Soo. 'Would I had never come from thence, nor you
Thither!
Ant. If you can, your reason?
Soo. I ſee it in
My motion, have it not in my tongue: But yet
Hye you again to *Egypt*.
Ant. Say to me,
Whose fortunes ſhall rise higher, *Cæsar*'s, or mine?

3 bleſſed Lottery 15 bowe my prayers 30 to Egypt againe

Soo. *Cæsar*'s.
Therefore, o *Antony*, ſtay not by his ſide:
Thy dæmon, that's thy ſpirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where *Cæsar*'s is not; but, near him, thy angel
Becomes a fear, as being o'er-power'd; and therefore
Make ſpace enough between you.
Ant. Speak this no more.
Soo. To none but thee; no more, but when to thee.
If thou doſt play with him at any game,
Thou are ſure to lose; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainſt the odds: thy luſtre thickens,
When he ſhines by: I ſay again, thy ſpirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
But, he away, 'tis noble.
Ant. Get thee gone:
Say to *Ventidius*, I would ſpeak with him:—
[*Exit* Soothſayer.
He ſhall to *Parthia*. Be it art, or hap,
He hath ſpoken true: The very dice obey him;
And, in our ſports, my better cunning faints
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he ſpeeds:
His cocks do win the battle ſtill of mine,
When it is all to nought; and his quails ever
Beat mine, in whoop'd-at odds. I will to *Egypt*:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I' the eaſt my pleasure lies.—O, come, *Ventidius*,
Enter Ventidius.
You muſt to *Parthia*; your commiſſion's ready:
Follow me, and receive't. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE IV. *The ſame. A Street.*

15 alway 25 (in hoopt) at odd's

Enter LEPIDUS, *attended*; MECÆNAS, *and* AGRIPPA.

Lep. Trouble yourſelves no farther: pray you, haſten
Your generals after.

Agr. Sir, *Mark Antony*
Will e'en but kiſs *Octavia*, and we'll follow.

Lep. 'Till I ſhall ſee you in your ſoldier's dreſs,
Which will become you both, farewel.

Mec. We ſhall,
As I conceive the journey, be at the mount
Before you, *Lepidus*.

Lep. Your way is ſhorter,
My purposes do draw me much about;
You'll win two days upon me.

Mec. Agr. Sir, good ſucceſs!

Lep. Farewel. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE V. Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, Iras, *and* Alexas.

Cle. Give me ſome muſick; muſick, moody food
Of us that trade in love.

Att. The muſick, ho!

Enter MARDIAN.

Cle. Let it alone; let us to billiards:—come, *Charmian*.

Cha. My arm is ſore, beſt play with *Mardian*.

Cle. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,
As with a woman:—Come, you'll play with me, ſir?

Mar. As well as I can, madam. [too ſhort,

Cle. And when good will is ſhew'd, though 't come
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now:—
Give me mine angle,—We'll to the river: there,
My muſick playing far off, I will betray

Tawny-fin'd fiſhes: my bended hook ſhall pierce
Their ſlimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an *Antony*,
And ſay, Ah, ha! you're caught.
Cha. 'Twas merry, when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a ſalt-fiſh on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.
Cle. That time!—o times!—
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilſt
I wore his ſword *Philippan*. O, from *Italy*;—
Enter a Meſſenger.
Rain thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.
Meſ. Madam, madam,—
Cle. *Antony*'s dead:—If thou ſay ſo,
Villain, thou kill'ſt thy miſtreſs: but well, and free,
If thou ſo yield him, there is † gold, and here †
My blueſt veins to kiſs; a hand, that kings
Have lip'd, and trembl'd kiſſing.
Meſ. Firſt, madam, he is well. [We use
Cle. Why, there's more † gold. But, ſirrah, mark;
To ſay, the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold, I give thee, will I melt, and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.
Meſ. Good madam, hear me.
Cle. Well, go to, I will;
But there's no goodneſs in thy face: If *Antony*
Be free, and healthful, why ſo tart a favour

[1] fine fiſhes [16] Ramme thee

To trumpet ſuch good tidings? If not well,
Thou ſhould'ſt come like a fury crown'd with ſnakes,
Not like a formal man.

Meſ. Will't please you hear me?

Cle. I have a mind to ſtrike thee, ere thou ſpeak'ſt:
Yet if thou ſay, *Antony* lives, is well,
Or friends with *Cæsar*, or not captive to him,
I'll ſet thee in a ſhower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

Meſ. Madam, he's well.

Cle. Well ſaid.

Meſ. And friends with *Cæsar*.

Cle. Thou'rt an honeſt man.

Meſ. *Cæsar* and he are greater friends than ever.

Cle. Mark thee a fortune from me.

Meſ. But yet, madam,—

Cle. I do not like *but yet*, it does allay
The good precedence; fie upon *but yet*:
But yet is as a jailer to bring forth
Some monſtrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,
Pour out thy pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: He's friends with *Cæsar*;
In ſtate of health, thou ſay'ſt; and, thou ſay'ſt, free.

Meſ. Free, madam! no; I made no ſuch report:
He's bound unto *Octavia*.

Cle. For what good turn?

Meſ. For the beſt turn i' the bed.

Cle. I am pale, *Charmian*.

Meſ. Madam, he's marry'd to *Octavia*.

Cle. The moſt infectious peſtilence upon thee!
[*ſtrikes him down.*

Meſ. Good madam, patience.

6 'tis well 21 the packe

Cle. What ſay you? [*ſtriking him again.*] Hence,
Horrible villain! or I'll ſpurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head:
[*hales him up and down.*
Thou ſhalt be whipt with wire, and ſtew'd in brine,
Smarting in ling'ring pickle.
Meſ. Gracious madam,
I, that do bring the news, made not the match.
Cle. Say, 'tis not ſo, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou had'ſt
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage;
And I will boot thee with what gift beſide
Thy modeſty can beg.
Meſ. He's marry'd, madam.
Cle. Rogue, thou haſt liv'd too long. [*draws a Dagger.*
Meſ. Nay, then I'll run:—
What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.
[*Exit* Meſſenger.
Cha. Good madam, keep yourſelf within yourſelf;
The man is innocent.
Cle. Some innocents 'ſcape not the thunder-bolt.—
Melt *Egypt* into *Nile!* and kindly creatures
Turn all to ſerpents!—Call the ſlave again;
Though I am mad, I will not bite him; call.
Cha. He is afeard to come.
Cle. I will not hurt him:—
These hands do lack nobility, that they ſtrike
A meaner than myſelf; ſince I myſelf
Have given myſelf the cauſe.—Come hither, ſir:
Re-enter Meſſenger.
Though it be honeſt, it is never good
To bring bad news: Give to a gracious meſſage

An hoſt of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themſelves, when they be felt.
Meſ. I have but done my duty.
Cle. Is he marry'd?
I cannot hate thee worſer than I do,
If thou again ſay, yes.
Meſ. He's marry'd, madam. [ſtill?
Cle. The gods confound thee! doſt thou hold there
Meſ. Should I lye, madam?
Cle. O, I would, thou didſt;
So half my *Egypt* were ſubmerg'd, and made
A ciſtern for ſcal'd ſnakes! Go, get thee hence;
Had'ſt thou *Narciſſus* in thy face, to me
Thou would'ſt appear moſt ugly. He is marry'd?
Meſ. I crave your highneſs' pardon.
Cle. He is marry'd?
Meſ. Take no offence, that I would not offend you:
To puniſh me for what you make me do,
Seems much unequal: He's marry'd to *Octavia.*
Cle. O, that his fault ſhould make a knave of thee,
That ſay'ſt but what thou art ſure of! Get thee hence:
The merchandize, which thou haſt brought from *Rome,*
Are all too dear for me; Lye they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em! [*Exit* Meſſenger.
Cha. Good your highneſs, patience.
Cle. In praiſing *Antony,* I have diſprais'd *Cæsar.*
Cha. Many times, madam.
Cle. I am pay'd for't now.
Lead me from hence,
I faint; O *Iras, Charmian,*—'Tis no matter:—
Go to the fellow, good *Alexas*; bid him
Report the feature of *Octavia,* her years,

[21] That art not what

Her inclination, let him not leave out
The colour of her hair: bring me word quickly.
[*Exit* Alexas.
Let him for ever go:—Let him not, *Charmian*;
Though he be painted one way like a *Gorgon*,
The other way's a *Mars*:—Bid you *Alexas* [*to* Mardian.
Bring me word, how tall she is.—Pity me, *Charmian*,
But do not speak to me. Lead me to my chamber.

SCENE VI. *Country near* Misenum.

Flourish. Enter, from opposite Sides, POMPEY, MENAS, *and Others*; CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, ENOBARBUS, *and Others.*

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.

Cæs. Most meet,
That first we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent:
Which if thou hast consider'd, let us know
If 'twill tye up thy discontented sword;
And carry back to *Sicily* much tall youth,
That else must perish here.

Pom. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know,
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son, and friends; since *Julius Cæsar*,
Who at *Philippi* the good *Brutus* ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him. What was't
That mov'd pale *Cassius* to conspire? And what
Made the all-honour'd, honest, *Roman Brutus*,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,

To drench the capitol; but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it,
Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burthen
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To ſcourge the ingratitude that deſpightful *Rome*
Caſt on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant. Thou can'ſt not fear us, *Pompey*, with thy ſails,
We'll ſpeak with thee at ſea: at land, thou know'ſt
How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pom. At land, indeed,
Thou doſt o'er-count me of my father's houſe:
But, ſince the cuckoo builds not for himſelf,
Remain in't, as thou may'ſt.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us,
(For this is from the present) how you take
The offers we have ſent you.

Cæs. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be intreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd:

Cæs. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer
Of *Sicily*, *Sardinia*; and I muſt
Rid all the ſea of pirates: then, to ſend
Measures of wheat to *Rome*: This 'greed upon,
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
Our targe undinted.

Cæs. Ant. Lep. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then,
I came before you here, a man prepar'd
To take this offer: But *Mark Antony*

Put me to ſome impatience:—Though I loſe
The praiſe of it by telling, You muſt know,
When *Cæsar* and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to *Sicily*, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, *Pompey*;
And am well ſtudy'd for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, ſir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i'the eaſt are ſoft: and thanks to you,
That call'd me, timelier than my purpoſe, hither;
For I have gain'd by't.

Cæs. Since I ſaw you laſt,
There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not,
What counts harſh fortune caſts upon my face;
But in my boſom ſhall ſhe never come,
To make my heart her vaſſal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope ſo, *Lepidus*.—Thus we are agreed:
I crave, our compoſition may be written,
And ſeal'd between us.

Cæs. That's the next to do.

Pom. We'll feaſt each other, ere we part; and let us
Draw lots, who ſhall begin.

Ant. That will I, *Pompey*.

Pom. No, noble *Antony*, take the lot: but, firſt,
Or laſt, your fine *Egyptian* cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard, that *Julius Cæsar*
Grew fat with feaſting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have fair meaning, sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pom. Then so much have I heard. And I have heard, *Apollodorus* carry'd —

Eno. No more of that: — He did so.

Pom. What, I pray you?

Eno. A certain queen to *Cæsar* in a matress.

Pom. I know thee now; How far'st thou, soldier?

Eno. Well;
And well am like to do; for, I perceive,
Four feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand;
I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,
When I have envy'd thy behaviour.

Eno. Sir,
I never lov'd you much; but I have prais'd you,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much
As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee. —
Aboard my galley I invite you all;
Will you lead, lords?

Cæs. Ant. Lep. Shew us the way, sir.

Pom. Come. [*Exeunt* Pompey, Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, *and Attendants.*

Men. Thy father, *Pompey*, would ne'er have made this treaty. — You and I have known, sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me: though

it cannot be deny'd, what I have done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, ſomething you can deny for your own ſafety: you have been a great thief by ſea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land ſervice. But give me your hand, *Menas*; If our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kiſſing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatſoe'er their hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Men. No ſlander; they ſteal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am ſorry it is turn'd to a drinking. *Pompey* doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, ſure, he cannot weep it back again.

Men. You have ſaid, ſir. We look'd not for *Mark Antony* here; Pray you, is he marry'd to *Cleopatra?*

Eno. *Cæsar*'s ſiſter is call'd *Octavia.*

Men. True, ſir; ſhe was the wife of *Caius Marcellus.*

Eno. But now ſhe is the wife of *Marcus Antonius.*

Men. Pray you, ſir,—

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is *Cæsar*, and he, for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not propheſy ſo.

Men. I think, the policy of that purpoſe made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think ſo too. But you ſhall find, the band, that ſeems to tye their friendſhip together, will be the very ſtrangler of their amity: *Octavia* is of a holy, cold, and ſtill converſation.

Men. Who would not have his wife ſo?

Eno. Not he, that himſelf is not ſo; which is *Mark Antony*. He will to his *Egyptian* diſh again: then ſhall the ſighs of *Octavia* blow the fire up in *Cæsar*; and, as I ſaid before, that which is the ſtrength of their amity, ſhall prove the immediate author of their variance. *Antony* will use his affection where it is; he marry'd but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, ſir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I ſhall take it, ſir: we have us'd our throats in *Egypt*.

Men. Come; let's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Aboard* Pompey's *Galley*, *off* Miſenum. *Under a Pavilion upon Deck, a Banquet ſet out: Musick:* Servants *attending*.

1. *S.* Here they'll be, man: Some o' their plants are ill rooted already, the leaſt wind i' the world will blow them down.

2. *S.* *Lepidus* is high-colour'd.

1. *S.* They have made him drink alms-drink.

2. *S.* As they pinch one another by the diſpoſition, he cries out, *no more*; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himſelf to the drink.

1. *S.* But it raises the greater war between him and his diſcretion.

2. *S.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowſhip: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no ſervice, as a partizan I could not heave.

1. *S.* To be call'd into a huge ſphere, and not to be ſeen to move in't, are the holes where eyes ſhould be,

which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

Musick plays. Enter Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, Pompey, Menas, Enobarbus, *and Others.*

Ant. Thus do they, sir, [*to* Cæs.] They take the flow By certain scales i'the pyramid; they know, [o'the *Nile,* By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth, Or foizon, follow: The higher *Nilus* swells, The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain, And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You've strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, *Lepidus.*

Lep. Your serpent of *Egypt* is bred now of your mud by the operation of the sun: so is your crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit,—and some wine.—A health to *Lepidus.*

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.

Eno. "Not 'till you have slept; I fear me, you'll be "in 'till then."

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard, the *Ptolemies'* pyramises are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. "*Pompey*, a word."

Pom. "Say in mine ear; What is't?"

Men. "Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain," "And hear me speak a word." [*pidus.*

Pom. "Forbear me 'till anon."—This wine for *Le-*

Lep. What manner o'thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shap'd, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with it's own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it; and,

the elements once out of it, it tranſmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of it's own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a ſtrange ſerpent.

Ant. 'Tis ſo, And the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. "Will this deſcription ſatiſfy him?"

Ant. "With the health that *Pompey* gives him, elſe he "is a very epicure." [Away:

Pom. Go, hang, ſir, hang: [*to* Men.] Tell me of that! Do as I bid you.—Where's this cup I call'd for?

Men. "If for the ſake of merit thou wilt hear me," "Rise from thy ſtool." ["The matter?"

Pom. I think thou'rt mad. [*riſing, and ſtepping aſide.*]

Men. "I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes."

Pom. "Thou haſt ſerv'd me with much faith: What's Be jolly, lords. [elſe to ſay?"—

Ant. These quickſands, *Lepidus*,
Keep off them, for you ſink.

Men. "Wilt thou be lord of all the world?"

Pom. "What ſay'ſt thou?" [twice."

Men. "Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's

Pom. "How ſhould that be?"

Men. "But entertain it,"
"And, though thou think me poor, I am the man"
"Will give thee all the world."

Pom. "Thou haſt drunk well."

Men. "No, *Pompey*, I have kept me from the cup."
"Thou art, if thou dar'ſt be, the earthly *Jove:*"
"Whate'er the ocean pales, or ſky inclips,"
"Is thine, if thou wilt ha't."

Pom. "Shew me which way."

Men. "These three world-ſharers, these competitors,"

" Are in thy veſſel: Let me cut the cable;"
" And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:"
" All then is thine."
Pom. " Ah, this thou ſhould'ſt have done,"
" And not have ſpoke of it! In me, 'tis villany;"
" In thee, 't had been good ſervice. Thou muſt know,"
" 'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;"
" Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue"
" Hath ſo betray'd thine act: Being done unknown,"
" I ſhould have found it afterwards well done;"
" But muſt condemn it now. Deſiſt, and drink."
Men. " For this," [*looking contemptibly after him.*
" I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.—"
" Who ſeeks, and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,"
" Shall never find it more." [*joins the Company.*
Pom. This health to *Lepidus.*
Ant. Bear him aſhore.— [*to an Attendant.*
I'll pledge it for him, *Pompey.*
Eno. Here's to thee, *Menas.*
Men. *Enobarbus*, welcome.
Pom. Fill, 'till the cup be hid.
[Lepidus *born off.*
Eno. There's a ſtrong fellow, *Menas.*
Men. Why?
Eno. He bears
The third part of the world, man; Seeſt not? [all,
Men. The third part then is drunk: 'Would it were
That it might go on wheels.
Eno. Drink thou, encreaſe the reels.
Men. Come.
Pom. This is not yet an *Alexandrian* feaſt.
Ant. It ripens towards it.—Strike the veſſels, ho!

3 there is 27 then he is

Here is to *Cæsar*.

Cæs. I could well forbear't.
It's monſtrous labour, when I waſh my brain,
And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o'the time.

Cæs. Poſſeſs it, I'll make anſwer: but I had rather
Faſt from all four days, than drink ſo much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave emperor! [*to* Ant.] ſhall we dance
The *Egyptian* bacchanals, and celebrate our drink? [now

Pom. Let's ha't, good ſoldier. [*they rise.*

Ant. Come, let's all take hands;
'Till that the conquering wine hath ſteep'd our ſenſe
In ſoft and delicate lethe.

Eno. All take hands.—
Make battery to our ears with the loud muſick:—
The while, I'll place you: Then the boy ſhall ſing;
The holding every man ſhall bear, as loud
As his ſtrong ſides can volly.

[*Muſick plays.* Enobarbus *places them hand in hand.*

SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
plumpy Bacchus, *with pink eyne:*
in thy vats our cares be drown'd;
with thy grapes our hairs be crown'd;
cup us, 'till the world go round,
cup us, 'till the world go round.

[—Good brother,

Cæs. What would you more?—*Pompey*, good night.
Let me requeſt you, off: our graver buſineſs
Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part;
You ſee, we have burnt our cheeks: ſtrong *Enobarbe*
Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue

Splits what it ſpeaks: the wild diſguise hath almoſt
Antickt us all. What needs more words? Good night.—
Good *Antony*, your hand.
Pom. I'll try you on the ſhore.
Ant. And ſhall, ſir: give's your hand.
Pom. O *Antony*,
You have my father's houſe,—But what? we are friends:
Come, down into the boat.
Eno. Take heed you fall not.—
[*Exeunt* Pom. Cæs. Ant. *and Attendants.*
Menas, I'll not on ſhore.
Men. No, to my cabin.— [hear,
These drums, these trumpets, flutes, what—let *Neptune*
We bid aloud farewel to these great fellows:
Sound, and be hang'd, ſound out.
[*Flouriſh of loud Musick.*
Eno. Ho, ſays'a!—There's my cap.
Men. Ho, noble captain! Come. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Plain in* Syria.

Enter, as from Conqueſt, Ventidius, *with* Silius, *and other* Romans, *Officers and Soldiers, the dead Body of* Pacorus *born before him.*

Ven. Now, darting *Parthia*, art thou ſtruck; and now
Pleas'd fortune does of *Marcus Craſſus*' death
Make me revenger.—Bear the king's ſon's body
Before our army:—Thy *Pacorus*, *Orodes*,
Pays this for *Marcus Craſſus*.
Sil. Noble *Ventidius*,

Whilſt yet with *Parthian* blood thy ſword is warm,
The fugitive *Parthians* follow; ſpur through *Media*,
Meſopotamia, and the ſhelters whither
The routed fly: ſo thy grand captain *Antony*
Shall ſet thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. O *Silius*, *Silius*,
I have done enough: A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act: For learn this, *Silius*;
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame, when he we ſerve's away.
Cæsar, and *Antony*, have ever won
More in their officer, than perſon: *Soſſius*,
One of my place in *Syria*, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he atchiev'd by the minute, loſt his favour.
Who does i'the wars more than his captain can,
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,
The ſoldier's virtue, rather makes choiſe of loſs,
Than gain, which darkens him.
I could do more to do *Antonius* good,
But 'twould offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance periſh.

Sil. Thou haſt, *Ventidius*, that,
Without the which a ſoldier, and his ſword,
Grants ſcarce diſtinction. Thou wilt write to *Antony?*

Ven. I'll humbly ſignify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How, with his banners, and his well-pay'd ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horſe of *Parthia*
We have jaded out o' the field.

Sil. Where is he now?

[11] when him we

Ven. He purposeth to *Athens:* where, with what haſte
[1]The weight we muſt convey with us will permit,
We ſhall appear before him.—On, there; paſs along.

SCENE II. Rome. *An Anti-room in* Cæsar's *Houſe.*

Enter Agrippa, *and* Enobarbus, *meeting.*

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?

Eno. They have diſpatch'd with *Pompey*, he is gone;
The other three are ſealing. *Octavia* weeps
To part from *Rome: Cæsar* is ſad; and *Lepidus*,
Since *Pompey*'s feaſt, as *Menas* ſays, is troubl'd
With the green ſickneſs.

Agr. 'Tis a noble *Lepidus.*

Eno. A very fine one: O, how he loves *Cæsar!*

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores *Mark Antony!*

Eno. *Cæsar?* Why, he's the *Jupiter* of men.

Agr. What's *Antony?* The god of *Jupiter.*

Eno. Spake you of *Cæsar?* O, the non-pareil!

Agr. O *Antony!* O thou *Arabian* bird! [farther.

Eno. Would you praiſe *Cæsar*, ſay,—*Cæsar*;—go no

Agr. Indeed, he ply'd them both with excellent praiſes.

Eno. But he loves *Cæsar* beſt;—Yet he loves *Antony:*
Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, ſcribes, bards, poets, cannot
Think, ſpeak, caſt, write, ſing, number, ho, his love
To *Antony.* But as for *Cæsar*, kneel,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves. [*pet within*] So,

Eno. They are his ſhards, and he their beetle: [*Trum-*
This is to horſe:—Adieu, noble *Agrippa.*

Agr. Good fortune, worthy ſoldier; and farewel!

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, *and* Octavia.

Ant. No farther, ſir. [*to* Cæsar.

[1] whither with [17] *Ant.* What's [23] Figure,

Cæs. You take from me a great part of myſelf;
Use me well in't.—Siſter, prove ſuch a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my fartheſt bond
Shall paſs on thy approof.—Moſt noble *Antony*,
Let not the piece of virtue, which is ſet
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram, to batter
The fortreſs of it: for far better might we
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cheriſh'd.

Ant. Make me not offended
In your diſtruſt.

Cæs. I have ſaid.

Ant. You ſhall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the leaſt cause
For what you ſeem to fear: So, the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of *Romans* ſerve your ends!
We will here part.

Cæs. Farewel, my deareſt ſiſter, fare thee well;
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy ſpirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

Oct. My noble brother,—

Ant. The *April*'s in her eyes; It is love's ſpring,
And these the ſhowers to bring it on:—Be chearful.

Oct. Sir, look well to my huſband's houſe; and—

Cæs. What,
Octavia?

Oct. I'll tell you in your ear. [*taking him aſide.*

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue: the ſwan's down feather,
That ſtands upon the ſwell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

Eno. "Will *Cæsar* weep?"
Agr. "He has a cloud in's face."
Eno. "He were the worſe for that, were he a horſe;"
"So is he, being a man."
Agr. "Why, *Enobarbus?*"
"When *Antony* found *Julius Cæsar* dead,"
"He cry'd almoſt to roaring: and he wept,"
"When at *Philippi* he found *Brutus* ſlain." [rheum;"
Eno. "That year, indeed, he was troubl'd with a
"What willingly he did confound, he wail'd:"
"Believ't, 'till I weep too."
Cæs. No, ſweet *Octavia,* [*coming forward.*
You ſhall hear from me ſtill; the time ſhall not
Out-go my thinking on you.
Ant. Come, ſir, come;
I'll wreſtle with you in my ſtrength of love:
Look, here I have you †; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.
Cæs. Adieu; be happy!
Lep. Let all the number of the ſtars give light
To thy fair way!
Cæs. Farewel.—Farewel. [*kiſſes* Octavia.
Ant. Farewel. [*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*
Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, *and* Alexas.
Cle. Where is the fellow?
Ale. Half afeard to come.
Cle. Go to, go to:—Come hither, ſir.
Enter Meſſenger.
Ale. Good majeſty,
Herod of *Jewry* dare not look upon you,

But when you are well pleas'd.
Cle. That *Herod*'s head
I'll have: But how? when *Antony* is gone,
Through whom I might command it.—Come thou near.
Mef. Moſt gracious majeſty,—
Cle. Did'ſt thou behold
Octavia?
Mef. Ay, dread queen.
Cle. Where?
Mef. Madam, in *Rome*
I look'd her in the face; and ſaw her led
Between her brother and *Mark Antony*.
Cle. Is ſhe as tall as me?
Mef. She is not, madam. [low?
Cle. Did'ſt hear her ſpeak? Is ſhe ſhrill-tongu'd, or
Mef. Madam, I heard her ſpeak; ſhe is low-voic'd.
Cle. That's not ſo good:—he cannot like her long.
Cha. Like her? O *Iſis!* 'tis impoſſible. [dwarfiſh!—
Cle. I think ſo, *Charmian:* Dull of tongue, and
What majeſty is in her gate? Remember;
If e'er thou look'dſt on majeſty.
Mef. She creeps;
Her motion and her ſtation are as one:
She ſhews a body, rather than a life;
A ſtatue, than a breather.
Cle. Is this certain?
Mef. Or I have no observance.
Cha. Three in *Egypt*
Cannot make better note.
Cle. He's very knowing,
I do perceive't:—There's nothing in her yet:—
The fellow has good judgment.

[21] look'ſt

Cha. Excellent.
Cle. Gueſs at her years, I pr'ythee.
Meſ. Her years, madam?
She was a widow:
Cle. Widow?—*Charmian*, hark.
Meſ. And I do think, ſhe's thirty.
Cle. Bear'ſt thou her face
In mind? is't long, or round?
Meſ. Round, even to faultineſs. ſo.—
Cle. For the moſt part too, they are fooliſh that are
Her hair, what colour?
Meſ. Brown, madam: And her forehead
As low as ſhe would wiſh it.
Cle. There's gold ☩ for thee.
Thou muſt not take my former ſharpneſs ill:
I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Moſt fit for buſineſs: Go, make thee ready, while
Our letters are prepar'd. [*Exit* Meſſenger.
Cha. A proper man.
Cle. Indeed, he is ſo: I repent me much
That ſo I harry'd him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no ſuch thing.
Cha. Nothing, madam. [know.
Cle. The man hath ſeen ſome majeſty, and ſhould
Cha. Hath he ſeen majeſty? *Iſis* elſe defend,
And ſerving you ſo long! [*Charmian:*—
Cle. I have one thing more to aſk him yet, good
But 'tis no matter; thou ſhalt bring him to me
Where I will write: All may be well enough.
Cha. I warrant you, madam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Athens. *A Room in* Antony's *Houſe.*

Enter ANTONY, *and* OCTAVIA.

Ant. Nay, nay, *Octavia*, not only that,—
That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of ſemblable import,—but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainſt *Pompey*; made his will, and read it
To publick ear:
Spoke ſcant'ly of me: when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and ſickly
He vented them; moſt narrow measure lent me:
When the beſt hint was given him, he not took't,
Or did it from his teeth.

Oct. O my good lord,
Believe not all; or, if you muſt believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er ſtood between,
Praying for both parts: The good gods will mock me,
When I ſhall pray, *O, bleſs my huſband!* presently
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud
O, bleſs my brother! Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and deſtroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extreams at all.

Ant. Gentle *Octavia*,
Let your beſt love draw to that point, which ſeeks
Beſt to preserve it: If I lose mine honour,
I lose my ſelf: better I were not yours,
Than yours ſo branchleſs. But, as you requeſted,
Yourſelf ſhall go between us: The mean time, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall ſtrain your brother: Make your ſooneſt haſte;
So your desires are yours.

Oct. Thanks to my lord.
The *Jove* of power make me moſt weak, moſt weak,

9 then moſt 10 not look't 17 v. *Note.* 29 ſtaine

Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be
As if the world ſhould cleave, and that ſlain men
Should ſolder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your diſpleasure that way; for our faults
Can never be ſo equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
Choose your own company, and command what coſt
Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The ſame. Another Room in the ſame.*
Enter EROS, *and* ENOBARBUS, *meeting.*

Eno. How now, friend *Eros?*

Ero. There's ſtrange news come, ſir.

Eno. What, man?

Ero. *Cæsar* and *Lepidus* have made wars upon *Pompey.*

Eno. This is old; What is the ſucceſs?

Ero. *Cæsar*, having made uſe of him in the wars 'gainſt *Pompey*, presently deny'd him rivalty; would not let him partake in the glory of the action: and not reſting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to *Pompey*; upon his appeal, ſeizes him: So the poor third is up, 'till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then, world, thou haſt a pair of chaps, no more;
And throw between them all the food thou haſt,
They'll grind the one the other.—Where is *Antony?*

Ero. He's walking in the garden † thus; and ſpurns
The ruſh that lies before him: cries, *Fool* Lepidus!
And threats the throat of that his officer,
That murder'd *Pompey.*

Eno. Our great navy's rig'd.

Ero. For *Italy*, and *Cæsar.* More, *Domitius*;

22 his owne appeale 24 Then would thou hadſt

My lord desires you presently: my news
I might have told hereafter.
Eno. 'twill be naught:
But let it be.—Bring me to *Antony*.
Ero. Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. Rome. *A Room in* Cæsar's *House.*
Enter Cæsar, Mecænas, *and* Agrippa.

Cæs. Contemning *Rome*, he has done all this: And
In *Alexandria*,—here's ╪ the manner of it,— [more;
I'the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publickly enthron'd: at the feet, sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son;
And all the unlawful issue, that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'stablishment of *Egypt*; made her
Of lower *Syria*, *Cyprus*, *Lydia*,
Absolute queen.
Mec. This in the publick eye?
Cæs. I'the common shew-place, where they exercise.
His sons he there proclaim'd, The kings of kings:
Great *Media*, *Parthia*, and *Armenia*,
He gave to *Alexander*; to *Ptolemy* he assign'd
Syria, *Cilicia*, and *Phœnicia*: She
In the habiliments of the goddess *Isis*
That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, so.
Mec. Let *Rome* be thus
Inform'd.
Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

22 Sonnes hither pro-

Cæs. The people know it; and have now receiv'd
His accusations.

Agr. Whom does he accuse?

Cæs. *Cæsar:* and that, having in *Sicily*
Sextus Pompeius ſpoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o'the iſle: then does he ſay, he lent me
Some ſhipping unreſtor'd: laſtly, he frets,
That *Lepidus* of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this ſhould be anſwer'd.

Cæs. 'Tis done already, and the meſſenger gone.
I have told him, *Lepidus* was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deserve his change: for what I have conquer'd,
I grant him part; but then, in his *Armenia*,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor muſt not then be yielded to in this.

Enter Octavia.

Oct. Hail, *Cæsar*, and my lord! hail, moſt dear *Cæsar!*

Cæs. That ever I ſhould call thee, caſt-away.

Oct. You have not call'd me ſo, nor have you cause.

Cæs. Why haſt thou ſtoln upon us thus? You come not
Like *Cæsar*'s ſiſter: The wife of *Antony*
Should have an army for an uſher, and
The neighs of horſe to tell of her approach,
Long ere ſhe did appear: the trees by the way
Should have born men; and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not: nay, the duſt
Should have aſcended to the roof of heaven,

[1] knowes

Rais'd by your populous troops: But you are come
A market-maid to *Rome*; and have prevented
The oſtent of our love, which, left unſhewn,
Is often left unlov'd: we ſhould have met you
By ſea, and land; ſupplying every ſtage
With an augmented greeting.

Oct. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not conſtrain'd, but did it
On my free will. My lord *Mark Antony*,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My grieving ear withal; whereon, I beg'd
His pardon for return.

Cæs. Which ſoon he granted,
Being an obſtruct 'tween his luſt and him.

Oct. Do not ſay ſo, my lord.

Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind:
Where, ſay you, he is now?

Oct. My lord, in *Athens*.

Cæs. No, my moſt wronged ſiſter; *Cleopatra*
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore; who now are levying
The kings o'the earth for war: He hath aſſembl'd
Bocchus, the king of *Libya*; *Archelaus*,
Of *Cappadocia*; *Philadelphos*, king
Of *Paphlagonia*; the *Thracian* king, *Adallas*:
King *Malchus* of *Arabia*; king of *Medes*;
Herod of *Jewry*; *Mithridates*, king
Of *Comagene*; *Polemon* and *Amintas*,
The kings of *Pont* and *Lycaonia*;
With a larger liſt of ſcepters.

Oct. Ah me moſt wretched!

3 oſtentation of 14 abſtract 18 is he 27 King of Pont,
30 of Mede, and 31 a more larger

That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other.

Cæs. Welcome hither:
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth;
'Till we perceived, both how you were wrong'd,
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:
Be you not troubl'd with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determin'd things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to *Rome:*
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,
To do you justice, make them ministers
Of us, and those that love you. Be of comfort;
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear madam.
Each heart in *Rome* does love and pity you:
Only the adulterous *Antony*, most large
In his abominations, turns you off;
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
That noises it against us.

Oct. Is it so, sir?

Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome: Pray you, now
Be ever known to patience: My dear'st sister!

SCENE VII. *Near* Actium. Antony's *Camp.*

Enter Cleopatra, *and* Enobarbus.

Cle. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cle. Thou hast forespoke my being in these wars;
And say'st, it is not fit.

5 wrong led, 13 make his Min- 14 Best of

Eno. Well, is it, is it?

Cle. Is't not denounc'd 'gainſt us? Why ſhould not we
Be there in perſon?

Eno. Well, I could reply:—
If we ſhould ſerve with horſe and mares together,
The horſe were meerly loſt; the mares would bear
A ſoldier, and his horſe.

Cle. What is't you ſay?

Eno. Your presence needs muſt puzzle *Antony*;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his time,
What ſhould not then be ſpar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity; and 'tis ſaid in *Rome*,
That *Photinus* an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.

Cle. Sink *Rome*; and their tongues rot,
That ſpeak againſt us! A charge we bear i'the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not againſt it;
I will not ſtay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done,
Here comes the emperor.

Enter Antony, *and* Canidius.

Ant. Is't not ſtrange, *Canidius*,
That from *Tarentum*, and *Brunduſium*,
He could ſo quickly cut the *Ionian* ſea,
And take in *Toryne?*—You have heard on't, ſweet?

Cle. Celerity is never more admir'd,
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the beſt of men,
To taunt at ſlackneſs.—Why *Canidius*, we
Will fight with him by ſea.

[2] If not,

Cle. By ſea! What elſe?

Can. Why will my lord do ſo?

Ant. For that he dares us to't.

Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to ſingle fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at *Pharſalia*,
Where *Cæsar* fought with *Pompey:* But these offers,
Which ſerve not for his vantage, he ſhakes off;
And ſo ſhould you.

Eno. Your ſhips are not well man'd:
Your mariners are múliteers, reapers, people
Ingroſt by ſwift impreſs; in *Cæsar*'s fleet
Are those, that often have 'gainſt *Pompey* fought:
Their ſhips are yare; yours, heavy: No diſgrace
Can fall you for refusing him at ſea,
Being prepar'd for land.

Ant. By ſea, by ſea.

Eno. Moſt worthy ſir, you therein throw away
The abſolute ſoldierſhip you have by land;
Diſtract your army, which doth moſt conſiſt
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promises aſſurance; and
Give up yourſelf meerly to chance and hazard,
From firm ſecurity.

Ant. I'll fight at ſea.

Cle. I have ſixty ſails, *Cæsar* none better.

Ant. Come:
Our over-plus of ſhipping will we burn;
And, with the reſt full-man'd, from the head of *Actium*
Beat the approaching *Cæsar*. But if we fail,

Enter a Meſſenger.

We then can do't at land. — Thy buſineſs?

Mef. The news is true, my lord; he is deſcry'd; *Cæsar* has taken *Toryne.*

Ant. Can he be there in perſon? 'tis impoſſible; Strange, that his power ſhould be.—*Canidius,* Our nineteen legions thou ſhalt hold by land, And our twelve thousand horſe:—we'll to our ſhip;

Enter a Soldier.

Away, my *Thetis.*—How now, worthy ſoldier?

Sol. O noble emperor, do not fight by ſea; Truſt not to rotten planks: Do you miſdoubt This ſword, and these my wounds? Let the *Egyptians,* And the *Phœnicians,* go a ducking; we Have us'd to conquer, ſtanding on the earth, And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away.

[*Exeunt* Antony, Cleopatra, *and* Enobarbus.

Sol. By *Hercules,* I think I am i'the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art: but this whole action grows Not in the power on't: So our leader's led, And we are women's men.

Sol. You keep by land The legions and the horſe whole, do you not?

Can. *Marcus Octavius, Marcus Juſteius, Publicola,* and *Cœlius,* are for ſea: But we keep whole by land. This ſpeed of *Cæsar's* Carries beyond belief.

Sol. While he was yet in *Rome,* His power went out in ſuch diſtractions, as Beguil'd all ſpies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sol. They ſay, one *Taurus.*

Can. Well I know the man.

18 but his whole

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. The emperor calls *Canidius.* [forth,

Can. With news the time's with labour; and throws
Each minute, ſome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *The ſame. Plain between both Camps.*
Enter Cæsar, Taurus, *Officers, and Others.*

Cæs. Taurus,—

Tau. My lord. [battle,

Cæs. Strike not by land; keep whole: provoke not
'Till we have done at ſea. Do not exceed
The preſcript of this † ſcrowl: Our fortune lies
Upon this jump. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Antony, Enobarbus, *and Others.*

Ant. Set we our ſquadrons on yon' ſide o'the hill,
In eye of *Cæsar*'s battle; from which place
We may the number of the ſhips behold,
And ſo proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Canidius, *marching with his land Army, one Way; and* Taurus, *the Lieutenant of* Cæsar, *with his, the other Way. After their going in, is heard the Noiſe of a Sea-fight.*

Alarums. Enter Enobarbus. [longer:

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no
The *Antoniad,* the *Egyptian* admiral,
With all their ſixty, fly, and turn the rudder;
To ſee't, mine eyes are blaſted.

Enter Scarus.

Sca. Gods, and goddeſſes,
All the whole ſynod of them!

Eno. What's thy paſſion?

Sca. The greater cantle of the world is loſt

With very ignorance; we have kiſſ'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?

Sca. On our ſide like the token'd peſtilence,
Where death is ſure. Yon' ribald nag of *Egypt*,
(Whom leproſy o'er-take!) i'the mid'ſt o'the fight,—
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the ſame, or rather ours the elder,—
The breeze upon her, like a cow in *June*,
Hoiſts ſails, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld: mine eyes
Did ſicken at the ſight of it, and could not
Endure a further view.

Sca. She once being looſt,
The noble ruin of her magick, *Antony*,
Claps on his ſea-wing, and, like a doating mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:
I never ſaw an action of ſuch ſhame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate ſo itſelf.

Eno. Alack, alack!

Enter Canidius.

Can. Our fortune on the ſea is out of breath,
And ſinks moſt lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himſelf, it had gone well:
O, he has given example for our flight,
Moſt groſly, by his own. [night"

Eno. "Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then, good
"Indeed."

Can. Toward *Peloponneſus* are they fled.

Sca. 'Tis easy to't: and there I will attend
What further comes. [*Exit.*

Can. To *Cæsar* will I render
My legions, and my horſe; ſix kings already
Shew me the way of yielding. [*Exit.*
Eno. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of *Antony*, though my reason
Sits in the wind againſt me. [*Exit.*

SCENE IX. Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*
Enter Antony, *with* Attendants.

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't,
It is aſham'd to bear me.—Friends, come hither;
I am ſo lated in the world, that I
Have loſt my way for ever: I have a ſhip
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with *Cæsar*.
Att. Fly! not we.
Ant. I have fled myſelf; and have inſtructed cowards
To run, and ſhew their ſhoulders. Friends, be gone:
I have myſelf resolv'd upon a courſe
Which has no need of you; be gone, be gone:
My treasure's in the harbour, take it.—O,
I follow'd that, I bluſh to look upon:
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for raſhneſs, and they them
For fear and doating.—Friends, be gone; you ſhall
Have letters from me to ſome friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not ſad,
Nor make replies of lothneſs: take the hint
Which my deſpair proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves itſelf: to the ſea-ſide ſtraight away;
I will poſſeſs you of that ſhip and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little: pray you now:

29 Let them be

Nay, do ſo; for, indeed, I have loſt command,
Therefore I pray you: I'll ſee you by and by.
[*Exeunt* Attendants. *Throws himſelf on a Couch.*
Enter EROS, *with* CLEOPATRA, *led by* IRAS *and* CHARMIAN.

ERO. Nay, gentle madam, to him, comfort him.
IRA. Do, moſt dear queen.
CHA. Do! Why, what elſe?
CLE. Let me ſit † down. O *Juno!*
ANT. No, no, no, no, no.
ERO. See you here, ſir?
ANT. O fie, fie, fie.
CHA. Madam,—
IRA. Madam, good empreſs,—
ERO. Sir, ſir,—
ANT. Yes, my lord, yes;—He, at *Philippi*, kept
His ſword even like a dancer; while I ſtrook
The lean and wrinkl'd *Caſſius*; and 'twas I,
That the mad *Brutus* ended: he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
In the brave ſquares of war: Yet now — No matter.
CLE. Ah me!—Stand by. [*rising.*
ERO. The queen, my lord, the queen. [lity'd
IRA. Go to him, madam, ſpeak to him; he is unqua-
With very ſhame.
CLE. Well then,—Suſtain me:—O!
ERO. Moſt noble ſir, arise; the queen approaches:
Her head's declin'd, and death will ſeize her; but
Your comfort makes the reſcue.
ANT. I have offended reputation;
A moſt unnoble ſwerving:
ERO. Sir, the queen.

Ant. O, whither haſt thou led me, *Egypt?* [*ſtarting up*]
How I convey my ſhame out of thine eyes, [See
By looking back on what I have left behind
'Stroy'd in diſhonour.

Cle. O my lord, my lord!
Forgive my fearful ſails; I little thought,
You would have follow'd.

Ant. *Egypt*, thou knew'ſt too well,
My heart was to thy rudder ty'd by the ſtrings,
And thou ſhould'ſt tow me after: O'er my ſpirit
Thy full ſupremacy thou knew'ſt; and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.

Cle. O, my pardon.

Ant. Now I muſt
To the young man ſend humble 'treaties, dodge
And palter in the ſhifts of lowneſs; who
With half the bulk o'the world play'd as I pleas'd,
Making, and marring, fortunes. You did know,
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My ſword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all causes.

Cle. Pardon, pardon.

Ant. Fall not a tear, I ſay; one of them rates
All that is won and loſt: Give me a kiſs;
Even this † repays me.—We ſent our ſchool-maſter,
Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead:—
Some wine, there, and our viands:—Fortune knows,
We ſcorn her moſt, when moſt ſhe offers blows.

SCENE X. *A Camp in* Egypt. *Cæsar's Tent.*
Enter Cæsar, Thyreus, Dolabella, *and Others.*

[10] ſtowe me [11] The full [22] cauſe. [28] Wine | Within there

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from *Antony*.—
Know you him?

Dol. *Cæsar*, 'tis his ſchool-maſter:
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He ſends ſo poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had ſuperfluous kings for meſſengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter Euphronius.

Cæs. Approach, and ſpeak.

Eup. Such as I am, I come from *Antony:*
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn dew on the myrtle leaf
To his grand ſea.

Cæs. Be it ſo; Declare thine office.

Eup. Lord of his fortunes he ſalutes thee, and
Requires to live in *Egypt:* which not granted,
He leſſens his requeſts; and to thee ſues
To let him breath between the heavens and earth,
A private man in *Athens:* This for him.
Next, *Cleopatra* does confeſs thy greatneſs;
Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves
The circle of the *Ptolemies* for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs. For *Antony*,
I have no ears to his requeſt. The queen
Of audience, nor desire, ſhall fail; ſo ſhe
From *Egypt* drive her all-diſgraced friend,
Or take his life there: This if ſhe perform,
She ſhall not ſue unheard. So to them both.

Eup. Fortune purſue thee!

Cæs. Bring him through the bands.

[*Exit* Euphronius, *attended.*

To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time: Diſpatch;
From *Antony* win *Cleopatra:* promise,
And in our name, what ſhe requires; add more,
From thine invention offers: Women are not,
In their beſt fortunes, ſtrong; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd veſtal: Try thy cunning, *Thyreus*;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will anſwer as a law.

Thy. *Cæsar*, I go.

Cæs. Observe how *Antony* becomes his flaw;
And what thou think'ſt his very action ſpeaks
In every power that moves.

Thy. *Cæsar*, I ſhall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI. Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, *and* Iras.

Cle. What ſhall we do, *Enobarbus?*

Eno. Drink, and dye.

Cle. Is *Antony*, or we, in fault for this?

Eno. *Antony* only, that would make his will
Lord of his reaſon. What though you fled
From that great face of war, whoſe ſeveral ranges
Frighted each other? why ſhould he follow you?
The itch of his affection ſhould not then
Have nick'd his captainſhip; at ſuch a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The meered queſtion: 'Twas a ſhame no leſs
Than was his loſs, to courſe your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.

Cle. Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter Antony, *with* Euphronius.

Ant. Is that his anſwer?

[18] Thinke, and

Eup. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The queen
Shall then have courteſy, ſo ſhe will yield
Us up.

Eup. My lord, he ſays ſo.

Ant. Let her know't.—
To the boy *Cæsar* ſend this grizl'd head,
And he will fill thy wiſhes to the brim
With principalities.

Cle. That head, my lord?

Ant. To him again; Tell him, he wears the rose
Of youth upon him; from which, the world ſhould note
Something particular: his coin, ſhips, legions,
May be a coward's; whose miniſtries would prevail
Under the ſervice of a child, as ſoon
As i'the command of *Cæsar:* I dare him therefore
To lay his gay compariſons apart,
And anſwer me declin'd, ſword againſt ſword,
Ourſelves alone: I'll write it; follow me.

[*Exeunt* Antony, *and* Euphronius.

Eno. "Yes, like enough; high-battl'd *Cæsar* will"
"Unſtate his happineſs, and be ſtag'd to the ſhew"
"Againſt a ſworder· I ſee, men's judgments are"
"A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward"
"Do draw the inward quality after them,"
"To ſuffer all alike. That he ſhould dream,"
"Knowing all measures, the full *Cæsar* will"
"Anſwer his emptineſs! *Cæsar*, thou haſt ſubdu'd"
"His judgment too."

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A meſſenger from *Cæsar.*

Cle. What, no more ceremony?—See, my women,

Againſt the blown rose may they ſtop their nose,
That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, ſir.
[*Exit* Attendant.

Eno. "Mine honeſty, and I, begin to ſquare."
"The loyalty, well held to fools, does make"
"Our faith meer folly:—Yet, he, that can endure"
"To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord,"
"Does conquer him that did his maſter conquer,"
"And earns a place i'the ſtory."

Enter Thyreus.

Cle. *Cæsar*'s will?

Thy. Hear it apart.

Cle. None but friends; ſay on boldly.

Thy. So, haply, are they friends to *Antony*.

Eno. He needs as many, ſir, as *Cæsar* has;
Or needs not us. If *Cæsar* please, our maſter
Will leap to be his friend: Or, as you know,
Whose he is, we are; and that is, *Cæsar*'s.

Thy. So.—
Thus then, thou moſt renown'd; *Cæsar* entreats,
Not to conſider in what caſe thou ſtand'ſt
Further than he is *Cæsar*.

Cle. Go on: Right royal.

Thy. He knows, that you embrace not *Antony*
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cle. O!

Thy. The ſcars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as conſtrained blemiſhes,
Not as deserv'd.

Cle. He is a god, and knows
What is moſt right: Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd meerly.

Eno. "To be ſure of that,"
"I will aſk *Antony*. Sir, ſir, thou art ſo leaky,"
"That we muſt leave thee to thy ſinking, for"
"Thy deareſt quit thee." [*Exit* Enobarbus.

Thy. Shall I ſay to *Cæsar*
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you ſhould make a ſtaff
To lean upon: but it would warm his ſpirits,
To hear from me you had left *Antony*,
And put yourſelf under his ſhrowd, the great,
The univerſal landlord.

Cle. What's your name?

Thy. My name is *Thyreus*.

Cle. Moſt kind meſſenger,
Say to great *Cæsar* this, In deputation
I kiſs his conquering hand: tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel:
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of *Egypt*.

Thy. 'Tis your nobleſt courſe.
Wisdom and fortune combatting together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may ſhake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cle. Your *Cæsar*'s father oft, [*giving her Hand.*
When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
Beſtow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kiſſes.

Re-enter Enobarbus, *with* Antony.

Ant. Favours, by *Jove* that thunders!—
What art thou, fellow?

16 diſputation

Thy. One, that but performs
The bidding of the fulleſt man, and worthieſt
To have command obey'd.
Eno. "You will be whipt." [and devils!
Ant. Approach, there;—Ah, you kite!—Now, gods
Authority melts from me of late: when I cry'd, *ho!*
Like boys unto a muſs, kings would ſtart forth,
And cry, *Your will?*—Have you no ears? I am
Enter Attendants.
Antony yet. Take hence this *Jack*, and whip him.
Eno. "Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,"
"Than with an old one dying."
Ant. Moon and ſtars!—
Whip him:—Wer't twenty of the greateſt tributaries
That do acknowledge *Cæsar*, ſhould I find them
So ſaucy with the hand of ſhe † here, (What's her name,
Since ſhe was *Cleopatra?*)—Whip him, fellows,
'Till, like a boy, you ſee him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy: Take him hence.
Thy. Mark Antony,—
Ant. Tug him away: being whipt,
Bring him again:—This *Jack* of *Cæsar*'s ſhall
Bear us an errand to him.—
[*Exeunt Attendants, with* Thyreus.
You were half blaſted ere I knew you:—Ha!
Have I my pillow left unpreſt in *Rome*,
Forborn the getting of a lawful race,
And by a jem of women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on feeders?
Cle. Good my lord,—
Ant. You have been a bogler ever:—
But when we in our viciouſneſs grow hard,

(O misery on't!) the wise gods feel our eyes
In our own filth; drop our clear judgments; make us
Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we ſtrut
To our confuſion.

Cle. O, is't come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morſel, cold upon
Dead *Cæsar*'s trencher: nay, you were a fragment
Of *Cneius Pompey*'s; beſides what hotter hours,
Unregiſter'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriouſly pick'd out: For, I am ſure,
Though you can gueſs what temperance ſhould be,
You know not what it is.

Cle. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And ſay, *God quit you!* be familiar with
My play-fellow, your hand; this kingly ſeal,
And plighter of high hearts!—O, that I were
Upon the hill of *Baſan*, to out-roar
The horned herd! for I have ſavage cauſe;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him.—Is he whip'd?

Re-enter Attendants, *with* Thyreus.

1. *A.* Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cry'd he? and beg'd he pardon?

1. *A.* He did aſk favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou waſt not made his daughter; and be thou ſorry
To follow *Cæsar* in his triumph, ſince
Thou haſt been whip'd for following him: henceforth,
The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on't. Get thee back to *Cæsar*,

Tell him thy entertainment: Look, thou ſay,
He makes me angry with him: for he ſeems
Proud and diſdainful; harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was: He makes me angry;
And at this time moſt easy 'tis to do't;
When my good ſtars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and ſhot their fires
Into the abism of hell. If he miſlike
My ſpeech, and what is done; tell him, he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he ſhall like, to quit me: Urge it thou;
Hence with thy ſtripes, be gone. [*Exit* Thyreus.

Cle. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon
Is now eclipſ'd; and it portends alone
The fall of *Antony!*

Cle. I muſt ſtay his time. [*to her Women.*

Ant. To flatter *Cæsar*, would you mingle eyes
With one that tyes his points?

Cle. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cle. Ah, dear, if I be ſo,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the ſource; and the firſt ſtone
Drop in my neck: as it determines, ſo
Dissolve my life! The next *Cæsarion* ſmite!
'Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave *Egyptians* all,
By the diſcandying of this pelleted ſtorm,
Lye graveleſs; 'till the flies and gnats of *Nile*
Have bury'd them for prey!

19 enfranched 27 ſmile 39 diſcandering

Ant. I am ſattiffy'd.
Cæsar ſets down in *Alexandria*; where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our ſever'd navy too
Have knit again, and fleet, threat'ning moſt ſea-like.—
Where haſt thou been, my heart?—Doſt thou hear, lady?
If from the field I ſhall return once more
To kiſs these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my ſword will earn our chronicle;
There is hope in it yet.

Cle. That's my brave lord!

Ant. I will be treble-ſinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciouſly: for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ranſom lives
Of me for jeſts; but now, I'll ſet my teeth,
And ſend to darkneſs all that ſtop me. Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night: call to me
All my ſad captains, fill our bowls; once more
Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cle. It is my birth-day:
I had thought, to have held it poor; but, ſince my lord
Is *Antony* again, I will be *Cleopatra*.

Ant. We'll yet do well.

Cle. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do ſo, we'll ſpeak to them; and to-night I'll force
The wine peep through their ſcars.—Come on, my queen,
There's ſap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me; for I will contend
Even with his peſtilent ſcythe.

[*Exeunt* Ant. Cle. Cha. Ira. *and Att.*

Eno. Now he'll out-ſtare the lightning. To be furious,
Is, to frighted out of fear: in that mood,

The dove will peck the eſtridge; and I ſee ſtill,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Reſtores his heart: When valour preys on reason
It eats the ſword it fights with. I will ſeek
Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Camp before* Alexandria.

Enter CÆSAR, *with a Letter in his Hand*; MECÆNAS, *Officers, and Others, attending.*

Cæs. He calls me boy; and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of *Egypt*: my meſſenger
He hath whip'd with rods; dares me to perſonal combat,
Cæsar to *Antony*: Let the old ruffian know,
He hath many other ways to dye; mean time,
I laugh at his challenge.
Mec. *Cæsar* muſt think,
When one ſo great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his diſtraction: Never anger
Made good guard for itſelf.
Cæs. Let our beſt heads
Know, that to-morrow the laſt of many battles
We mean to fight: Within our files there are,
Of those that ſerv'd *Mark Antony* but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it be done;
And feaſt the army: we have ſtore to do't,
And they have earn'd the waſte. Poor *Antony!* *Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

3 prayes in reason 17 I have many

Enter ANTONY, *and* CLEOPATRA; ENOBARBUS, Iras, Charmian, *and Others.*

ANT. He will not fight with me, *Domitius.*

ENO. No.

ANT. Why ſhould he not?

ENO. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune, He is twenty men to one.

ANT. To-morrow, ſoldier,
By ſea and land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bath my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Wou't thou fight well?

ENO. I'll ſtrike; and cry, *Take all.*

ANT. Well ſaid; come on.—
Call forth my houſhold ſervants; let's to-night
Enter ſome Domeſticks.
Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand,
Thou haſt been rightly honeſt;—ſo haſt thou,— [well,
And thou,—and thou,—and thou:—you have ſerv'd me
And kings have been your fellows.

CLE. "What means this?" [ſhoots"

ENO. "'Tis one of those odd tricks, which ſorrow "Out of the mind."

ANT. And thou art honeſt too.
I wiſh, I could be made ſo many men;
And all of you clapt up together in
An *Antony*; that I might do you ſervice,
So good as you have done.

Dom. The gods forbid!

ANT. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night:
Scant not my cups; and make as much of me,
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And ſuffer'd my command.

3 *Domitian?*

Cle. "What does he mean?"
Eno. "To make his followers weep."
Ant. Tend me to-night;
May be, it is the period of your duty:
Haply, you ſhall not ſee me more; or if,
A mangl'd ſhadow: perchance, to-morrow
You'll ſerve another maſter. I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honeſt friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a maſter
Marry'd to your good ſervice, ſtay 'till death:
Tend me to-night two hours, I aſk no more,
And the gods yield you for't!
Eno. What mean you, ſir,
To give them this diſcomfort? Look, they weep;
And, I, an aſs, am onion-ey'd: for ſhame,
Tranſform us not to women.
Ant. Ho, ho, ho!
Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a ſenſe:
I ſpake to you for your comfort; did desire you
To burn this night with torches: Know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you,
Where rather I'll expect victorious life,
Than death and honour. Let's to ſupper, come,
And drown conſideration. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The ſame. Before the Palace.*

Enter two Soldiers, *to their Guard.*

1. *S.* Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day.
2. *S.* It will determine one way: fare you well.
Heard you of nothing ſtrange about the ſtreets?

[21] For I ſpake

1. *S.* Nothing: What news?
2. *S.* Belike, 'tis but a rumour: Good night to you.
1. *S.* Well, ſir, good night.
Enter two other Soldiers.
2. *S.* Soldiers, have careful watch.
3. *S.* And you: Good night, good night.
[*the two firſt go to their Poſts.*
4. *S.* Here we: [*going to theirs*] and if to-morrow
Our navy thrive, I have an abſolute hope
Our landmen will ſtand up.
3. *S.* 'Tis a brave army,
And full of purpose.
[*Musick of Hautboys, as underneath.*
4. *S.* Peace, What noise?
1. *S.* Liſt, liſt!
2. *S.* Hark! [*advancing from their Poſts.*
1. *S.* Musick i'the air.
3. *S.* Under the earth.
4. *S.* It ſigns well, does it not?
3. *S.* No.
1. *S.* Peace, I ſay.
What ſhould this mean?
2. *S.* 'Tis the god *Hercules*, whom *Antony* lov'd,
Now leaves him.
1. *S.* Walk; let's ſee if other watchmen
Do hear what we do. [*going.*
Enter other Soldiers, meeting them.
1. 2. 3. 4. How now, maſters?
Sol. How now?
How now? Do you hear this?
1. *S.* Ay; Is't not ſtrange?
3. *S.* Do you hear, maſters; do you hear?

1. *S.* Follow the noise ſo far as we have quarter;
Let's ſee how 'twill give off.
all. Content: 'Tis ſtrange. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The ſame. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTONY, *and* CLEOPATRA; CHARMIAN, Iras, *and Others, attending.*

ANT. Eros! mine armour, *Eros!*

CLE. Sleep a little.

ANT. No, my chuck.—*Eros*, come; mine armour, *Eros!*

Enter EROS, *with Armour.*

Come, my good fellow, put thine iron on:—
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her.—Come. [Eros *arms him.*

CLE. Nay, I'll help too.

ANT. What's this for? Ah, let be, let be! thou art
The armourer of my heart: Falſe, falſe; this, this.

CLE. Sooth, la, I'll help: Thus it muſt be.

ANT. Well, well;
We ſhall thrive now.—Seeſt thou, my good fellow?
Go, put on thy defences.

ERO. Briefly, ſir.

CLE. Is not this buckl'd well?

ANT. Rarely, rarely:
He that unbuckles this, 'till we do please
To doff't for our repoſe, ſhall hear a ſtorm.—
Thou fumbl'ſt, *Eros*; and my queen's a ſquire
More tight at this, than thou: Diſpatch.—O love,
That thou could'ſt ſee my wars to-day, and knew'ſt
The royal occupation! thou ſhould'ſt ſee

Enter an Officer, *arm'd.*

A workman in't.—Good-morrow to thee; welcome;

[16] v. *Note.*

Thou look'ſt like him that knows a warlike charge:
To buſineſs that we love we rise betime,
And go to't with delight.
1. *O.* A thousand, ſir,
Early though 't be, have on their rivetted trim,
And at the port expect you. [*Shout within. Trumpets.*
Enter other Officers, Soldiers, *&c.*
2. *O.* The morn is fair.—Good-morrow, general.
all. Good-morrow, general.
Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads.
This morning, like the ſpirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.—
So, ſo; come, give me that: this way; well ſaid.—
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me:
This is a ſoldier's † kiſs: rebukeable,
And worthy ſhameful check it were, to ſtand
On more mechanick compliment; I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of ſteel.—You that will fight,
Follow me cloſe; I'll bring you to't.—Adieu.
[*Exeunt* Eros, Antony, Officers, *and* Soldiers.
Cha. Please you, retire to your chamber.
Cle. Lead me.
He goes forth gallantly. That he and *Cæsar* might
Determine this great war in ſingle fight!
Then, *Antony*,— But now,— Well, on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Under the Walls of* Alexandria. Antony's *Camp. Trumpets. Enter* Antony, *and* Eros; *a* Soldier *meeting them.*

Sol. The gods make this a happy day to *Antony!*
Ant. 'Would thou and those thy ſcars had once prevail'd
To make me fight at land!

Sol. Had'ſt thou done ſo,
The kings that have revolted, and the ſoldier
That has this morning left thee, would have ſtill
Follow'd thy heels.
Ant. Who's gone this morning?
Sol. Who?
One ever near thee: Call for *Enobarbus*,
He ſhall not hear thee; or from *Cæsar*'s camp
Say, *I am none of thine.*
Ant. What ſay'ſt thou?
Sol. Sir,
He is with *Cæsar.*
Ero. Sir, his cheſts and treasure
He has not with him.
Ant. Is he gone?
Sol. Moſt certain.
Ant. Go, *Eros*, ſend his treasure after; do it,
Detain no jot of it, I charge thee: write to him
(I will ſubſcribe) gentle adieus, and greetings:
Say, that I wiſh he never find more cause
To change a maſter.—O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honeſt men.—Diſpatch.—D *Enobarbus!*

SCENE VI. *Before* Alexandria. Cæsar'*s Camp.* *Flouriſh. Enter* Cæsar, *with* Agrippa, Enobarbus, *and Others.*

Cæs. Go forth, *Agrippa*, and begin the fight:
Our will is, *Antony* be took alive;
Make it ſo known.
Agr. *Cæsar*, I ſhall. [*Exit* Agrippa.
Cæs. The time of univerſal peace is near:
Prove this a proſperous day, the three-nook'd world

[1] *Eros.* Had'ſt [6] *Eros.* Who

Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. *Antony*
Is come into the field.

Cæs. Go, charge *Agrippa*
Plant those that have revolted in the van;
That *Antony* may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [*Exeunt* Cæsar, *and Train.*

Eno. *Alexas* did revolt: he went to *Jewry*, on
Affairs of *Antony*; there did persuade
Great *Herod* to incline himself to *Cæsar*,
And leave his master *Antony*: for this pains,
Cæsar hath hang'd him. *Canidius*, and the rest
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill;
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. *Enobarbus*, *Antony*
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty over-plus: The messenger
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now,
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sol. I mock not, *Enobarbus*,
I tell you true: Best you see safe the bringer
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a *Jove*. [*Exit* Soldier.

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O *Antony*,
Thou mine of bounty, how would'st thou have pay'd

9 revolt, and went 10 diſſwade 26 ſaf't

My better ſervice, when my turpitude
Thou doſt ſo crown with gold! This bows my heart:
If ſwift thought break it not, a ſwifter mean
Shall out-ſtrike thought; but thought will do't, I feel.
I fight againſt thee! no: I will go ſeek
Some ditch, wherein to dye; the foul'ſt beſt fits
My latter part of life. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII. *Between the Camps. Field of Battle. Alarums. Enter* AGRIPPA, *and his Forces.*

AGR. Retire, we have engag'd ourſelves too far:
Cæſar himſelf has work, and our oppreſſion
Exceeds what we expected. [*Retreat. Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter ANTONY, *and Forces; with* SCARUS, *wounded.*

SCA. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
Had we done ſo at firſt, we had driven them home
With clouts about their heads.

ANT. Thou bleed'ſt apace.

SCA. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H. [*Retreat afar off.*

ANT. They do retire.

SCA. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I have yet
Room for ſix ſcotches more.

Enter EROS.

ERO. They are beaten, ſir; and our advantage ſerves
For a fair victory.

SCA. Let us ſcore their backs,
And ſnatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind;
'Tis ſport to maul a runner.

ANT. I will reward thee
Once for thy ſprightly comfort, and ten-fold

[2] blowes my

For thy good valour. Come thee on.
Sca. I'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *Gates of* Alexandria.

Enter ANTONY, *marching*; Scarus, *and Forces.*

Ant. We have beat him to his camp;—Run one before,
And let the queen know of our gests:—To-morrow,
Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you; and have fought,
Not as you serv'd the cause, but as 't had been
Each man's like mine; you have all shewn you *Hectors.*
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
The honour'd gashes whole.—Give me thy hand; [*to* Sca.

Enter CLEOPATRA, *attended.*

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee.—O thou day o' the world,
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triúmphing.

Cle. Lord of lords,
O infinite virtue, com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?

Ant. My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl? though grey
Do something mingle with our brown; yet have we
A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man,
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand;—
Kiss it, my warrior:—he hath fought to-day,

7 guests 28 our younger brown 31 favouring

As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Deſtroy'd in ſuch a ſhape.
Cle. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.
Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncl'd
Like holy *Phœbus'* car.—Give me thy hand;—
Through *Alexandria* make a jolly march;
Bear our hackt targets like the men that owe them:
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this hoſt, we all would ſup together;
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters,
With brazen din blaſt you the city's ear;
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines;
That heaven and earth may ſtrike their ſounds together,
Applauding our approach. [*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. *Out-ſkirts of* Cæsar's *Camp.*
Sentinels *upon their Poſts. Enter* Enobarbus.

3. *S.* If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We muſt return to the court of guard: The night
Is ſhiny; and, they ſay, we ſhall embattle
By the ſecond hour i'the morn.
1. *S.* This laſt day was
A ſhrewd one to us.
Eno. O, bear me witneſs, night,—
2. *S.* "What man is this?"
1. *S.* "Stand cloſe, and liſt him."
Eno. Be witneſs to me, o thou bleſſed moon,
When men revolted ſhall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor *Enobarbus* did
Before thy face repent.

3. *S.* "*Enobarbus!*"
2. *S.* "Peace; hark further."
Eno. O ſovereign miſtreſs of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night diſpunge upon me;
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me: Throw my heart
Againſt the flint and hardneſs of my fault;
Which, being dry'd with grief, will break to powder,
And finiſh all foul thoughts. O *Antony*,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular;
But let the world rank me in regiſter
A maſter-leaver, and a fugitive:
O *Antony!* o *Antony!* [*dies.*
1. *S.* "Let's ſpeak to him."
3. *S.* "Let's hear him further, for the things he ſpeaks"
"May concern *Cæsar.*"
2. *S.* "Let's do ſo. But he ſleeps."
3. *S.* "Swoons rather; for ſo bad a prayer as his"
"Was never yet for ſleep."
1. *S.* Go we to him.
2. *S.* Awake, ſir, [*to* Eno.
Awake; ſpeak to us.
1. *S.* Hear you, ſir? [*ſhaking him.*
3. *S.* The hand
Of death hath raught him. [*Drum afar off.*
Hark, how the drums demurely wake the ſleepers:
Let's bear him to the court of guard; he is
Of note: our hour is fully out.
2. *S.* Come on then;
He may recover yet. [*Exeunt with the Body.*

SCENE X. *Hills without the City.*

Enter ANTONY, *and* SCARUS, *with Forces, marching.*

ANT. Their preparation is to-day for ſea;
We please them not by land.

SCA. For both, my lord.

ANT. I would, they'd fight i'the fire, or i'the air;
We'd fight there too. But this it is, Our foot,
Upon the hills adjoining to the city,
Shall ſtay with us: order for ſea is given;
They have put forth the haven: Hie we on,
Where their appointment we may beſt diſcover,
And look on their endeavour. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CÆSAR, *and his Forces, marching.*

CÆS. But being charg'd, we will be ſtill by land,
Which, as I take 't, we ſhall; for his beſt force
Is forth to man his gallies. To the vales,
And hold our beſt advantage. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter ANTONY, *and* SCARUS. [ſtand,

ANT. Yet they're not join'd: Where yonder pine does
I ſhall diſcover all: I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 'tis like to go. [*Exit* ANTONY.

SCA. Swallows have built
In *Cleopatra*'s ſails their neſts: the augurers
Say, they know not, they cannot tell; look grimly,
And dare not ſpeak their knowledge. *Antony*
Is valiant, and dejected; and, by ſtarts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not. [*Shouts afar off.*

Re-enter ANTONY, *haſtily.*

ANT. All is loſt;
This foul *Egyptian* hath betrayed me:
My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder

3 day by Sea 19 yond Pine 23 Auguries

They caſt their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long loſt. — Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis thou
Haſt ſold me to this novice; and my heart
Makes only wars on thee. — Bid them all fly;
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
I have done all; Bid them all fly, be gone.
[*Exit* SCARUS.
O ſun, thy up-riſe ſhall I ſee no more:
Fortune and *Antony* part here; even here
Do we ſhake hands. All come to this? The hearts
That ſpaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wiſhes, do diſcandy, melt their ſweets
On bloſſoming *Cæsar*; and this pine is bark'd,
That over-top'd them all. Betray'd I am:
(O this falſe ſoil of *Egypt!*) This grave charm, —
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home;
Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end, —
Like a right gipſy, hath, at faſt and looſe,
Beguil'd me to the very heart of loſs. —
What, *Eros*, *Eros!* —
Enter CLEOPATRA.
Ah, thou ſpell! Avant.
Cle. Why is my lord enrag'd againſt his love?
Ant. Vaniſh; or I ſhall give thee thy deserving,
And blemiſh *Cæsar*'s triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoiſt thee up to the ſhouting *Plébeians:*
Follow his chariot, like the greateſt ſpot
Of all thy ſex; moſt monſter-like, be ſhewn
For poor'ſt diminutives, for doits; and let
Patient *Octavia* plough thy viſage up [gone, —
With her prepared nails. [*Exit* CLE.] 'Tis well thou'rt
If it be well to live: But better 'twere,

11 pannelled 15 Soule 29 Dolts

Thou fell'ſt into my fury; for one death
Might have prevented many.—*Eros*, ho!—
The ſhirt of *Neſſus* is upon me: Teach me,
Alcides, thou mine anceſtor, thy rage:
Let me lodge *Lichas* on the horns o'the moon;
And with those hands that graſp'd the heavieſt club
Subdue my worthieſt ſelf. The witch ſhall dye;
To the *Roman* boy ſhe hath ſold me, and I fall
Under this plot: ſhe dies for't.—*Eros*, ho! [*Exit.*

SCENE XI. Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*
Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, Iras, *and* Mardian.

CLE. Help me, my women: O, he is more mad
Than *Telamon* for his ſhield; the boar of *Theſſaly*
Was never ſo imboſt.

CHA. To the monument;
There lock yourſelf, and ſend him word you are dead.
The ſoul and body rive not more in parting,
Than greatneſs going off.

CLE. To the monument:—
Mardian, go tell him I have ſlain myſelf;
Say, that the laſt I ſpoke was, *Antony*,
And word it, pr'ythee, piteouſly: Hence, *Mardian*;
And bring me how he takes my death.—To the monument.

SCENE XII. *The ſame. Another Room.*
Enter ANTONY, *and* EROS.

ANT. *Eros*, thou yet behold'ſt me?

ERO. Ay, noble lord.

ANT. Sometime, we ſee a cloud that's dragoniſh;
A vapour, ſometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,

[8] the young Roman [32] toward

A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't, that nod unto the wind,
And mock our eyes with air: Thou haſt ſeen these ſigns;
They are black veſper's pageants?

Ero. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That, which is now a horſe, even with a thought
The rack diſlimns; and makes it indiſtinct,
As water is in water.

Ero. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave, *Eros*, now thy captain is
Even ſuch a body: here I am *Antony*;
Yet cannot hold this viſible ſhape, my knave.
I made these wars for *Egypt:* and the queen,—
Whose heart, I thought, I had, for ſhe had mine;
Which, whilſt it was mine, had annext unto't
A million more, now loſt,—ſhe, *Eros*, has
Pack'd cards with *Cæsar*, and falſe-play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.
Nay, weep not, gentle *Eros*; there is left us
Ourſelves to end ourſelves.—O, thy vile lady!

Enter Mardian.

She has rob'd me of my ſword.

Mar. No, *Antony*;
My miſtreſs lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingl'd
With thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, ſaucy eunuch; peace;
She hath betray'd me, and ſhall dye the death.

Mar. Death of one perſon can be pay'd but once;
And that ſhe hath diſcharg'd: What thou would'ſt do
Is done unto thy hand; the laſt ſhe ſpake
Was, *Antony!* moſt noble *Antony!*
Then in the midſt a tearing groan did break

[2] the world,

The name of *Antony*; it was divided
Between her heart and lips: ſhe render'd life,
Thy name ſo bury'd in her.
Ant. Dead then?
Mar. Dead.
Ant. Unarm me, *Eros*; the long day's taſk is done,
And we muſt ſleep:—That thou depart'ſt hence ſafe,
Does pay thy labour richly; Go. [*Exit* Mar.] Pluck off;—
The ſevenfold ſhield of *Ajax* cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my ſides!
Heart, once be ſtronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail caſe!—Apace, *Eros*, apace.—
No more a ſoldier: Bruiſed pieces, go;
You have been nobly born.—From me a while.
[*Exit* Eros.
I will o'er-take thee, *Cleopatra*, and
Weep for my pardon. So it muſt be, for now
All length is torture; ſince the torch is out,
Lye down, and ſtray no farther: Now all labour
Marrs what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itſelf with ſtrength: Seal then, and all is done.—
Eros!—I come, my queen:—*Eros!*—Stay for me:
Where ſouls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand;
And with our ſprightly port make the ghoſts gaze:
Dido and her *Æneas* ſhall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours.—Come, *Eros*, *Eros*.

Re-enter Eros.

Ero. What would my lord?
Ant. Since *Cleopatra* dy'd,
I have liv'd in ſuch diſhonour, that the gods
Deteſt my baſeneſs. I, that with my ſword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green *Neptune*'s back

[8] Go. | Off, plucke

With ſhips made cities, condemn myſelf, to lack
The courage of a woman; leſs noble-minded
Than ſhe, which, by her death, our *Cæsar* tells,
I *am conqueror of myſelf.* Thou art ſworn, *Eros*,
That, when the exigent ſhould come, (which now
Is come, indeed) when I ſhould ſee behind me
The inevitable proſecution of
Diſgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then would'ſt kill me: do't, the time is come:
Thou ſtrik'ſt not me, 'tis *Cæsar* thou defeat'ſt.
Put colour in thy cheek.

Ero. The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that, which all the *Parthian* darts,
Though enemy, loſt aim, and could not?

Ant. Eros,
Would'ſt thou be window'd in great *Rome*, and ſee
Thy maſter thus † with pleach'd arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face ſubdu'd
To penetrative ſhame; whil'ſt the wheel'd ſeat
Of fortunate *Cæsar*, drawn before him, branded
His baſeneſs that enſu'd?

Ero. I would not ſee't.

Ant. Come then; for with a wound I muſt be cur'd.
Draw that thy honeſt ſword, which thou haſt worn
Moſt uſeful for thy country.

Ero. O, ſir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, ſwor'ſt thou not then
To do this when I bad thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precedent ſervices are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Ero. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worſhip of the whole world lyes.

Ant. Lo thee. [*turning away his Face.*
Ero. My ſword is drawn.
Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou haſt drawn it.
Ero. My dear maſter,
My captain, and my emperor, let me ſay,
Before I ſtrike this bloody ſtroke, farewel.
Ant. 'Tis ſaid, man; and farewel.
Ero. Farewel, great chief. Shall I ſtrike now?
Ant. Now, *Eros.* [do eſcape the ſorrow
Ero. Why, there then: [*falling on his Sword.*] Thus I
Of *Antony*'s death.
Ant. Thrice nobler than myſelf!
Thou teacheſt me, o valiant *Eros*, what
I ſhould, and thou could'ſt not. My queen and *Eros*
Have, by their brave inſtruction, got upon me
A nobleneſs in record: But I will be
A bride-groom in my death, and run into't [and, *Eros*,
As to a lover's bed. Come then; [*taking* Eros' *Sword*]
Thy maſter dies thy ſcholar; to do thus [*running on it.*
I learnt of thee. How! not yet dead? not dead?
Enter Guard, *and* Dercetas.
The guard? how!—O, diſpatch me.
1. *G.* What's the noiſe? [end
Ant. I have done my work ill, friends; O, make an
Of what I have begun.
2. *G.* The ſtar is fallen.
1. *G.* And time is at his period.
all. Alas, and woe!
Ant. Let him, that loves me, ſtrike me dead.
1. *G.* Not I.
2. *G.* Nor I.

3. *G.* Nor any one. [*Exeunt* Guard.

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly. This ſword † but ſhewn to *Cæsar*, with this tidings, Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomede.

Dio. Where's *Antony?*

Der. There, *Diomede*, there.

Dio. Lives he? Wilt thou not anſwer, man?

[*Exit* Dercetas, *with the Sword.*

Ant. Art thou there, *Diomede?* Draw thy ſword, and Sufficing ſtrokes for death. [give me

Dio. Moſt abſolute lord,
My miſtreſs *Cleopatra* ſent me to thee.

Ant. When did ſhe ſend thee?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant. Where is ſhe? [ſying fear

Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophe-
Of what hath come to paſs: for when ſhe ſaw
(Which never ſhall be found) you did ſuſpect
She had diſpos'd with *Cæsar*, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, ſhe ſent you word ſhe was dead;
But, fearing ſince how it might work, hath ſent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late. [thee.

Ant. Too late, good *Diomede:* Call my guard, I pr'y-

Dio. What ho, the emperor's guard! The guard, what [ho!
Enter ſome of the Guard.
Come, your lord calls.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where *Cleopatra* bides;
'Tis the laſt ſervice that I ſhall command you.

1. *G.* Woe are we, ſir, you may not live to wear
All your true followers out.

31 Woe, woe are

all. Moſt heavy day!
Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please ſharp fate
To grace it with your ſorrows: bid that welcome
Which comes to puniſh us, and we puniſh it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:
I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all. [*Exeunt, bearing* Antony.

SCENE XIII. *The ſame. A Monument.*

Enter, at a Window, above, Cleopatra, Charmian, *and* Iras.

Cle. O *Charmian*, I will never go from hence.
Cha. Be comforted, dear madam.
Cle. No, I will not:
All ſtrange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we deſpise; our ſize of ſorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, muſt be as great

Enter Diomede.

As that which makes it.—How now? is he dead?
Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead. Look out
O' the other ſide your monument,—But ſee,
His guard have brought him hither.

Enter Antony, *born by the Guard.*

Cle. O ſun, ſun,
Burn the great ſphere thou mov'ſt in! darkling ſtand
The varying ſhore o'the world!—O *Antony*,
Antony, *Antony!*—*Charmian*, help; help, *Iras*;
Help, friends below; let's draw him hither.
Ant. Peace:
Not *Cæsar*'s valour hath o'er-thrown *Antony*,
But *Antony*'s hath triumph'd on itſelf.
Cle. So it ſhould be, that none but *Antony*

27 Helpe *Charmian*, helpe *Iras* helpe: helpe Friends

Should conquer *Antony*; but woe 'tis so!
Ant. I am dying, *Egypt*, dying; only yet
I here impórtune death a while, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips: Come down.
Cle. I dare not,
(Dear, dear my lord, your pardon that I dare not)
Left I be taken: not the imperious shew
Of the full-fortun'd *Cæsar* ever shall
Be brooch'd with me; if knives, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:
Your wife *Octavia*, with her modest eyes,
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me. — But come, come, *Antony*, —
Help me, my women, — we must draw thee up; —
Assist, good friends. [Cleopatra, *and her Women, throw out certain Tackle, into which the People below put* Antony, *and he is drawn up.*
Ant. O, quick, or I am gone.
Cle. Here's sport, indeed! How heavy weighs my lord?
Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight: Had I great *Juno*'s power,
The strong-wing'd *Mercury* should fetch thee up,
And set thee by *Jove*'s side. Yet come a little, —
Wishers were ever fools; — o, come, come, come;
And welcome, welcome! dye, where thou hast liv'd:
Quicken with kissing; had my lips that power,
Thus would I † wear them out.
all. A heavy sight!
Ant. I am dying, *Egypt*, dying:
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.
Cle. No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,

10 Knife, 26 when thou

That the falſe huswife fortune break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.
Ant. One word, ſweet queen:
Of *Cæsar* ſeek your honour, with your ſafety. O!
Cle. They do not go together.
Ant. Gentle, hear me:
None about *Cæsar* truſt, but *Proculeius*.
Cle. My resolution, and my hands, I'll truſt,
None about *Cæsar*.
Ant. The miserable change now at my end
Lament nor ſorrow at: but please your thoughts,
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I liv'd; the greateſt prince o'the world,
The nobleſt: and do now not baſely dye,
Not cowardly put off my helmet; to
My countryman, a *Roman* by a *Roman*
Valiantly vanquiſh'd. Now my ſpirit is going,
I can no more. [*ſinks.*
Cle. Nobleſt of men, wou't dye?
Haſt thou no care of me? ſhall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy abſence is
No better than a ſty?—O, ſee, my women, [Ant. *dies.*
The crown o'the earth doth melt:—My lord!—
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The ſoldier's pole is fall'n; young boys, and girls,
Are level now with men: the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon.
Cha. O, quietneſs, lady. [Cleopatra *ſwoons.*
Ira. She is dead too, our ſovereign.
Cha. Lady,—
Ira. Madam,—

15 v. *Note.*

Cha. O madam, madam; madam!
Ira. Royal *Egypt!*
Empereſs!
Cha. Peace, peace, *Iras.* [*ſeeing her recover.*
Cle. No more but e'en a woman; and commanded
By ſuch poor paſſion, as the maid that milks,
And does the meaneſt chares. It were for me,
To throw my ſcepter at the injurious gods;
To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
'Till they had ſtol'n our jewel. All's but naught;
Patience is ſottiſh; and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad: Then is it ſin,
To ruſh into the ſecret houſe of death,
Ere death dare come to us?—How do you, women?
What, what? good cheer! Why, how now, *Charmian?*
My noble girls!—Ah, women, women! look,
Our lamp is ſpent, it's out:—Good ſirs, take heart:—
We'll bury him: and then, what's brave, what's noble,
Let's do it after the high *Roman* faſhion,
And make death proud to take us. Come, away:
This caſe of that huge ſpirit now is cold.
Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend
But reſolution, and the briefeſt end.
[*Exeunt; those above bearing off the Body.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Camp before* Alexandria. [NAS,
Enter CÆSAR, *with* DOLABELLA, AGRIPPA, MECÆ-
Gallus, PROCULEIUS, *and Others.*

Cæs. Go to him, *Dolabella*, bid him yield;

5 but in a

Being ſo fruſtrated, tell him, he mocks
The pauses that he makes.
Dol. Cæsar, I ſhall. [*Exit* Dolabella.
Enter Dercetas, *with* Antony's *Sword.*
Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou, that dar'ſt
Appear thus to us?
Der. I am call'd *Dercetas*;
Mark Antony I ſerv'd, who beſt was worthy
Beſt to be ſerv'd: whilſt he ſtood up, and ſpoke,
He was my maſter; and I wore my life,
To ſpend upon his haters: If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to *Cæsar*; if thou pleaſeſt not,
I yield thee up my life.
Cæs. What is't thou ſay'ſt?
Der. I ſay, o *Cæsar*, *Antony* is dead.
Cæs. The breaking of ſo great a thing ſhould make
A greater crack in nature: the round world
Should have ſhook lions into civil ſtreets,
And citizens to their dens: The death of *Antony*
Is not a ſingle doom; in that name lay
A moiety of the world.
Der. He is dead, *Cæsar*;
Not by a publick miniſter of juſtice,
Nor by a hired knife; but that ſelf hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart itſelf. This † is his ſword,
I rob'd his wound of it; behold it ſtain'd
With his moſt noble blood.
Cæs. Look you ſad, friends?
The gods rebuke me, but it is a tidings

21 in the name

To wash the eyes of kings.

Agr. And strange it is,
That nature must compell us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.

Mec. His taints and honours
Weigh'd equal with him.

Agr. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to mark us men. *Cæsar* is touch'd.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set before him,
He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O *Antony!*
I have follow'd thee to this; — But we do launch
Diseases in our bodies. I must perforce
Have shewn to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine; we could not stall together
In the whole world: But yet let me lament,
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle, — that our stars,
Unreconciliable, should divide
Our equalness to this. — Hear me, good friends, —

Enter a Messenger.

But I will tell you at some meeter season;
The business of this man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he says. — Whence are you, sir?

Mes. A poor *Egyptian:* The queen my mistress,
Confin'd in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction;

2 *Del.* And 6 wag'd equal 7 *Dola.* A 9 to make us 30 yet, the

That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she's forc'd to.
Cæs. Bid her have good heart;
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourably and how kindly we
Determin'd have for her: for *Cæsar* cannot
Leave to be gentle.
Mes. So the gods preserve thee! [*Exit* Messenger.
Cæs. Come hither, *Proculeius*; Go, and say
We purpose her no shame: give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require;
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us: for her life in *Rome*
Would be eternaling our triumph: Go,
And, with your speediest, bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.
Pro. *Cæsar*, I shall. [*Exit* Proculeius.
Cæs. *Gallus*, go you along. [*Exit* Gall.] Where's *Dolabella*,
To second *Proculeius?*
all. *Dolabella!*
Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employ'd; he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent: where you shall see,
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings: Go with me, and see
What I can shew in this. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Alexandria. *A Room in the Monument.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, *and* Iras.

Cle. My desolation does begin to make
A better life: 'Tis paltry to be *Cæsar*;

5 honourable, 6 Determine 7 be ungentle 14 eternall in

Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave,
A minister of her will; And it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurse and *Cæsar*'s.

Enter PROCULEIUS, *and* Gallus, *with Soldiers, to the Door of the Monument, without.*

Pro. *Cæsar* sends greeting to the queen of *Egypt*;
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cle. What's thy name?

Pro. My name is *Proculeius*.

Cle. *Antony*
Did tell me of you, bad me trust you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
To give me conquer'd *Egypt* for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer;
You are fall'n into a princely hand, fear nothing:
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need: Let me report to him
Your sweet dependancy; and you shall find
A conqueror, that will pray in aid for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cle. Pray you, tell him

I am his fortune's vaſſal, and I ſend him
The greatneſs he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly
Look him i'the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort; for, I know, your plight is pity'd
Of him that caus'd it. Fare you well.—"Hark, Gallus!"
"You ſee, how easily ſhe may be ſurpriz'd;"
"Guard her 'till *Cæsar* come." [*Exit* Proculeius.

Gallus *maintains Converſe with* Cleopatra.

Re-enter, into the Monument, from behind,
Proculeius, *and Soldiers, haſtily.*

Ira. O royal queen!

Cha. O *Cleopatra!* thou art taken, queen!

Cle. Quick, quick, good hands. [*drawing a Dagger.*

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold: [*ſtaying her.*
Do not yourſelf ſuch wrong; who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

Cle. What, of death too,
That rids our dogs of languiſh?

Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my maſter's bounty, by
The undoing of yourſelf: let the world ſee
His nobleneſs well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cle. Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!

Pro. O, temperance, lady.

Cle. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, ſir;
If idle talk will once be neceſſary,
I'll not ſpeak neither: this mortal houſe I'll ruin,

32 not ſleepe neither

Do *Cæsar* what he can. Know, ſir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your maſter's court;
Nor once be châſtis'd with the ſober eye
Of dull *Octavia*. Shall they hoiſt me up,
And ſhew me to the ſhouting varletry
Of cenſuring *Rome?* Rather a ditch in *Egypt*
Be gentle grave unto me; rather on *Nilus'* mud
Lay me ſtark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring; rather make
My country's high pyramides my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains.

Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror farther than you ſhall
Find cauſe for it in *Cæsar*.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. *Proculeius*,
What thou haſt done thy maſter *Cæsar* knows,
And he hath ſent for thee: as for the queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, *Dolabella*,
It ſhall content me beſt: be gentle to her.—
To *Cæsar* I will ſpeak what you ſhall please,
If you'll employ me to him.

Cle. Say, I would dye.

[*Exeunt* Proculeius, *and Soldiers*.

Dol. Moſt noble empreſs, you have heard of me?

Cle. I cannot tell.

Dol. Aſſuredly, you know me.

Cle. No matter, ſir, what I have heard, or known.
You laugh, when boys, or women, tell their dreams;
Is't not your trick?

Dol. I underſtand not, madam.

Cle. I dreamt there was an emperor *Antony*;—
O, such another sleep! that I might see
But such another man.

Dol. If it might please you,—

Cle. His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck
A sun, and moon; which kept their course, and lighted
The little o o'the earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature,—

Cle. His legs bestrid the ocean; his rear'd arm
Crested the world: his voice was property'd
As all the tuned spheres, when that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping: His delights
Were dolphin-like; they shew'd his back above
The element they liv'd in: In his livery
Walk'd crowns, and crownets; realms and islands were
As plates dropt from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra,—

Cle. Think you, there was, or might be, such a man
As this I dreamt of?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cle. You lye, up to the hearing of the gods.
But, if there be, or ever were, one such,
It's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stuff
To vye strange forms with fancy; yet, to imagine
An *Antony*, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good madam:
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight: 'Would I might never

11 Spheres, and that 14 An *Anthony* it was, 25 be, nor ever

O'er-take purſu'd ſucceſs, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that ſmites
My very heart at root.
Cle. I thank you, ſir.
Know you, what *Cæsar* means to do with me?
Dol. I am loth to tell you what I would you knew.
Cle. Nay, pray you, ſir:
Dol. Though he be honourable,—
Cle. He'll lead me in triumph:
Dol. Madam, he will; I know it.
within. Make way there,—*Cæsar.*
Enter Cæsar, *and Train of* Romans,
and Seleucus.
Cæs. Which is the queen of *Egypt?*
Dol. It is the emperor, madam.
Cæs. Arise, you ſhall not kneel: [*to* Cle. *raising her.*
I pray you, rise; rise, *Egypt.*
Cle. Sir, the gods
Will have it thus; my maſter and my lord
I muſt obey.
Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts:
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our fleſh, we ſhall remember
As things but done by chance.
Cle. Sole ſir o'the world,
I cannot project mine own cause ſo well
To make it clear; but do confeſs, I have
Been laden with like frailties, which before
Have often ſham'd our ſex.
Cæs. *Cleopatra*, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce:
If you apply yourſelf to our intents,

2 ſuites 9 me then in

(Which towards you are moſt gentle) you ſhall find
A benefit in this change: but if you ſeek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's courſe, you ſhall bereave yourſelf
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that deſtruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave. [we,
Cle. And may, through all the world: 'tis yours; and
Your 'ſcutcheons, and your ſigns of conqueſt, ſhall
Hang in what place you please. Here, ☩ my good lord.
Cæs. You ſhall advise me in all for *Cleopatra*.
Cle. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,
I am posseſt of: 'tis exactly valu'd;
Not petty things omitted.—Where's *Seleucus?*
Sel. Here, madam.
Cle. This is my treasurer; let him ſpeak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To myſelf nothing.—Speak the truth, *Seleucus*.
Sel. Madam,
I had rather ſeal my lips, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.
Cle. What have I kept back?
Sel. Enough to purchaſe what you have made known.
Cæs. Nay, bluſh not, *Cleopatra*; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.
Cle. See, *Cæsar!* o, behold,
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours;
And, ſhould we ſhift eſtates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this *Seleucus* does
Even make me wild:—O ſlave, of no more truſt
Than love that's hir'd! What, go'ſt thou back? thou ſhalt
Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,

Though they had wings: Slave, ſoul-leſs villain, dog!
O rarely baſe! [*flying at him.*

Cæs. Good queen, let us intreat you. [*interposing.*

Cle. O *Cæsar*, what a wounding ſhame is this;
That thou vouchſafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordlineſs
To one ſo mean, that mine own ſervant ſhould
Parcel the ſum of my diſgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good *Cæsar*,
That I ſome lady trifles have reſerv'd,
Immoment toys, things of ſuch dignity
As we greet modern friends withal; and ſay,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For *Livia*, and *Octavia*, to induce
Their mediation; muſt I be unfolded
Of one that I have bred? The gods! It ſmites me
Beneath the fall I have.—Pr'ythee, go hence;
Or I ſhall ſhew the cinders of my ſpirits
Through the aſhes of my chance:—Wert thou a man,
Thou would'ſt have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, *Seleucus*. [*Exit* Seleucus.

Cle. Be it known, that we, the greateſt, are miſthought
For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We anſwer others' merits: in our name
Are therefore to be pity'd.

Cæs. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reſerv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
Put we i'the roll of conqueſt: ſtill be it yours,
Beſtow it at your pleaſure; and believe,
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants ſold. Therefore be cheer'd;
Make not your thoughts your priſons: no, dear queen;

7 ſo meeke, 16 With one

For we intend ſo to diſpose you, as
Yourſelf ſhall give us counſel. Feed, and ſleep:
Our care and pity is ſo much upon you,
That we remain your friend; And ſo, adieu.

Cle. My maſter, and my lord,—

Cæs. Not ſo: Adieu.

[*Exeunt* Cæsar, Dolabella, *and Train.*

Cle. He words me, girls, he words me, that I ſhould not
Be noble to myſelf: But hark thee, *Charmian.*

Ira. Finiſh, good lady; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cle. Hye thee again:
I have ſpoke already, and it is provided;
Go, put it to the haſte.

Cha. Madam, I will. [*going.*

Re-enter Dolabella.

Dol. Where is the queen?

Cha. Behold, ſir. [*Exit* Charmian.

Cle. Dolabella?

Dol. Madam, as thereto ſworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: *Cæsar* through *Syria*
Intends his journey; and, within three days,
You with your children will he ſend before:
Make your beſt uſe of this: I have perform'd
Your pleasure, and my promise.

Cle. Dolabella,
I ſhall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your ſervant.
Adieu, good queen; I muſt attend on *Cæsar.*

Cle. Farewel, and thanks. [*Exit* Dolabella.
Now, *Iras,* what think'ſt thou?

Thou, an *Egyptian* puppet, ſhalt be ſhewn
In *Rome*, as well as I: mechanick ſlaves,
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, ſhall
Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,
Rank of groſs diet, ſhall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

Ira. The gods forbid!

Cle. Nay, 'tis moſt certain, *Iras:* Saucy lictors
Will catch at us, like ſtrumpets; and ſcald rimers
Ballad us out o'tune: the quick comedians
Extemporally will ſtage us, and present
Our *Alexandrian* revels; *Antony*
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I ſhall ſee
Some ſqueaking *Cleopatra* boy my greatneſs
I'the poſture of a whore.

Ira. O the good gods!

Cle. Nay, that's certain.

Ira. I'll never ſee't; for, I am ſure, my nails
Are ſtronger than mine eyes.

Cle. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their moſt aſſur'd intents.—Now, *Charmian?*—

Re-enter Charmian.

Shew me, my women, like a queen;—Go fetch
My beſt attires;—I am again for *Cydnus*,
To meet *Mark Antony*:—Sirrah, *Iras*, go.—
Now, noble *Charmian*, we'll diſpatch indeed:
And, when thou haſt done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play 'till dooms-day.—Bring our crown and all.

[*Exit* Iras. Charmian *falls to adjuſting* Cleopatra's *Dreſs. Noise within.*

Wherefore's this noise?

Enter one of the Guard.

Gua. Here is a rural fellow,
That will not be deny'd your highneſs' presence;
He brings you figs. [inſtrument

Cle. Let him come in. [*Exit* Guard.] How poor an
May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: Now from head to foot
I am marble-conſtant: now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guard, *with a* Clown.

Gua. This is the man.

Cle. Avoid, and leave him. [*Exit* Guard.
Haſt thou the pretty worm of *Nilus* there,
That kills and pains not?

Clo. Truly, I have him: but I would not be the party that ſhould desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal; those, that do dye of it, do ſeldom or never recover.

Cle. Remember'ſt thou any that have dy'd on't?

Clo. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yeſterday: a very honeſt woman; but ſomething given to lye; as a woman ſhould not do, but in the way of honeſty: how ſhe dy'd of the biting of it, what pain ſhe felt,—Truly, ſhe makes a very good report o' the worm: But he that will believe all that they ſay, ſhall never be ſaved by half that they do: But this is moſt fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

Cle. Get thee hence; farewel. [*Baſket.*

Clo. I wiſh you all joy of the worm. [*ſetting down his*

Cle. Farewel.

Clo. You muſt think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.

Cle. Ay, ay; farewel.

Clo. Look you, the worm is not to be truſted, but in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there is no goodneſs in the worm.

Cle. Take thou no care; it ſhall be heeded.

Clo. Very good: give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cle. Will it eat me?

Clo. You muſt not think I am ſo ſimple, but I know the devil himſelf will not eat a woman: I know, that a woman is a diſh for the gods, if the devil dreſs her not. But, truly, these ſame whoreſon devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cle. Well, get thee gone; farewel.

Clo. Yes, forſooth: I wiſh you joy of the worm. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Iras, *with Robe*, &c.

Cle. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me: Now no more
The juice of *Egypt*'s grape ſhall moiſt this lip:—
Yare, yare, good *Iras*; quick.—Methinks, I hear
Antony call; I ſee him rouse himſelf
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of *Cæsar*, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath: Husband, I come:

[*Goes to a Bed, or Sopha, which ſhe aſcends; her Women compose her on it:* Iras *ſets the Baſket, which ſhe has been holding upon her own Arm, by her.*

Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire, and air; my other elements

I give to baſer life. — So, have you done?
Come then, and take the laſt warmth of my lips.
Farewel, kind *Charmian*; — *Iras*, long farewel.
[*kiſſing them.* Iras *falls.*
Have I the aſpick in my lips? Doſt fall?
If thou and nature can ſo gently part,
The ſtroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Doſt thou lye ſtill?
If thus thou vaniſheſt, thou tell'ſt the world
It is not worth leave-taking.
Cha. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may ſay,
The gods themſelves do weep!
Cle. This proves me baſe:
If ſhe firſt meet the curled *Antony*,
He'll make demand of her; and ſpend that kiſs,
Which is my heaven to have. — Come, mortal wretch,
[*to the Aſp; applying it to her Breaſt.*
With thy ſharp teeth this knot intrinſicate
Of life at once untye: poor venomous fool, [*ſtirring it.*
Be angry, and diſpatch. O, could'ſt thou ſpeak!
That I might hear thee call great *Cæsar*, aſs,
Unpolicy'd!
Cha. O eaſtern ſtar!
Cle. Peace, peace:
Doſt thou not ſee my baby at my breaſt,
That ſucks the nurſe aſleep?
Cha. O, break! o, break!
Cle. As ſweet as balm, as ſoft as air, as gentle —
O *Antony!* — Nay, I will take thee too: —
[*applying another Aſp to her Arm.*
What ſhould I ſtay — [*dies.*
Cha. In this vile world? — So, fare thee well. —

16 Come thou mortal 32 this wilde World

Now boaſt thee, death; in thy poſſeſſion lyes
A laſs unparallel'd.—Downy windows, close;
And golden *Phœbus* never be beheld
Of eyes again ſo royal! Your crown's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play.

Enter ſome of the Guard.

1. *G.* Where is the queen?

Cha. Speak ſoftly, wake her not.

1. *G.* *Cæsar* hath ſent—

Cha. Too ſlow a meſſenger.— [*applying the Aſp.*
O, come, apace, diſpatch; I partly feel thee.

1. *G.* Approach, ho! All's not well: *Cæsar*'s beguil'd.

2. *G.* There's *Dolabella*, ſent from *Cæsar*; call him.

1. *G.* What work is here?—*Charmian*, is this well done?

Cha. It is well done, and fitting for a princeſs
Deſcended of ſo many royal kings.
Ah, ſoldier! [*dies.*

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it here?

2. *G.* All dead.

Dol. *Cæsar*, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: Thyſelf art coming
To ſee perform'd the dreaded act, which thou
So ſought'ſt to hinder.

within. A way there, way for *Cæsar!*

Enter Cæsar, *and Train.*

Dol. O, ſir, you are too ſure an augurer;
That you did fear, is done.

Cæs. Brav'ſt at the laſt:
She level'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths?
I do not ſee them bleed.

4 Crownes away, 25 there, a way

Dol. Who was laſt with them?

1. *G.* A ſimple countryman, that brought her figs; This † was his baſket.

Cæs. Poiſon'd then.

1. *G.* O *Cæsar*,
This *Charmian* liv'd but now; ſhe ſtood, and ſpake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead miſtreſs; tremblingly ſhe ſtood,
And on the ſudden drop'd.

Cæs. O noble weakneſs!—
If they had ſwallow'd poiſon, 'twould appear
By external ſwelling: but ſhe looks like ſleep,
As ſhe would catch another *Antony*
In her ſtrong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breaſt,
There is a vent of blood, and ſomething blown:
The like is on her arm.

1. *G.* This is an aſpick's trail; [*pointing to the Floor.*
And these fig-leaves have ſlime upon them, ſuch
As the aſpick leaves upon the caves of *Nile*.

Cæs. Moſt probable,
That ſo ſhe dy'd: for her physician tells me,
She hath purſu'd conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to dye.—Take up her bed;
And bear her women from the monument:—
She ſhall be bury'd by her *Antony*:
No grave upon the earth ſhall clip in it
A pair ſo famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them: and their ſtory is
No leſs in pity, than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army ſhall,
In ſolemn ſhew, attend this funeral;

And then to *Rome*.—Come, *Dolabella*, ſee
High order in this great ſolemnity. [*Exeunt.*

TIMON

of

ATHENS.

Perſons represented.

Timon, *a noble* Athenian:
Ventidius, *one of his falſe Friends.*
Lucullus, Lucius, Sempronius, *and four Others; Lords, and Flatterers of* Timon.
Alcibiades, *an* Athenian *General.*
Apemantus, *a churliſh Philoſopher.*
Flavius, *Steward to* Timon:
Lucilius, Flaminius, Servilius, *and four Others, Servants of the ſame.*
Caphis, Varro, Iſidore, *ſecond* Varro, Titus, Hortenſius, Lucius, *and* Philotus, } *Servants to* Timon's *Creditors.*
Senators, eight; ſtranger Gentlemen, three; Thieves, three.
Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant,
Fool, Page, Meſſenger, and Soldier.
Servant to Ventidius. *Servant to* Lucullus.
an old Athenian. *Perſon presenting* Cupid.

Phrynia, *and* Tymandra, } *Miſtreſſes to* Alcibiades.

Divers other Senators, Lords, Officers, Soldiers &c. *and Ladies in the Maſque.*

Scene, Athens, *and Woods adjoining.*

TIMON *of* ATHENS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Athens. *A Hall in* Timon's *Houſe.*
Enter, at ſeveral Doors, Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, *and divers Others.*

Poe. Good day, good day, ſir.
Pai. I am glad you are well.
Poe. I have not ſeen you long; How goes the world?
Pai. It wears, ſir, as it grows.
Poe. Ay, that's well known:
But what particular rarity? what ſtrange,
Which manifold record not matches? See!
Magick of bounty, all these ſpirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.
Pai. I know them both; th' other's a jeweller.
Mer. O, 'tis a worthy lord.
Jew. Nay, that's moſt fixt.
Mer. A moſt incomparable; breath'd, as it were,
To an untirable and continuate goodneſs:
He paſſes.
Jew. I have a jewel † here:

[13] incomparable man, breath'd

Mer. O, pray, let's ſee't: For the lord *Timon*, ſir?
Jew. If he will touch the eſtimate; But, for that,—
Poe. *When we for recompence have prais'd the vile,*
It ſtains the glory in that happy verſe
Which aptly ſings the good. [*repeating to himſelf.*
Mer. 'Tis a good form. [*looking on the Jewel.*
Jew. And rich: here is a water, look you.
Pai. You are rapt, ſir, in ſome work, ſome dedication
To the great lord.
Poe. A thing ſlipt idly from me.
Our poeſy is as a gum, which iſſues
From whence 'tis nouriſhed: The fire i'the flint
Shews not, 'till it be ſtrook; our gentle flame
Provokes itſelf, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes. What have you † there?
Pai. A picture, ſir.
And when comes your book forth?
Poe. Upon the heels
Of my preſentment, ſir. Let's ſee your piece.
Pai. 'Tis a good piece.
Poe. So 'tis: this comes off well and excellent.
Pai. Indifferent.
Poe. Admirable: How this grace
Speaks his own ſtanding? what a mental power
This eye ſhoots forth? how big imagination
Moves in this lip? to the dumbneſs of the geſture
One might interpret.
Pai. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch; Is't good?
Poe. I will ſay of it,
It tutors nature: artificial ſtrife
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

11 a Gowne, which uſes 15 chaſes

Enter certain Senators, and paſs over.

Pai. How this lord is follow'd!

Poe. The ſenators of *Athens*; — Happy man!

Pai. Look, more.

Poe. You ſee this confluence, this great flood of visitors.
I have, in this † rough work, ſhap'd out a man,
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With ampleſt entertainment: My free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves itſelf
In a wide ſea of wax: no level'd malice
Infects one comma in the courſe I hold;
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.

Pai. How ſhall I underſtand you?

Poe. I'll unbolt to you.
You ſee, how all conditions, how all minds,
(As well of glib and ſlippery creatures, as
Of grave and auſtere quality) tender down
Their ſervices to lord *Timon:* his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All ſorts of hearts; yea, from the glaſs-fac'd flatterer
To *Apemantus*, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himſelf; even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Moſt rich in *Timon*'s nod.

Pai. I ſaw them ſpeak together.

Poe. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill
Feign'd fortune to be thron'd: The baſe o'the mount
Is rank'd with all deſerts, all kind of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this ſphere
To propagate their ſtates: amongſt them all,

Whose eyes are on this ſovereign lady fixt,
One do I perſonate of lord *Timon*'s frame,
Whom fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her;
Whose present grace to present ſlaves and ſervants
Tranſlates his rivals.

Pai. 'Tis conceiv'd to ſcope.
This throne, this fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the reſt below,
Bowing his head againſt the ſteepy mount
To climb his happineſs, would be well expreſt
In our condition.

Poe. Nay, ſir, but hear me on:
All those which were his fellows but of late,
(Some better than his value) on the moment
Follow his ſtrides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain ſacrificial whiſperings in his ear,
Make ſacred even his ſtirrop, and through him
Drink the free air.

Pai. Ay, marry, what of these?

Poe. When fortune, in her ſhift and change of mood,
Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants,
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands, let him ſlip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pai. 'Tis common:
A thousand moral paintings I can ſhew,
That ſhall demonſtrate these quick blows of fortune
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well,
To ſhew lord *Timon*, that mean eyes have ſeen
The foot above the head.

Flouriſh. Enter Timon, *attended*; Servant *of* Ventidius *talking with him.*

23 ſit downe

Tim. Imprison'd is he, ſay you?

Ser. Ay, my good lord: five talents is his debt;
His means moſt ſhort, his creditors moſt ſtrait:
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have ſhut him up; which failing him,
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble *Ventidius!* Well;
I am not of that feather, to ſhake off
My friend when he muſt need me. I do know him
A gentleman, that well deserves a help,
Which he ſhall have:—I'll pay the debt, and free him.

Ser. Your lordſhip ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him: I will ſend his ranſom;
And, being enfranchiz'd, bid him come to me:—
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to ſupport him after.—Fare you well.

Ser. All happineſs to your honour! [*Exit.*

Enter an old Athenian.

o. A. Lord *Timon*, hear me ſpeak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

o. A. Thou haſt a ſervant nam'd *Lucilius.*

Tim. I have ſo: What of him?

o. A. Moſt noble *Timon*, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no?—*Lucilius!*

Enter Lucilius.

Luc. Here, at your lordſhip's ſervice.

o. A. This fellow here, lord *Timon*, this thy creature,
By night frequents my houſe. I am a man
That from my firſt have been inclin'd to thrift;
And my eſtate deserves an heir more rais'd,
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well; what further?

5 failing to him

o. A. One only daughter have I, no kin elſe,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o'the youngeſt for a bride,
And I have bred her at my deareſt coſt
In qualities of the beſt. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I pr'ythee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myſelf have ſpoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honeſt.

o. A. Therefore he will be, *Timon:*
His honeſty rewards him in itſelf,
It muſt not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does ſhe love him?

o. A. She is young, and apt:
Our own precedent paſſions do inſtruct us
What levity's in youth.

Tim. Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good lord, and ſhe accepts of it.

o. A. If in her marriage my conſent be miſſing,
I call the gods to witneſs, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And diſpoſſeſs her all.

Tim. How ſhall ſhe be endow'd,
If ſhe be mated with an equal husband?

o. A. Three talents, on the present; in future, all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath ſerv'd me long;
To build his fortune, I will ſtrain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:
What you beſtow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

o. A. Moſt noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, ſhe is his.

Tim. My hand † to thee; mine honour on my promise.
Luc. Humbly I thank your lordſhip: Never may
That ſtate or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you.
[*Exeunt* Lucilius, *and old* Athenian.
Poe. Vouchſafe my ‡ labour, and long live your lordſhip. [*presenting his Poem.*
Tim. I thank you; you ſhall hear from me anon:
Go not away. — What have you there, my friend?
Pai. A piece of painting; which I do beſeech
Your lordſhip to accept. [*presenting it.*
Tim. Painting is welcome.
The painting is almoſt the natural man;
For ſince diſhonour trafficks with man's nature,
He is but outſide: these pencil'd figures are
Even ſuch as they give out. I like your work;
And you ſhall find, I like it: wait attendance
'Till you hear further from me.
Pai. The gods preserve you!
Tim. Well fare you, gentleman: give me your hand;
[*to the Merchant.*
We muſt needs dine together. — Sir, your jewel
Hath ſuffer'd under praiſe.
Jew. What, my lord? diſpraiſe?
Tim. A meer ſatiety of commendations.
If I ſhould pay you for't as 'tis extol'd,
It would unclew me quite.
Jew. My lord, 'tis rated
As those, which ſell, would give: But you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prized by their maſters: believe't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord; he ſpeaks the common tongue, Which all men ſpeak with him.

Enter Apemantus.

Tim. Look, who comes here:
Will you be chid?

Jew. We'll bear it with your lordſhip.

Mer. He'll ſpare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle *Apemantus.*

Ape. 'Till I be gentle, ſtay thou for thy good morrow.

Mer. When will that be? [honeſt.

Ape. When thou art *Timon*'s dog, and these knaves

Tim. Why doſt thou call them knaves? thou know'ſt

Ape. Are they not *Athenians?* [them not.

Tim. Yes.

Ape. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, *Apemantus.*

Ape. Thou know'ſt, I do; I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, *Apemantus.*

Ape. Of nothing ſo much, as that I am not like *Timon.*

Tim. Whither art going?

Ape. To knock out an honeſt *Athenian*'s brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt dye for.

Ape. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How lik'ſt thou this † picture, *Apemantus?*

Ape. The beſt, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well, that painted it?

Ape. He wrought better, that made the painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Pai. You're a dog.

Ape. Thy mother's of my generation; What's ſhe, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, *Apemantus?*

Ape. No; I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou ſhould'ſt, thou'dſt anger ladies.

Ape. O, they eat lords; ſo they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a laſcivious apprehenſion.

Ape. So thou apprehend'ſt it; take it for thy labour.

Tim. How doſt thou like this † jewel, *Apemantus?*

Ape. Not ſo well as plain-dealing, which will not coſt a man a doit.

Tim. What doſt thou think 'tis worth?

Ape. Not worth my thinking.—How now, Poet?

Poe. How now, philoſopher?

Ape. Thou ly'ſt.

Poe. Art not one?

Ape. Yes.

Poe. Then I lye not.

Ape. Art not a poet?

Poe. Yes.

Ape. Then thou ly'ſt: look in thy laſt work, where thou haſt feign'd him a worthy fellow.

Poe. That's not feign'd, he is ſo.

Ape. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour: He, that loves to be flatter'd, is worthy o'the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

Tim. What would'ſt do then, *Apemantus?*

Ape. E'en as *Apemantus* does now, hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyſelf?

Ape. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Ape. That I had ſo hungry a wit, to be a lord.—Art not thou a merchant?

[8] caſt [31] had no angry wit

Mer. Ay, *Apemantus.*

Ape. Traffick confound thee, if the gods will not!

Mer. If traffick do it, the gods do it.

Ape. Traffick's thy god, and thy god confound thee!

Trumpet. Enter a Servant.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Ser. 'Tis *Alcibiades*, and ſome twenty horſe,
All of companionſhip.

Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us.—
[*Exeunt ſome Attendants.*
You muſt needs dine with me:—Go not you hence,
'Till I have thank'd you; and, when dinner's done,
Shew me this piece.—I am joyful of your ſights.—

Enter Alcibiades, *and his Company.*

Moſt welcome, ſir. [*they ſalute.*

Ape. So, ſo; there!—
Aches contract and ſtarve your ſupple joints!—
That there ſhould be ſmall love 'mongſt these ſweet knaves,
And all this courteſy! The ſtrain of man's bred out
Into baboon and monkey.

Alc. Sir, you have ſav'd my longing, and I feed
Moſt hungerly on your ſight.

Tim. Right welcome, ſir:
Ere we depart, we'll ſhare a bounteous time
In different pleaſures. Pray you, let us in.
[*Exeunt All but* Apemantus.

Enter two Lords.

1. *L.* What time of day is't, *Apemantus?*

Ape. Time to be honeſt.

1. *L.* That time ſerves ſtill.

Ape. The moſt accurſed thou, that ſtill omit'ſt it.

2. *L.* Thou art going to lord *Timon*'s feaſt?

16 So, ſo; their Aches 18 amongeſt

Ape. Ay; to ſee meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

2. *L*. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Ape. Thou art a fool, to bid me farewel twice.

2. *L*. Why, *Apemantus?*

Ape. Should'ſt have kept one to thyſelf, for I mean to give thee none.

1. *L*. Hang thyſelf.

Ape. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make thy requeſts to thy friend.

2. *L*. Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll ſpurn thee hence.

Ape. I will fly, like a dog, the heels o'the aſs.

[*Exit* Apemantus.

1. *L*. He's opposite to humanity. Come, ſhall we in,
And taſte lord *Timon*'s bounty? he out-goes
The very heart of kindneſs.

2. *L*. He pours it out; *Plutus*, the god of gold,
Is but his ſteward: no meed, but he repays
Sevenfold above itſelf; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All uſe of quittance.

1. *L*. The nobleſt mind he carries,
That ever govern'd man.

2. *L*. Long may he live
In fortunes! Shall we in?

1. *L*. I'll keep you company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The ſame. A State-Room in the ſame. Muſick. A great Banquet ſerv'd in*; Flavius, *and other Domeſticks, waiting. Flouriſh, and Enter* Timon, *attended*; Alcibiades, Ventidius, *Senators, Lords*, &c: *then comes dropping in after all,* Apemantus *diſcontentedly.*

Ven. Moſt honour'd *Timon*,
'T hath pleas'd the gods in kindneſs to remember
My father's age, and call him to long peace.
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return those † talents,
Doubl'd, with thanks, and ſervice, from whose help
I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,
Honeſt *Ventidius:* you miſtake my love;
I gave it freely ever; and there's none
Can truly ſay, he gives, if he receives:
If our betters play at that game, we muſt not dare
To imitate them; Faults, that are rich, are fair.

Ven. A noble ſpirit.

Tim. Nay, my lords, ceremony
[*inviting them to ſit to Table.*
Was but devis'd at firſt
To ſet a gloſs on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodneſs, ſorry ere 'tis ſhown;
But where there is true friendſhip, there needs none.
Pray, ſit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
Than they to me. [*they ſit.*

1. *L.* My lord, we always have confeſt it.

Ape. Ho, ho, confeſt it? hang'd it, have you not?

Tim. O, *Apemantus!*—you are welcome.

Ape. No;
You ſhall not make me welcome:
I come to have thee thruſt me out of doors.

Tim. Fie, thou'rt a churl; you have got a humour there
Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame:—
They ſay, my lords, that *ira furor brevis eſt*,

† Then my Fortunes to

But yonder man is ever angry. —
Go, let him have a table by himſelf; [*to Att.*
For he does neither affect company,
Nor is he fit for it, indeed.
Ape. Do, let me ſtay at thine own peril, *Timon*;
I come to obſerve, I give thee warning on't.
Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou'rt an *Athenian*,
And therefore welcome: I myſelf would have
No power, but, pr'ythee, let my meat make thee ſilent.
Ape. I ſcorn thy meat; 'twould choak me, for I ſhould
Ne'er flatter thee. — O you gods, what a number
Of men eat *Timon*, and he ſees 'em not!
'T grieves me, to ſee ſo many dip their meat
In one man's blood; and all the madneſs is,
He cheers them up too.
I wonder, men dare truſt themſelves with men:
Methinks, they ſhould invite them without knives;
Good for their meat, and ſafer for their lives.
There's much example for't; the fellow, that
Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges
The breath of him in a divided draught,
Is the readieſt man to kill him: 't has been prov'd.
If I were a huge man now, I ſhould fear
To drink at meals;
Leſt they ſhould ſpy my wind-pipe's dangerous notes:
Great men ſhould drink with harneſs on their throats.
Tim. My lord, in heart; and let the health go round.
[*to a Lord, who drinks to him.*
2. *L.* Let it flow this way, my good lord.
Ape. Flow this way!
A moſt brave fellow! he keeps his tides well. *Timon*,
Thoſe healths will make thee, and thy ſtate, look ill.

5 thine apperill 12 eats 13 there meate

Here's † that, which is too weak to be a ſinner,
Honeſt water, which ne'er left man i'the mire:
This, and my food, are equals; there's no odds.
Feaſts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.
Immortal gods, I crave no pelf; [*Grace.*
I pray for no man but myſelf:
Grant I may never prove ſo fond,
To truſt man on his oath, or bond;
Or a harlot, for her weeping;
Or a dog, that ſeems aſleeping;
Or a keeper with my freedom;
Or my friends, if I ſhould need 'em.
Amen. So fall to't:
Rich men ſin, and I eat root.
Much good dich thy good heart, *Apemantus.*
[*falls to his Dinner apart.*

Tim. Captain *Alcibiades*, your heart's in the field now.

Alc. My heart is ever at your ſervice, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfaſt of enemies, than a dinner of friends.

Alc. So they were bleeding new, my lord, there's no meat like 'em; I could wiſh my beſt friend at ſuch a feaſt.

Ape. 'Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then; that thou might'ſt kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.

1. *L.* Might we but have that happineſs, my lord, that you would once uſe our hearts, whereby we might expreſs ſome part of our zeals, we ſhould think ourſelves for ever perfect.

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themſelves have provided that I ſhall have much help from you: How had you been my friends elſe? why

25 that then thou

have you that charitable title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myſelf, than you can with modeſty ſpeak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we ſhould ne'er have need of them? they were the moſt needleſs creatures living, ſhould we ne'er have uſe for them: and would moſt resemble ſweet inſtruments hung up in caſes, that keep their ſounds to themſelves. Why, I have often wiſh'd myſelf poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: And what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a pretious comfort 'tis, to have ſo many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! o joy, e'en made away ere't can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, me thinks: to forget their faults, I drink † to you.

Ape. Thou weep'ſt to make them drink, *Timon.*

2. *L.* Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And, at that inſtant, like a babe ſprung up.

Ape. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a baſtard.

3. *L.* I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

Ape. Much! [*Trumpet within.*

Tim. What means that trump? — How now?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies moſt desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? what are their wills?

Ser. There comes with them a fore-runner, my lord, which bears that office, to ſignify their pleaſures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy *Timon*; — and to all
That of his bountie taſte! — The five beſt ſenſes
Acknowledge thee their patron; and are come
Freely to gratulate thy plenteous bosom:
The ear, taſte, touch, ſmell, pleas'd from thy table rise;
These only now come but to feaſt thine eyes.

Tim. They're welcome all; let them have kind admittance: —
Muſick, make known their welcome. [*Exit* Cupid.

1. *L.* You ſee, my lord, how ample you're belov'd.

Muſick. Re-enter Cupid *with Maſque of Ladies, dreſt like* Amazons, *with Lutes in their Hands, dancing, and playing.*

Ape. Hey-day! why, what a ſweep of vanity
Comes this way! And they dance! they are mad women.
Like madneſs is the glory of this life,
As this pomp ſhews to a little oil, and root.
We make ourſelves fools, to diſport ourſelves;
And ſpend our flatteries, to drink those men,
Upon whose age we void it up again,
With poisonous ſpite, and envy. Who lives, that's not
Depraved, or depraves? who dies, that bears
Not one ſpurn to their graves of their friends' gift?
I ſhould fear, those, that dance before me now,
Would one day ſtamp upon me: 'T has been done;
Men ſhut their doors againſt a ſetting ſun.

The Lords riſe from Table, with much adoring of Timon; *and, to ſhew their Loves, each ſingles out an* Amazon, *and all dance, Men with Women, a lofty Strain or two to the Hautboys, and ceaſe.*

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair
Set a fair faſhion on our entertainment, [ladies,

5 There taſte, touch all, 6 They onely 10 *Luc.* You ſee

Which was not half ſo beautiful and kind;
You have added grace unto't, and lively luſtre,
And entertain'd me with mine own device;
I am to thank you for't.

1. L. My lord, you take us even at the beſt.

Ape. 'Faith, for the worſt is filthy; and would not hold
Taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is within an idle banquet
Attends you; Please you to diſpose yourſelves?

Lad. Moſt thankfully, my lord.

[*Exeunt* Cupid, *and Ladies.*

Tim. Flavius,—

Ste. My lord.

Tim. The little caſket bring me hither.

Ste. Yes, my lord.—

"More jewels! There's no croſſing him in his humour;"
"Elſe I ſhould tell him,—Well,—i' faith, I ſhould,"
"When all's ſpent, he'd be croſt then, an he could."
"'Tis pity, bounty had not eyes behind;"
"That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind."

[*Exit, and returns with the Caſket.*

1. L. Where be our men, ho?

Ser. Here, my lord, in readineſs.

2. L. Our horſes.

Tim. O my friends, I have one word
To ſay to you:—Look you, my good lord, I muſt
Intreat you, honour me ſo much, as to
Advance this † jewel; accept, and wear it, kind my lord.

1. L. I am ſo far already in your gifts,—

Lor. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My lord, there are certain nobles of the ſenate

† Jewels yet?

Newly alighted, and come to visit you.
Tim. They are fairly welcome.
Ste. I beſeech your honour,
Vouchſafe me a word; it does concern you near.
Tim. Near? why, then another time I'll hear thee:
I pr'ythee, let us be provided now
To ſhew them entertainment.
Ste. "I ſcarce know how."
Enter a Servant.
Ser. May it please your honour, the lord *Lucius*,
Out of his free love, hath presented to you
Four milk-white horſes, trapt in ſilver.
Tim. I ſhall accept them fairly: let the presents
Enter another Servant.
Be worthily entertain'd. — How now? what news?
Ser. Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman,
The lord *Lucullus*, entreats your company
To-morrow, to hunt with him; and has ſent you
Two brace of grey-hounds.
Tim. I'll hunt with him; And let them be receiv'd,
Not without fair reward.
Ste. "What will this come to?"
"He here commands us to provide, and give"
"Great gifts, and all out of an empty coffer:"
"Nor will he know his purſe; or yield me this,"
"To ſhew him what a beggar his heart is,"
"Being of no power to make his wiſhes good:"
"His promiſes fly ſo beyond his ſtate,"
"That what he ſpeaks is all in debt, he owes"
"For every word; he is ſo kind, that he now"
"Pays intereſt for't; his land's put to their books."
"Well, would I were gently put out of office,"

18 ſent your honour

"Before I were forc'd out!"
"Happier is he that has no friends to feed,"
"Than ſuch that do e'en enemies exceed."
"I do bleed inwardly for my lord." [*Exit.*

Tim. You do yourſelves much wrong, you bate too much
Of your own merits:—My lord, a trifle † of our love.

2. *L.* With more than common thanks I will receive it.

3. *L.* O, he's the very ſoul of bounty!

Tim. And now
I do remember me, my lord, you gave
Good words the other day of a bay courſer
I rode on: it is yours, because you lik'd it.

1. *L.* O, I beſeech you, pardon me, my lord,
In that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord; I know,
No man can juſtly praiſe, but what he does affect:
I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;
I tell you true. I'll call on you.

Lor. O, none ſo welcome.

Tim. I take all and your ſeveral viſitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give;
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary.—*Alcibiades*,
Thou art a ſoldier, therefore ſeldom rich,
It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living
Is 'mongſt the dead; and all the lands thou haſt
Lye in a pitcht field.

Alc. I defy land, my lord.

1. *L.* We are ſo virtuouſly bound,—

Tim. And ſo
Am I to you.

2. *L.* So infinite endear'd,—

† merits. Heere my [18] I'le tell—call to you

Tim. All to you.—Lights, more lights.
1. *L.* The beſt of happineſs,
Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, lord *Timon!*
Tim. Ready for his friends.
[*Exeunt* Alcibiades, Lords, &c.
Ape. What a coil's here!
Serring of becks, and jutting out of bums!
I doubt, whether their legs be worth the ſums
That are given for 'em. Friendſhip's full of dregs:
Methinks, falſe hearts ſhould never have ſound legs.
Thus honeſt fools lay out their wealth on court'ſies.
Tim. Now, *Apemantus*, if thou wert not ſullen,
I would be good to thee.
Ape. No, I'll nothing: for,
If I ſhould be brib'd too, there'd be none left
To rail upon thee; and then thou would'ſt ſin the faſter.
Thou giv'ſt ſo long, *Timon*, I fear me, thou
Wilt give away thyſelf in proper ſhortly:
What need theſe feaſts, pomps, and vain-glories?
Tim. Nay,
An you begin to rail once on ſociety,
I am ſworn, not to give regard to you.
Farewel; and come with better muſick. [*Exit.*
Ape. So;
Thou wilt not hear me now,—thou ſhalt not then,
I'll lock thy heaven from thee. O, that men's ears ſhould be
To counſel deaf, but not to flattery! [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The ſame. A Room in a Senator's Houſe. Enter* Senator, *with Papers in his Hand.*

7 ſerving 18 paper 21 on Societie once

[*Iſidore*,

Sen. And late, five thouſand; — To *Varro*, and to
He owes nine thouſand; — beſides my former ſum,
Which makes it five and twenty. Still in motion
Of raging waſte? It cannot hold; it will not.
If I want gold, ſteal but a beggar's dog,
And give it *Timon*, why, the dog coins gold:
If I would ſell my horſe, and buy ten more
Better than he, why, give my horſe to *Timon*,
Aſk nothing, give it him, it foals me ſtraight
Ten able horſes: No porter at his gate;
But rather one that ſmiles, and ſtill invites
All that paſs by. It cannot hold; no reason
Can found his ſtate on ſafety. — *Caphis*, ho!
Caphis, I ſay!

Enter CAPHIS.

Cap. Here, ſir; What is your pleaſure?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haſte you to lord *Timon*;
Impórtune him for my monies: be not ceaſ'd
With ſlight denial; nor then ſilenc'd, when —
Commend me to your maſter — and the cap
Plays in the right hand, † thus: but tell him, ſirrah,
My uſes cry to me, I muſt ſerve my turn
Out of mine own; his days and times are paſt,
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Have ſmit my credit: I love, and honour him;
But muſt not break my back, to heal his finger:
Immediate are my needs; and my relief
Muſt not be toſt and turn'd to me in words,
But find ſupply immediate. Get you gone:
Put on a moſt importunate aſpect,
A viſage of demand; for, I do fear,

[8] buy twenty more [11] And able [14] ſtate in ſaf-

When every feather ſticks in his own wing,
Lord *Timon* will be left a naked gull,
Which flaſhes now a phœnix. Get you gone.

Cap. I go, ſir.

Sen. I go, ſir? take the bonds † along with you;
And have the dates in compt.

Cap. I will, ſir.

Sen. Go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The ſame. A Hall in* Timon's *Houſe.*

Enter Steward, *with many Bills in his Hand.*

Ste. No care, no ſtop! ſo ſenſeleſs of expence,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor ceaſe his flow of riot: Takes no account
How things go from him; nor reſumes no care
Of what is to continue; Never mind
Was to be ſo unwiſe, to be ſo kind.
What ſhall be done? he will not hear, 'till feel:
I muſt be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
Fie, fie, fie, fie!

Enter Caphis, Isidore, *and* Varro.

Cap. Good even, *Varro:* What,
You come for money?

Var. Is't not your buſineſs too?

Cap. It is;—And yours too, *Iſidore?*

Isi. It is ſo.

Cap. 'Would we were all diſcharg'd.

Var. I fear't.

Cap. Here comes the lord.

Enter Timon, *with* Alcibiades, *Lords*, &c.

Tim. So ſoon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,
My *Alcibiades.*—With me? What is your will?

† dates in. Come. ‡ reſume

Cap. My lord, here † is a note of certain dues.
Tim. Dues? Whence are you?
Cap. Of *Athens* here, my lord.
Tim. Go to my ſteward.
Cap. Please it your lordſhip, he hath put me off
To the ſucceſſion of new days this month:
My maſter is awak'd by great occasion,
To call upon his own; and humbly prays you,
That with your other noble parts you'll ſuit,
In giving him his right.
Tim. Mine honeſt friend,
I pr'ythee, but repair to me next morning.
Cap. Nay, good my lord,—
Tim. Contain thyſelf, good friend.
Var. One *Varro*'s † ſervant, my good lord,—
Isi. From † *Iſidore*;
He humbly prays your ſpeedy payment,—
Cap. If you
Did know, my lord, my maſter's wants,—
Var. 'Twas due
On forfeiture, my lord, ſix weeks, and paſt.
Isi. Your ſteward puts me off, my lord; and I
Am ſent expreſsly to your lordſhip.
Tim. Give me breath:—
I do beſeech you, good my lords, keep on;
[*Exeunt* Alcibiades, *Lords*, &c.
I'll wait upon you inſtantly.—Come hither; Pray you,
[*to the Steward.*
How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd
With clamorous demands of broken bonds,
And the detention of long-ſince-due debts,
Againſt my honour?

30 of debt, broken

Ste. Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this buſineſs:
Your impórtunacy ceaſe, 'till after dinner;
That I may make his lordſhip underſtand
Wherefore you are not pay'd.

Tim. Do ſo, my friends: —
See them well entertain'd. [*Exit* Timon.

Ste. Pray you, draw near. [*Exit* Steward.

Enter Apemantus, *and a* Fool.

Cap. Stay, ſtay, here comes the fool with *Apemantus*; let's have ſome ſport with 'em.

Var. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Isi. A plague upon him, dog!

Var. How doſt, fool?

Ape. Doſt dialogue with thy ſhadow?

Var. I ſpeak not to thee.

Ape. No, 'tis to thyſelf. — Come away.

Isi. There's the fool hangs on your back already.

Ape. No, thou ſtand'ſt ſingle, thou art not on him yet.

Cap. Where's the fool now?

Ape. He laſt aſk'd the queſtion. Poor rogues, and usurer's men; bawds between gold and want!

Ser. What are we, *Apemantus?*

Ape. Aſſes.

Ser. Why?

Ape. That you aſk me, what you are, and do not know yourſelves. — Speak to 'em, fool.

Foo. How do you, gentlemen?

Ser. Gramercies, good fool: How does your miſtreſs?

Foo. She's e'en ſetting on water, to ſcald ſuch chickens as you are. 'Would we could ſee you at *Corinth!*

Ape. Good! gramercy.

Enter a Page.

Foo. Look you, here comes my maſter's page.

Pag. Why, how now, captain? what do you in this wise company?—How doſt thou, *Apemantus?*

Ape. 'Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might anſwer thee profitably.

Pag. Pr'ythee, *Apemantus*, read me the ſuperſcription of these † letters; I know not which is which.

Ape. Can'ſt not read?

Pag. No.

Ape. There will little learning dye then, that day thou art hang'd. This † is to lord *Timon*; this † to *Alcibiades*. Go; thou waſt born a baſtard, and thou'lt dye a bawd.

Pag. Thou waſt whelp'd a dog; and thou ſhalt famiſh, a dog's death. Anſwer not, I am gone. [*Exit* Page.

Ape. Even ſo thou out-run'ſt grace.—Fool, I will go with you to lord *Timon*'s.

Foo. Will you leave me there?

Ape. If *Timon* ſtay at home.—You three ſerve three uſurers?

Ser. Ay; 'would they ſerv'd us!

Ape. So would I; as good a trick as ever hangman ſerv'd thief.

Foo. Are you three uſurers' men?

Ser. Ay, fool.

Foo. I think, no uſurer but has a fool to his ſervant: My miſtreſs is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your maſters, they approach ſadly, and go away merry; but they enter my maſter's houſe merrily, and go away ſadly: The reason of this?

Var. I could render one.

Ape. Do it then, that we may account thee a whore-maſter, and a knave; which notwithſtanding, thou ſhalt be no leſs eſteemed.

Var. What is a whore-maſter, fool?

Foo. A fool in good cloaths, and ſomething like thee. 'Tis a ſpirit: ſometime, 't appears like a lord; ſometime, like a lawyer; ſometime, like a philoſopher, with two ſtones more than's artificial one: He is very often like a knight; and, generally, in all ſhapes, that man goes up and down in, from fourſcore to thirteen, this ſpirit walks in.

Var. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Foo. Nor thou altogether a wiſe man: as much foolery as I have, ſo much wit thou lack'ſt.

Ape. That anſwer might have become *Apemantus.*

Ser. Aſide, aſide; here comes lord *Timon.*

Re-enter Timon, *and* Steward.

Ape. Come with me, fool, come.

Foo. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; ſometime, the philoſopher.

[*Exeunt* Fool, *and* Apemantus.

Ste. Pray you, walk near; I'll ſpeak with you anon.

[*Exeunt* Servants.

Tim. You make me marvel: Wherefore, ere this time,
Had you not fully lay'd my ſtate before me;
That I might ſo have rated my expence,
As I had leave of means?

Ste. You would not hear me,
At many leiſures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to:
Perchance, ſome ſingle vantages you took,
When my indiſpoſition put you back;

And that unaptneſs made you miniſter,
Thus to excuſe yourſelf.
Ste. O my good lord,
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Lay'd them before you; you would throw them off,
And ſay, you found them in mine honeſty.
When, for ſome trifling preſent, you have bid me
Return ſo much, I have ſhook my head, and wept;
Yea, 'gainſt the authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more cloſe: I did endure
Not ſeldom, nor no ſlight checks; when I have
Prompted you, in the ebb of your eſtate,
And your great flow of debts. My dear-lov'd lord,
Though you hear now, yet now's too late a time;
The greateſt of your having lacks a half
To pay your preſent debts.
Tim. Let all my land be ſold.
Ste. 'Tis all engag'd, ſome forfeited and gone;
And what remains will hardly ſtop the mouth
Of preſent dues: the future comes apace:
What ſhall defend the interim? and at length
How goes our reck'ning?
Tim. To *Lacedæmon* did my land extend.
Ste. O my good lord, the world is but a word;
Were it all yours, to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone?
Tim. You tell me true.
Ste. If you ſuſpect my husbandry, or falſhood,
Call me before the exacteſt auditors,
And ſet me on the proof. So the gods bleſs me,
When all our offices have been oppreſt
With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept

14 (too late) yet nowes

With drunken ſpilth of wine; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minſtrelſy;
I have retir'd me to a waſtful cock,
And ſet mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Pr'ythee, no more.

Ste. Heavens, have I ſaid, the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits have ſlaves, and peasants,
This night englutted! Who not̃ is not *Timon*'s?
What heart, head, ſword, force, means, but is lord *Timon*'s?
Great *Timon*'s, noble, worthy, royal *Timon*'s?
Ah, when the means are gone, that buy this praiſe,
The breath is gone whereof this praiſe is made:
Feaſt-won, faſt-loſt; one cloud of winter ſhowers,
These flies are coucht.

Tim. Come, ſermon me no further:
No villanous bounty yet hath paſt my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why doſt thou weep? Canſt thou the conſcience lack,
To think I ſhall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
If I would broach the veſſels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,
Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly use,
As I can bid thee ſpeak.

Ste. Aſſurance bleſs your thoughts!

Tim. And, in ſome ſort, these wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them bleſſings; for by these
Shall I try friends: You ſhall perceive, how you
Miſtake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.—
Within there, ho! *Flaminius! Servilius!*

Enter Flaminius, Servilius, *and other Servants.*

Ser. My lord, my lord,—

Tim. I will dispatch you severally. — You, to lord *Lucius*, —
To lord *Lucullus*, you; I hunted with his
Honour to-day, — you, to *Sempronius*, —
Commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, say,
That my occasions have found time to use them
Toward a supply of money: let the request
Be fifty talents.

Fla. As you have said, my lord.

Ste. "Lord *Lucius*, and *Lucullus?* hum!"

Tim. Go you, sir, to the senators,
(Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
Deserv'd this hearing) bid 'em send o'the instant
A thousand talents to me.

Ste. I have been bold,
(For that I knew it the most general way)
To them to use your signet, and your name;
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true? can't be?

Ste. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry — you are honourable,
But yet they could have wish'd — they know not, but
Something hath been amiss — a noble nature
May catch a wrench — would all were well — 'tis pity —
And so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps, and cold-moving nods,
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods reward them! —
I pr'ythee, man, look cheerly: These old fellows

Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it ſeldom flows;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is faſhion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy. —
Go to *Ventidius*, — Pr'ythee, be not ſad,
Thou art true, and honeſt; ingenuouſly I ſpeak,
No blame belongs to thee: — *Ventidius* lately
Bury'd his father; by whose death, he is ſtept
Into a great eſtate: when he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in ſcarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents: Greet him from me;
Bid him ſuppose, ſome good neceſſity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents: — that had, give 't these fellows,
To whom 'tis inſtant due. Ne'er ſpeak, or think,
That *Timon*'s fortunes 'mong his friends can ſink.

Ste. I would, I could not think it; That thought is bounty's foe;
Being free itſelf, it thinks all others ſo. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The ſame. A Room in* Lucullus'*s Houſe.*
FLAMINIUS *waiting*; *Enter a* Servant *to him.*

Ser. I have told my lord of you, he's coming down to you.

FLA. I thank you, ſir.

Enter LUCULLUS.

Ser. Here's my lord.

Luc. "One of lord *Timon*'s men? a gift, I warrant."

"Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a ſilver baſon and" "ewre to-night."—*Flaminius*, honeſt *Flaminius*; you are very reſpectively welcome, ſir.—Fill me ſome wine.—[*Exit* Servant.] And how does that honourable, compleat, free-hearted gentleman of *Athens*, thy very bountiful good lord and maſter?

Fla. His health is well, ſir.

Luc. I am right glad, that his health is well, ſir: And what haſt thou there under thy cloak, pretty *Flaminius?*

Fla. Faith, nothing but an empty box, ſir; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to ſupply: who, having great and inſtant occaſion to uſe fifty talents, hath ſent to your lordſhip to furniſh him; nothing doubting your present aſſiſtance therein.

Luc. La, la, la, la,—nothing doubting, ſays he? Alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep ſo good a houſe. Many a time and often I ha' din'd with him, and told him on't; and come again to ſupper to him, of purpose to have him ſpend leſs: and yet he would embrace no counſel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honeſty is his; I ha' told him on't, but I could ne'er get him from't.

Re-enter Servant, *with Wine.*

Ser. Please your lordſhip, here is the wine.

Luc. *Flaminius*, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee. [*drinking, and giving Wine to him.*

Fla. Your lordſhip ſpeaks your pleasure.

Luc. I have obſerv'd thee always for a towardly prompt ſpirit,—give thee thy due,—and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canſt use the time well, if

the time use thee well: good parts in thee.—Get you gone, ſirrah.—[*Exit* Servant.] Draw nearer, honeſt *Flaminius*. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise; and thou know'ſt well enough, although thou com'ſt to me, that this is no time to lend money; eſpecially upon bare friendſhip, without ſecurity. Here's three ‡ ſolidares for thee; good boy, wink at me, and ſay, thou ſaw'ſt me not. Fare thee well.

Fla. Is't poſſible, the world ſhould ſo much differ;
And we alive, that liv'd? Fly, damned baſeneſs,
[*throwing back the Money.*
To him that worſhips thee.

Luc. Ha! Now I ſee, thou art a fool, and fit for thy maſter. [*Exit* Lucullus.

Fla. May these add to the number that may ſcald thee!
Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou diſeaſe of a friend, and not himſelf!
Has friendſhip ſuch a faint and milky heart,
It turns in leſs than two nights? O you gods,
I feel my maſter's paſſion! This ſlave
Unto this hour has my lord's meat in him:
Why ſhould it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poiſon?
O, may diſeaſes only work upon't! [ture,
And, when he's ſick to death, let not that part of na-
Which my lord pay'd for, be of any power
To expel ſickneſs, but prolong his hour! [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The ſame. A publick Place.*

Enter Lucius, *with three* Strangers.

Luc. Who, the lord *Timon?* he is my very good friend,

‡ unto his Honor

and an honourable gentleman.

1. *S.* We know him for no leſs, though we are but ſtrangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours, now lord *Timon*'s happy hours are done and paſt, and his eſtate ſhrinks from him.

Luc. Fie, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

2. *S.* But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the lord *Lucullus*, to borrow fifty talents; nay, urg'd extreamly for't, and ſhew'd what neceſſity belong'd to't, and yet was deny'd.

Luc. How?

2. *S.* I tell you, deny'd, my lord.

Luc. What a ſtrange caſe was that? now, before the gods, I am aſham'd on't. Deny'd that honourable man? there was very little honour ſhew'd in't. For my own part, I muſt needs confeſs, I have receiv'd ſome ſmall kindneſſes from him, as money, plate, jewels, and ſuch like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he miſtook him, and ſent to me, I ſhould ne'er have deny'd his occasion ſo many talents.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have ſweat to ſee his honour.—My honour'd lord,—

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, ſir. Fare thee well; Commend me to thy honourable, virtuous lord, my very exquiſite friend.

Ser. May it please your honour, my lord hath ſent—

Luc. Ha! what has he ſent? I am ſo much endear'd to that lord; he's ever ſending; How ſhall I thank him, think'ſt thou? And what has he ſent now?

10 borrow ſo many Talents

Ser. H'as only ſent his present occasion now, my lord; requeſting your lordſhip to ſupply his inſtant uſe with fifty talents.

Luc. I know, his lordſhip is but merry with me;
He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants leſs, my lord.
If his occasion were not virtuous,
I ſhould not urge it half ſo faithfully.

Luc. Doſt thou ſpeak ſeriouſly, *Servilius?*

Ser. Upon my ſoul, 'tis true, ſir.

Luc. What a wicked beaſt was I, to diſfurniſh myſelf againſt ſuch a good time, when I might have ſhewn myſelf honourable? how unluckily it happen'd, that I ſhould purchaſe the day before for a little dirt, and undo a great deal of honour? — *Servilius*, now, before the gods, I am not able to do't; the more beaſt, I ſay: I was ſending to use lord *Timon* myſelf, these gentlemen can witneſs; but I would not, for the wealth of *Athens*, I had done't now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordſhip; and, I hope, his honour will conceive the faireſt of me, because I have no power to be kind: And tell him this from me; I count it one of my greateſt afflictions, ſay, that I cannot pleasure ſuch an honourable gentleman. Good *Servilius*, will you befriend me ſo far, as to use mine own words to him?

Ser. Yes, ſir, I ſhall.

Luc. I'll look you out a good turn, *Servilius.* —

[*Exit* Servilius.

True, as you ſaid, *Timon* is ſhrunk, indeed;
And he, that's once deny'd, will hardly ſpeed.

[*Exit* Lucius.

1. *S.* Do you observe this, *Hoſtilius?*

4 with ſo many Talents 14 little part, and

2. *S.* Ay, too well.

1. *S.* Why this is the world's ſoul; And juſt of the ſame piece
Is every flatterer's ſpirit. Who can call him
His friend, that dips in the ſame diſh? for, in
My knowing, *Timon* has been this lord's father,
And kept his credit with his purſe;
Supported his eſtate; nay, *Timon*'s money
Has paid his men their wages: He ne'er drinks,
But *Timon*'s ſilver treads upon his lip;
And yet, (o, ſee the monſtrouſneſs of man,
When he looks out in an ungrateful ſhape!)
He does deny him, in reſpect of his,
What charitable men afford to beggars.

3. *S.* Religion groans at it.

1. *S.* For mine own part,
I never taſted *Timon* in my life,
Nor e'er came any of his bounties over me,
To mark me for his friend; yet, I proteſt,
For his right-noble mind, illuſtrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,
Had his neceſſity made uſe of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the beſt half ſhould have return'd to him,
So much I love his heart: But, I perceive,
Men muſt learn now with pity to diſpenſe;
For policy ſits above conſcience. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The ſame. A Room in* Sempronius' *Houſe.*
Enter SEMPRONIUS, *and* Servant *of* Timon's.

SEM. Muſt he needs trouble me in't, 'bove all others?
He might have try'd lord *Lucius*, or *Lucullus*;

And now *Ventidius* is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison: All these three
Owe their eſtates unto him.
Ser. O my lord,
They have all been touch'd, and found baſe metal; for
They have all deny'd him?
Sem. How! have they deny'd him?
Has Lucius, and *Ventidius*, and *Lucullus*,
Deny'd him, ſay you? and does he ſend to me?
Three? hum!
It ſhews but little love, or judgment, in him.
Muſt I be his laſt refuge then? His friends,
Like thriv'd physicians, give him over; Muſt
I take the cure upon me?
H'as much diſgrac'd me in't; I am angry at him,
That might have known my place: I ſee no ſenſe for't,
But his occasions might have woo'd me firſt;
For, in my conſcience, I was the firſt man,
That e'er receiv'd gift from him:
And does he think ſo backwardly of me now,
That I'll requite it laſt? No: ſo it may prove
An argument of laughter to the reſt,
And among'ſt lords I ſhall be thought a fool.
I had rather than the worth of thrice the ſum,
H'ad ſent to me firſt, but for my mind's ſake;
I had ſuch a courage to have done him good.
But now return,
And with their faint reply this anſwer join;
Who bates mine honour, ſhall not know my coin.
[*Exit* Sempronius.
Ser. Excellent! Your lordſhip's
A goodly villain. The devil knew not what

13 (like Phyſitians) Thrive, 26 to do him

He did, when he made man ſo politick;
He croſſ'd himſelf by't: and I cannot think,
But, in the end, the villanies of man
Will ſet him clear. How fairly this lord ſtrives
To appear foul? takes virtuous copies to
Be wicked by; like thoſe, that, under hot
And ardent zeal, would ſet whole realms on fire:
Of ſuch a nature is his politick love.
This was my lord's beſt hope; now all are fled,
Save the gods only: Now his friends are dead,
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
Many a bounteous year, muſt be employ'd
Now to guard ſure their maſter.
And this is all a liberal courſe allows;
Who cannot keep his wealth, muſt keep his houſe. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The ſame. Hall in* Timon's *Houſe.*

Enter two Servants of Varro's, *meeting* TITUS, LUCIUS, HORTENSIUS, *and Others, Servants to* Timon's *Creditors, waiting his coming out.*

1. *V.* Well met; good morrow, *Titus*, and *Hortenſius*.

TIT. The like to you, kind *Varro*.

HOR. Lucius,
What, do we meet together?

LUC. Ay, and, I think,
One buſineſs does command us all; for mine
Is money.

TIT. So is † theirs, and ours.

Enter PHILOTUS.

LUC. And ſir
Philotus too!

PHI. Good day at once.

† onely the Gods

Luc. Welcome, good brother.
What do you think the hour?
Phi. Labouring for nine.
Luc. So much?
Phi. Is not my lord ſeen yet?
Luc. Not yet.
Phi. I wonder on't; he was won't to ſhine at ſeven.
Luc. Ay, but the days are waxt ſhorter with him:
You muſt conſider, that a prodigal's courſe
Is like the ſun's; but not, like his, recoverable.
I fear,
'Tis deepeſt winter in lord *Timon*'s purſe;
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.
Phi. I am of your fear for that.
Tit. I'll ſhew you how to observe a ſtrange event.
Your lord ſends now for money:
Hor. Moſt true, he does.
Tit. And he wears jewels now of *Timon*'s gift,
For which I wait for money.
Hor. It is againſt my heart.
Luc. Mark you, how ſtrange it ſhows,
Timon in this ſhould pay more than he owes:
And e'en as if your lord ſhould wear rich jewels,
And ſend for money for 'em.
Hor. I am weary of this charge, the gods can witneſs:
I know, my lord hath ſpent of *Timon*'s wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worſe than ſtealth.
1. *V.* Yes, mine's three thousand crowns: What's yours?
Luc. Five thousand mine.
1. *V.* 'Tis much deep: and it ſhould ſeem by the ſum,
Your maſter's confidence was above mine;

Elſe, ſurely, his had equal'd.

Enter FLAMINIUS.

Tit. One of lord *Timon*'s men.

Luc. *Flaminius?* — Sir, a word; Pray, is my lord
Ready to come forth?

Fla. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordſhip; pray, ſignify ſo much.

Fla. I need not tell him that; he knows, you are too
diligent.

Enter Steward *in a Cloke, muffl'd.*

Luc. Ha! is not that his ſteward muffl'd ſo?
He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, ſir? [*Exit* FLAMINIUS.

2. *V.* By your leave, ſir, —

Ste. What do you aſk of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, ſir.

Ste. Ay,
If money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere ſure enough. Why then prefer'd you not
Your ſums, and bills, when your falſe maſters eat
Of my lord's meat? Then they would ſmile, and fawn
Upon his debts, and take down th' intereſt
Into their gluttonous maws. You do yourſelves but wrong,
To ſtir me up; let me paſs quietly:
Believe't, my lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to ſpend.

Luc. Ay, but this anſwer will not ſerve.

Ste. If 'twill not ſerve, 'tis not ſo baſe as you;
For you ſerve knaves. [*Exit* Steward.

1. *V.* How's that? what ſays he? what does
His caſhier'd worſhip mutter?

2. *V.* No matter what; he's poor,
And that's revenge enough. Who can ſpeak broader,

Than he that has no houſe to put his head in?
Such may have leave to rail againſt great buildings.
Enter SERVILIUS.

Tit. O, here's *Servilius*; now we ſhall know
Some anſwer.

Ser. If I might beſeech you, gentlemen,
But to repair ſome other hour, I ſhould
Derive much from't: for, take it o'my ſoul,
My lord leans wondrouſly to diſcontent:
His comfortable temper has forſook him;
He is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Many do keep their chambers, are not ſick:
And, if it be ſo far beyond his health,
Methinks, he ſhould the ſooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.

Ser. Good gods!

Tit. We can't take this for anſwer, ſir.

Fla. [*within.*] *Servilius*, help! my lord, my lord,—
Enter TIMON, Flaminius *following*.

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd againſt my paſſage?
Have I been ever free, and muſt my houſe
Be my retentive enemy, my jail?
The place, which I have feaſted, does it now,
Like all mankind, ſhew me an iron heart?

Luc. Put in now, *Titus*.

Tit. My lord, here is my † bill.

Luc. Here's † mine.

Hor. And † mine, my lord.

*Var*s. And † ours, my lord.

Phi. All our † bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em,
Cleave me to the girdle.

Luc. Alas, my lord,—
Tim. Cut out
My heart in ſums.
Tit. Mine, fifty talents.
Tim. Tell out
My blood.
Luc. Five thouſand crowns, my lord.
Tim. Five thouſand drops
Pays that:—What yours?—and yours?
1. *V.* My lord—
2. *V.* My lord,— [you!
Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon
[*Exit* Timon.

Hor. Faith, I perceive, our maſters may throw their caps at their money; these debts may well be call'd deſperate ones, for a madman owes 'em.

[*Exeunt Creditors'* Servants.

Re-enter Timon, Steward *following*.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the ſlaves: Creditors! devils.
Ste. My dear lord,—
Tim. What if it ſhould be ſo?
Ste. My lord,—
Tim. I'll have it ſo:—My ſteward?—
Ste. Here, my lord.
Tim. So fitly?—Go, bid all my friends again, *Lucius*, *Lucullus*, and *Sempronius*, all;
I'll once more feaſt the raſcals.
Ste. O my lord,
You only ſpeak from your diſtracted ſoul;
There is not ſo much left, to furniſh out
A moderate table.

Tim. Be it not in thy care; go,
I charge thee, invite them all: let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide.

SCENE V. *The ſame. The Senate-Houſe. Senate ſitting. Enter* Alcibiades, *attended.*

1. *S.* My lord, you have my voice to't; the fault's
'Tis neceſſary, he ſhould dye: [bloody;
Nothing emboldens ſin ſo much as mercy.

2. *S.* Moſt true; the law ſhall bruiſe 'em.

Alc. Honour, health, and compaſſion to the ſenate!

1. *S.* Now, captain?

Alc. I am an humble ſuitor to your virtues;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time, and fortune, to lye heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,
Hath ſtept into the law, which is paſt depth
To those that, without heed, do plunge into't.
He is a man, ſetting his fault aſide,
Of comely virtues:
Nor did he ſoil the fact with cowardiſe;
(And honour in him, which buys out his fault)
But, with a noble fury, and fair ſpirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his foe:
And with ſuch ſober and unnoted paſſion
He did behave his anger, ere 'twas ſpent,
As if he had but prov'd an argument.

1. *S.* You undergo too ſtrict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
Your words have took ſuch pains, as if they labour'd

20 his Fate 28 behoove

To bring man-ſlaughter into form, ſet quarrelling
Upon the head of valour; which, indeed,
Is valour miſbegot, and came into the world
When ſects and factions were newly born:
He's truly valiant, that can wisely ſuffer
The worſt that man can breath; and make his wrongs
His outſides, wear them, like his rayment, careleſly;
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis, to hazard life for ill?

Alc. My lord,—

1. *S.* You cannot make groſs ſins look clear;
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

Alc. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
If I ſpeak like a captain.—
Why do fond men expose themſelves to battle,
And not endure all threats? nay, ſleep upon't,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? Or, if there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? why then, ſure, women are more valiant,
That ſtay at home, if bearing carry it;
The aſs, more than the lion; and the fellow
Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,
If wisdom be in ſuffering. O my lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn raſhneſs in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is ſin's extreameſt guſt;
But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis moſt juſt.
To be in anger, is impiety:
But who is man, that is not angry?

[1] forme, and ſet 7 Out-ſides, | To weare 24 v. *Note.*

Weigh but the crime with this.

2. *S.* You breath in vain.

Alc. In vain? his ſervice done
At *Lacedæmon*, and *Byzantium*,
Were a ſufficient briber for his life.

1. *S.* What's that?

Alc. Why, I ſay, my lords, he has done fair ſervice,
And ſlain in fight many of our enemies:
How full of valour did he bear himſelf
In the laſt conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

2. *S.* He has made too much plenty with 'em; he
Is a ſworn rioter: he has a ſin
That often drowns him, takes his valour priſoner;
And, if there were no foes, that were enough
To overcome him: in that beaſtly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cheriſh factions: 'Tis infer'd to us,
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1. *S.* He dies.

Alc. Hard fate! he might have dy'd in war.
My lords, if not for any parts in him,
(Though his right arm might purchaſe his own time,
And be in debt to none) yet, more to move you,
Take my deserts to his, and join 'em both:
And, for I know your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn my victories, all
My honours to you, upon his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receive't in valiant gore;
For law is ſtrict, and war is nothing more.

1. *S.* We are for law, he dies; urge it no more,
On height of our diſpleasure: Friend, or brother,

He forfeits his own blood, that ſpills another.

Alc. Muſt it be ſo? it muſt not be. My lords,
I do beſeech you, know me.

2. *S.* How?

Alc. Call me
To your remembrance.

3. *S.* What?

Alc. I cannot think, but your age has forgot me;
It could not elſe be, I ſhould prove ſo baſe,
To ſue, and be deny'd ſuch common grace:
My wounds ake at you.

1. *S.* Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but ſpacious in effect;
We baniſh thee for ever.

Alc. Baniſh me?
Baniſh your dotage; baniſh uſury,
That makes the ſenate ugly.

1. *S.* If after two days' ſhine *Athens* contain thee,
Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to ſwell your
He ſhall be executed preſently. [ſpirit,

[*Exeunt Senate.*

Alc. Now the gods keep you old; that you may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I am worſe than mad: I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large intereſt; I my ſelf
Rich only in large hurts; All those, for this?
Is this the balſam, that the uſuring ſenate
Pours into captains' wounds? ha! baniſhment?
It comes not ill; I hate not to be baniſh'd,
It is a cause worthy my ſpleen and fury,
That I may ſtrike at *Athens*. I'll cheer up

6 remembrances. 19 ſwell our Spirit 22 old enough, | That

My diſcontented troops, and lay for hearts.
'Tis honour, with moſt lands to be at odds:
Soldiers ſhould brook as little wrongs, as gods. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI. *The ſame. State-Room in* Timon's *Houſe. Muſick. Tables cover'd. Domeſticks attending.*
Enter divers Senators, Lords, &c.

1. *L.* The good time of day to you, ſir.

2. *L.* I alſo wiſh it to you. I think, this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

1. *L.* Upon that were my thoughts tiring, when we encounter'd: I hope, it is not ſo low with him, as he made it ſeem in the trial of his ſeveral friends.

2. *L.* It ſhould not be, by the perſuasion of his new feaſting.

1. *L.* I ſhould think ſo: He hath ſent me an earneſt inviting, which many my near occaſions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjur'd me beyond them, and I muſt needs appear.

2. *L.* In like manner was I in debt to my importunate buſineſs, but he would not hear my excuſe. I am ſorry, when he ſent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

1. *L.* I am ſick of that grief too, as I underſtand how all things go.

2. *L.* Every man here's ſo. What would he have borrow'd of you?

1. *L.* A thouſand pieces.

2. *L.* A thouſand pieces!

1. *L.* What of you?

2. *L.* He ſent to me, ſir,—Here he comes.

Flouriſh. Enter Timon, *attended.*

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both; And how fare you?

1. *L.* Ever at the beſt, hearing well of your lordſhip.

2. *L.* The ſwallow follows not ſummer more willing, than we your lordſhip.

Tim. "Nor more willingly leaves winter; ſuch" "ſummer birds are men." Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompence this long ſtay: feaſt your ears with the muſick a while; if they will fare ſo harſhly, as o'the trumpet's ſound: we ſhall to't presently.

1. *L.* I hope, it remains not unkindly with your lordſhip, that I return'd you an empty meſſenger.

Tim. O, ſir, let it not trouble you.

2. *L.* My noble lord, —

Tim. Ah, my good friend! what cheer?

[*Banquet brought in.*

2. *L.* My moſt honourable lord, I am e'en ſick of ſhame, that, when your lordſhip this other day ſent to me, I was ſo unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, ſir.

2. *L.* If you had ſent but two hours before, —

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance. — [*goes toward the Table.*

Come, bring in all together.

2. *L.* All cover'd diſhes!

1. *L.* Royal chear, I warrant you.

3. *L.* Doubt not that, if money, and the ſeason can yield it.

1. *L.* How do you? What's the news?

3. *L.* *Alcibiades* is baniſh'd: Hear you of it?

1. 2. *Alcibiades* baniſh'd!

3. *L.* 'Tis ſo, be ſure of it.

1. *L.* How? how?

2. *L.* I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3. *L.* I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feaſt toward.

2. *L.* This is the old man ſtill.

3. *L.* Wilt hold? wilt hold?

2. *L.* It does: but time will—and ſo.

3. *L.* I do conceive. [*they approach the Table.*

Tim. Each man to his ſtool, with that ſpur as he would to the lip of his miſtreſs: your diet ſhall be in all places alike. Make not a city feaſt of it, to let the meat cool, ere we can agree upon the firſt place: ſit, ſit. The gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, ſprinkle our ſociety with thankfulneſs. For your own gifts, make yourſelves prais'd: but reſerve ſtill to give, leſt your deities be deſpiſed. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another: for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forſake the gods. Let the meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no aſſembly of twenty be without a ſcore of villains: If there ſit twelve women at a table, let a dozen of them be as they are. The reſt of your fees, o gods, —the ſenators of *Athens*, together with the common lag of people,—what is amiſs in them, you gods, make ſuitable for deſtruction. For these my present friends, —as they are to me nothing, ſo in nothing bleſs them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

Some ſpeak. What does his lordſhip mean?

Some other. I know not.

26 common legge of

Tim. May you a better feaſt never behold,
[*Diſhes diſcover'd, fill'd only with warm Water.*
You knot of mouth-friends! ſmoke, and luke-warm water,
Is your perfection. This is *Timon*'s laſt;
Who, ſtuck and ſpangl'd with your flatteries,
Waſhes it off, and ſprinkles in your faces
Your reeking villany. Live loath'd, and long,
Moſt ſmiling, ſmooth, deteſted paraſites,
Courteous deſtroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,
Cap and knee ſlaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!
Of man, and beaſt, the infinite malady
Cruſt you quite o'er! — What, doſt thou go?
Soft, take thy physick firſt, — thou too, — and thou; —
Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none. —
[*throws the Diſhes at them, and drives them out.*
What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feaſt,
Whereat a villain's not a welcome gueſt.
Burn, houſe; ſink, *Athens!* henceforth hated be
Of *Timon*, man, and all humanity. [*Exit* Timon.

Re-enter Lords, &c.

1. *L.* How now, my lords?

2. *L.* Know you the quality of lord *Timon*'s fury?

3. *L.* Piſh! did you ſee my cap?

4. *L.* I have loſt my gown.

1. *L.* He's but a mad lord, and nought but humours ſways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat: — Did you ſee my jewel?

3. *L.* Did you ſee my cap?

2. *L.* Here † 'tis.

4. *L.* Here lies my † gown.

5 you with 24 Puſh, 30 2. Did 31 3. Here

1. *L.* Let's make no ſtay.
2. *L.* Lord *Timon*'s mad.
3. *L.* I feel't upon my bones.
4. *L.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day ſtones.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The ſame. Fields without the Wall. Enter* TIMON, *meanly habited.*

Tim. Let me look back upon thee, o thou wall,
That girdl'ſt in those wolves; Dive in the earth,
And fence not *Athens!* Matrons, turn incontinent;
Obedience fail in children! ſlaves, and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkl'd ſenate from the bench,
And miniſter in their ſteads! to general filths
Convert o'the inſtant, green virginity,
Do't in your parents' eyes! bankrupts, hold faſt;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your truſters' throats! bound ſervants, ſteal;
Large-handed robbers your grave maſters are,
And pill by law! maid, to thy maſter's bed,
Thy miſtreſs is o'the brothel! ſon of ſixteen,
Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping ſire,
With it beat out his brains! piety, and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, juſtice, truth,
Domeſtick awe, night-reſt, and neighbourhood,
Inſtruction, manners, myſteries, and trades,
Degrees, obſervances, cuſtoms, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,
And let confuſion live! Plagues, incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap

12 girdles 31 And yet Con-

On *Athens*, ripe for ſtroke! thou cold ſciatica,
Cripple our ſenators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners! luſt and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth;
That 'gainſt the ſtream of virtue they may ſtrive,
And drown themſelves in riot! itches, blains,
Sow all the *Athenian* bosoms; and their crop
Be general leproſy! breath infect breath;
That their ſociety, as their friendſhip, may
Be meerly poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee
But nakedneſs, thou déteſtable town:
Take thou that too, with multiplying bans!
Timon will to the woods; where he ſhall find
The unkindeſt beaſt more kinder than mankind.
The gods confound (hear me, you good gods all)
The *Athenians* both within and out that wall!
And grant, as *Timon* grows, his hate may grow
To the whole race of mankind, high, and low!
Amen. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The ſame. Room in* Timon's *Houſe.*

Enter Steward, *and certain* Servants.

1. *S.* Hear you, good maſter ſteward; where's our maſter?
Are we undone? caſt off? nothing remaining?

Ste. Alack, my fellows, what ſhould I ſay to you?
Let be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.

1. *S.* Such a houſe broke!
So noble a maſter fall'n! All gone; and not
One friend, to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him!

2. *S.* As we do turn our backs

From our companion, thrown into his grave;
So his familiars from his bury'd fortunes
Slink all away; leave their falſe vows with him,
Like empty purſes pick'd: and his poor ſelf,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his diſease of all-ſhun'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone. More of our follows.

Enter other Servants.

Ste. All broken implements of a ruin'd houſe.

3. *S.* Yet do our hearts wear *Timon*'s livery,
That ſee I by our faces; we are fellows ſtill,
Serving alike in ſorrow: Leak'd is our bark;
And we, poor mates, ſtand on the dying deck,
Hearing the ſurges threat: we muſt all part
Into this ſea of air.

Ste. Good fellows all,
The lateſt of my wealth I'll ſhare among'ſt you.
Wherever we ſhall meet, for *Timon*'s ſake,
Let's yet be fellows; let's ſhake our heads, and ſay,
As 'twere a knell unto our maſter's fortunes,
We have ſeen better days. Let each take ſome;

[*giving them Money.*

Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:
Thus part we rich in ſorrow, parting poor.

[*embrace, and Exeunt* Servants.

O, the fierce wretchedneſs that glory brings us!
Who would not wiſh to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to miſery, and contempt?
Who'd be ſo mock'd with glory? or to live
But in a dream of friendſhip?
To have his pomp, and all what ſtate compounds,
But only painted, like his varniſh'd friends?

[2] Familiars to his

Poor honeſt lord, brought low by his own heart;
Undone by goodneſs!—Strange, unusual blood,
When man's worſt ſin is, he does too much good!
Who then dares to be half ſo kind again?
For bounty, that makes gods, does ſtill mar men.
My deareſt lord,—bleſt, to be moſt accurſt;
Rich, only to be wretched;—thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
He's flung in rage from this ingrateful ſeat
Of monſtrous friends: nor has he with him to
Supply his life, or that which can command it.
I'll follow, and inquire him out:
I'll ever ſerve his mind with my beſt will;
Whilſt I have gold, I'll be his ſteward ſtill. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Woods; a Cave in View.*

Enter TIMON, *with a Spade.*

Tim. O bleſſed breeding ſun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity; below thy ſiſter's orb
Infect the air! Twin'd brothers of one womb,—
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarce is dividant,—touch them with ſeveral fortunes,
The greater ſcorns the leſſer: Not *his* nature,
To whom all ſores lay ſiege, can bear great fortune,
But by contempt of nature.
Raise me this beggar, and denude that lord;
The ſenator ſhall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour:
It is the paſture lards the weather's ſides,
The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,
In purity of manhood ſtand upright,
And ſay, *This man's a flatterer?* if one be,

5 doe ſtill 26 deny't that 27 Senators 29 the Brothers

So are they all; for every grize of fortune
Is ſmooth'd by that below: the learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool: All is oblique;
There's nothing level in our curſed natures,
But direct villany. Therefore, be abhor'd
All feaſts, ſocieties, and throngs of men!
His ſemblable, yea, himſelf, *Timon* diſdains:
Deſtruction phang mankind!—Earth, yield me roots:
[*digging.*
Who ſeeks for better of thee, ſauce his palate
With thy moſt operant poison! What is here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,
I am no idle votariſt; Roots, you clear heavens!
Thus † much of this will make black, white; foul, fair;
Wrong, right; baſe, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.
Ha, you gods! why this? why this, you gods? Why, this
Will lug your prieſts and ſervants from your ſides;
Pluck ſtout men's pillows from below their heads:
This yellow ſlave
Will knit and break religions, bleſs the accurſt;
Make the hoar leproſy ador'd; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With ſenators on the bench: this this is it,
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;
She, whom the ſpital-houſe and ulcerous ſores
Would caſt the gorge at, this embalms and ſpices
To the *April*-day again. Come, damned earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that put'ſt odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature. [*Drum.*] Ha! a drum? Thou'rt quick,
But yet I'll bury † thee: Thou'lt go, ſtrong thief,
When gouty keepers of thee cannot ſtand:

16 what this, you 28 puttes

Nay, ſtay thou † out for earneſt.

Enter ALCIBIADES, *with* PHRYNIA *and* TYMANDRA; *Soldiers, at a Diſtance, marching.*

ALC. What art thou there? ſpeak.

TIM. A beaſt, as thou art: The canker gnaw thy heart,
For ſhewing me again the eyes of man!

ALC. What is thy name? Is man ſo hateful to thee,
That art thyſelf a man?

TIM. I am *miſanthropos*, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wiſh thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee ſomething.

ALC. I know thee well;
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and ſtrange.

TIM. I know thee too; and more, than that I know thee,
I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, *totâ* gules:
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;
Then what ſhould war be? This fell † whore of thine
Hath in her more deſtruction than thy ſword,
For all her cherubin look.

PHR. Thy lips rot off!

TIM. I will not kiſs thee; then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.

ALC. How came the noble *Timon* to this change?

TIM. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
But then renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no ſuns to borrow of.

ALC. Noble *Timon*,
What friendſhip may I do thee;

TIM. None but this,
To maintain my opinion.

ALC. What is it, *Timon*?

Tim. Promise me friendſhip, but perform none: If
Thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for
Thou art a man! if thou doſt promiſe, and
Perform, confound thee, for thou art a man!

Alc. I have heard in ſome ſort of thy miseries.

Tim. Thou ſaw'ſt them when I had proſperity.

Alc. I ſee them now; then was a bleſſed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

Tym. Is this the *Athenian* minion, whom the world
Voic'd ſo regardfully?

Tim. Art thou *Tymandra?*

Tym. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore ſtill! they love thee not, that use thee;
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their luſt.
Make uſe of thy ſalt hours: ſeason the ſlaves
For tubs, and baths; bring down the rose-cheek'd youth
To the tub-faſt, and the diet.

Tym. Hang thee, monſter!

Alc. Pardon him, ſweet *Tymandra*; for his wits
Are drown'd and loſt in his calamities.—
I have but little gold of late, brave *Timon*,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band: I have heard, and griev'd,
How curſed *Athens*, mindleſs of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour ſtates,
But for thy ſword and fortune, trod upon them,—

Tim. I pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alc. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear *Timon.*

Tim. How doſt thou pity him whom thou doſt trouble?
I had rather be alone.

Alc. Why, fare thee well:
Here is ſome † gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.
Alc. When I have lay'd proud *Athens* on a heap, —
Tim. War'ſt thou 'gainſt *Athens?*
Alc. Ay, *Timon*, and have cause.
Tim. The gods confound them in thy conqueſt; and
Thee after, when thou haſt conquer'd!
Alc. Why me, *Timon?*
Tim. That, by killing of villains, thou waſt born
To conquer thy own countrey.
Put up thy gold: Go on, — here's † gold, — go on;
Be as a planetary plague, when *Jove*
Will o'er ſome high-vic'd city hang his poiſon
In the ſick air: Let not thy ſword ſkip one:
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,
He is an usurer: Strike me the counterfeit matron
It is her habit only that is honeſt,
Herſelf's a bawd: Let not the virgin's cheek
Make ſoft thy trenchant ſword; for those milk-paps,
That through the window-lawn bore at men's eyes,
Are not within the leaf of pity writ,
Set them down horrible traitors: Spare not the babe,
Whose dimpl'd ſmiles from fools exhauſt their mercy;
Think it a baſtard, whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat ſhall cut,
And mince it ſans remorſe: Swear againſt objects,
Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes;
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor ſight of prieſts in holy veſtments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's ╪ gold to pay thy ſoldiers:
Make large confuſion; and, thy fury ſpent,
Confounded be thyſelf! Speak not, be gone. [me,
Alc. Haſt thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou giv'ſt

5 them all in 9 conquer my Country
19 window Barne 21 But ſet 24 the throat

Not all thy counſel. [thee!
Tim. Doſt thou, or doſt thou not, heaven's curſe upon
Wom. Give us ſome gold, good *Timon*; Haſt thou more?
Tim. Enough to make a whore forſwear her trade,
And to make whore a bawd. Hold up, you ſluts,
Your aprons mountant: You are not oathable,—
Although, I know, you'll ſwear, terribly ſwear,
Into ſtrong ſhudders, and to heavenly agues,
The immortal gods that hear you,—ſpare your oaths,
I'll truſt to your conditions: Be whores ſtill;
And he whose pious breath ſeeks to convert you,
Be ſtrong in whore, allure him, burn him up;
Let your cloſe fire predominate his ſmoke,
And be no turn-coats: Yet may your pains, ſix months,
Be quite contrary: thatch your poor thin roofs
With burthens of the dead;—ſome that were hang'd,
No matter;—wear them, betray with them: whore ſtill;
Paint 'till a horſe may mire upon your face,
A pox of wrinkles!
Wom. Well, more gold;—What then?—
Believe't, that we'll do any thing for gold.
Tim. Conſumptions ſow
In hollow bones of man; ſtrike their ſharp ſhins,
And mar men's ſparring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more falſe title plead,
Nor ſound his quillets ſhrilly: hoar the flamen,
That ſcolds againſt the quality of fleſh,
And not believes himſelf: down with the nose,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular not foreſees,
Smels for the general weal: make curl'd-pate ruffians bald;
And let the unſcar'd braggarts of the war

5 Whores 15 contrary, And Thatch 24 ſpurring
27 ſcold'ſt 30 particular to foreſee | Smels from the

Derive ſome pain from you: Plague all;
That your activity may defeat and quell
The ſource of all erection. There's more † gold:
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all! [*mon.*

Wom. More counſel, with more money, bounteous *Ti-*

Tim. More whore, more miſchief firſt; I have given you earneſt. [*Timon*;

Alc. Strike up the drum towards *Athens*. Farewel,
If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never ſee thee more.

Alc. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou ſpok'ſt well of me.

Alc. Call'ſt thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee away,
Get thee away, and take thy beagles with thee.

Alc. We but offend him.—Strike. [*March.*

[*Exeunt* Alcibiades, &c. Phr. *and* Tym.

Tim. That nature, being ſick of man's unkindneſs,
Should yet be hungry:—Common mother, thou
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breaſt,
Teems, and feeds all; o thou, whose ſelf-ſame mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puft,
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeleſs venom'd worm,
With all the abhorred births below criſp heaven
Whereon *Hyperion*'s quick'ning fire doth ſhine;
Yield him, who all thy human ſons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root! [*digs.*
Enſear thy fertile and conceptious womb,
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
Go great with tygers, dragons, wolves, and bears;

† the humane Sonnes do

Teem with new monſters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marble manſion all above
Never presented!—O, a † root,—Dear thanks!
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas;
Whereof ingrateful man, with licoriſh draughts,
And morſels unctious, greases his pure mind,
That from it all conſideration ſlips!—

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man? Plague, plague!

APE, I was directed hither: Men report,
Thou doſt affect my manners, and doſt use them.

TIM. 'Tis then, because thou doſt not keep a dog
Whom I would imitate: Conſumption catch thee!

APE. This is in thee a nature but affected;
A poor unmanly melancholy, ſprung
From change of fortune. Why this ſpade? this place?
This ſlave-like habit? and these looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear ſilk, drink wine, lye ſoft;
Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot
That ever *Timon* was. Shame not these weeds,
By putting on the cunning of a carper.
Be thou a flatterer now, and ſeek to thrive
By that which has undone thee: hindge thy knee,
And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
Blow off thy cap; praise his moſt vicious ſtrain,
And call it excellent: Thou waſt told thus;
Thou gav'ſt thine ears, like tapſters, that bid welcome,
To knaves, and all approachers: 'Tis moſt juſt,
That thou turn raſcal; had'ſt thou wealth again,
Raſcals ſhould hav't. Do not aſſume my likeneſs.

TIM. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myſelf.

APE. Thou haſt caſt away thyſelf, being like thyſelf;

2 Marbled 14 infected 16 of future. 20 Woods

A madman ſo long, now a fool: What, think'ſt
That the bleak air, thy boiſt'rous chamberlain,
Will put thy ſhirt on warm? will these moiſt trees,
That have outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
And ſkip when thou point'ſt out? will the cold brook,
Candy'd with ice, caudle thy morning taſte,
To cure thy o'er-night's ſurfeit? Call the creatures,—
Whose naked natures live in all the ſpite
Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhoused trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Anſwer meer nature,—bid them flatter thee;
O, thou ſhalt find—

Tim. A fool of thee: Depart.

Ape. I love thee better now than ere I did.

Tim. I hate thee worſe.

Ape. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'ſt misery.

Ape. I flatter not; but ſay, thou art a caitiff.

Tim. Why doſt thou ſeek me out?

Ape. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.
Doſt please thyſelf in't?

Ape. Ay.

Tim. What a knave thou!

Ape. If thou did'ſt put this ſour cold habit on
To caſtigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
Doſt it enforcedly; thou'dſt courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Out-vies uncertain pomp, is crown'd before:
The one is filling ſtill, never compleat;
The other, at high wiſh: Beſt ſtate, contentleſs,
Hath a diſtracted and moſt wretched being,

24 Knave too? 29 Out-lives

Worſe than the worſt, content.
Thou ſhould'ſt desire to dye, being miserable.
Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miserable.
Thou art a ſlave, whom fortune's tender arm
With favour never claſp'd ; but bred a dog.
Had'ſt thou, like us, from our firſt ſwath, proceeded
Through ſweet degrees that this brief world affords
To ſuch as may the paſſive drugs of it
Freely command, thou would'ſt have plung'd thyſelf
In general riot ; melted down thy youth
In different beds of luſt ; and never learn'd
The icy precepts of reſpect, but follow'd
The ſugar'd game before thee. But myſelf,
Who had the world as my confectionary ;
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men
At duty, more than I could frame employment :
That numberleſs upon me ſtuck, as leaves
Do on the oak ; and with one winter's bruſh
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
For every ſtorm that blows : I to bear this,
That never knew but better, is ſome burthen :
Thy nature did commence in ſufferance, time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why ſhould'ſt thou hate men ?
They never flatter'd thee : What haſt thou given ?
If thou wilt curſe, thy father, that poor rag,
Muſt be thy ſubject ; who in ſpite put ſtuff
To ſome ſhe beggar, and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence ; be gone !
If thou had'ſt not been born the worſt of men,
Thou hadſt been a knave, and flatterer.
Ape. Art thou proud yet ?
Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

7 The ſweet 9 command'ſt : 18 Oake, have with

Ape. I, that I was
No prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now:
Were all the wealth I have ſhut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.
That the whole life of *Athens* were in † this!
Thus would I eat it. [*gnawing a Root.*

Ape. Here, † I will mend thy feaſt.
[*throwing him a Cruſt.*

Tim. Firſt mend my company, take away thyſelf.

Ape. So I ſhall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended ſo, it is but botch'd;
If not, I would it were.

Ape. What would'ſt thou have to *Athens?*

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
Tell them there, I have gold; look, † ſo I have.

Ape. Here is no uſe for gold.

Tim. The beſt, and trueſt:
For here it ſleeps, and does no hired harm.

Ape. Where ly'ſt o'nights, *Timon?*

Tim. Under that's above me. Where feed'ſt thou o' days, *Apemantus?*

Ape. Where my ſtomach finds meat; or, rather, where I eat it.

Tim. 'Would poiſon were obedient, and knew my mind.

Ape. Where would'ſt thou ſend it?

Tim. To ſauce thy diſhes.

Ape. The middle of humanity thou never knewe'ſt, but the extremity of both ends: When thou waſt in thy gilt, and thy perfume, they mocked thee for too much courteſy; in thy rags thou knowe'ſt none, but art deſpis'd

10 mend thy company 32 Curioſitie

for the contrary. There's a † medlar for thee, eat it.

Tim. On what I hate I feed not.

Ape. Doſt hate a medlar?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Ape. An thou hadſt hated medlers ſooner, thou ſhould'ſt have lov'd thyſelf better now. What man did'ſt thou ever know unthrift, that was belov'd after his means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talk'ſt of, did'ſt thou ever know belov'd?

Ape. Myſelf.

Tim. I underſtand thee; thou hadſt ſome means to keep a dog.

Ape. What things in the world canſt thou neareſt compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women neareſt; but men, men are the things themſelves. What would'ſt thou do with the world, *Apemantus*, if it lay in thy power?

Ape. Give it the beaſts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Would'ſt thou have thyſelf fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beaſt with the beaſts?

Ape. Ay, *Timon.*

Tim. A beaſtly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would ſuſpect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accus'd by the aſs: if thou wert the aſs, thy dulneſs would torment thee, and ſtill thou liv'dſt but as a breakfaſt to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greedineſs would afflict thee, and oft thou ſhould'ſt hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and

make thine own ſelf the conqueſt of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou would'ſt be kill'd by the horſe; wert thou a horſe, thou would'ſt be ſeiz'd by the leopard; wert thou a leopard, thou wert germane to the lion, and the ſpots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy ſafety were remotion; and thy defence, abſence. What beaſt could'ſt thou be, that were not ſubject to a beaſt? and what a beaſt art thou already, that ſeeſt not thy loſs in tranſformation?

Ape. If thou could'ſt please me with ſpeaking to me, thou might'ſt have hit upon it here: The common-wealth of *Athens* is become a foreſt of beaſts.

Tim. How has the aſs broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Ape. Yonder comes a poet, and a painter: The plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way: When I know not what elſe to do, I'll ſee thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou ſhalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog, than *Apemantus.*

Ape. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. 'Would thou wert clean enough to ſpit upon.

Ape. A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curſe.

Tim. All villains, that do ſtand by thee, are pure.

Ape. There is no leproſy, but what thou ſpeak'ſt.

Tim. If I name thee,—
I'd beat thee, but I ſhould infect my hands.

Ape. I would my tongue could rot them off.

Tim. Away, thou iſſue of a mangy dog!
Choler does kill me, that thou art alive;
I ſwoon to ſee thee.

Ape. 'Would thou would'ſt burſt.
Tim. Away,
Thou tedious rogue! I am ſorry, I ſhall loſe
A ſtone by thee. [*throwing at him.*
Ape. Beaſt!
Tim. Slave!
Ape. Toad!
Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue!
[Apemantus *retreats backward, as going.*
I am ſick of this falſe world; and will love nought,
But e'en the meer neceſſities upon it.
Then, *Timon*, preſently prepare thy grave;
Lye where the light foam of the ſea may beat
Thy grave-ſtone daily: make thine epitaph,
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.
O thou ſweet king-killer, and dear divorce
[*looking on the Gold.*
'Twixt natural ſon and ſire! thou bright defiler
Of *Hymen*'s pureſt bed! thou valiant *Mars!*
Thou ever young, freſh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
Whoſe bluſh doth thaw the conſecrated ſnow
That lies on *Dian*'s lap! thou viſible god,
That ſolder'ſt cloſe impoſſibilities,
And mak'ſt them kiſs; that ſpeak'ſt with every tongue,
To every purpoſe! o thou touch of hearts,
Think, thy ſlave man rebels; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beaſts
May have the world in empire!
Ape. 'Would 'twere ſo;— [*advancing.*
But not 'till I am dead.—I'll ſay thou haſt gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd to ſhortly.
Tim. Throng'd to?

[18] Sunne and fire

Ape. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I pr'ythee.

Ape. Live, and love thy misery!

Tim. Long live ſo, and ſo dye!—So, I am quit.

[*Exit* Apemantus.

More things like men? Eat, *Timon*, and abhor them.

Enter certain Thieves.

1. *T.* Where ſhould he have this gold? It is ſome poor fragment, ſome ſlender ort of his remainder: The meer want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2. *T.* It is nois'd, he hath a maſs of treasure.

3. *T.* Let us make the aſſay upon him; if he care not for't, he will ſupply us easily; If he covetouſly reserve it, how ſhall's get it?

2. *T.* True; for he bears it not about him, 'tis hid.

1. *T.* Is not this he?

The. Where?

2. *T.* 'Tis his deſcription.

3. *T.* He; I know him.

The. Save thee, *Timon*.

Tim. Now, thieves?

The. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both, both; and women's ſons.

The. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greateſt want is, you want much of men. Why ſhould you want? Behold, the earth hath roots; Within this mile break forth a hundred ſprings: The oaks bear maſt, the briars ſcarlet hips; The bounteous huswife, nature, on each buſh Lays her full meſs before you. Want? why want?

1. *T.* We cannot live on graſs, on berries, water,

6 abhorre then. v. *Note.* 24 Both too, and 26 of meat

As beasts, and birds, and fishes. [fishes;

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and
You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,
That you are thieves profest; that you work not
In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft
In limited professions. Rascal thieves,
Here's † gold: Go, suck the subtle blood o'the grape,
'Till the high fever seeth your blood to froth,
And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician;
His antidotes are poison, and he slays
More than you rob: take wealth and lives together;
Do villany, do, since you protest to do't,
Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery:
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea; the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun;
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The earth into salt tears; the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stoln
From general excrement: each thing's a thief;
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves; away;
Rob one another. There's more † gold: Cut throats;
All that you meet are thieves: To *Athens*, go,
Break open shops; for nothing can you steal,
But thieves do lose it: Steal not less, for this
I give you; and gold confound you howsoe'er!
Amen. [*retiring towards his Cave.*

3. *T.* H'as almost charm'd me from my profession, by persuading me to it.

1. *T.* 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus advises us, not to have us thrive in our mistery.

18 The Moone into 22 H'as uncheck'd

2. *T.* I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

1. *T.* Let us firſt ſee peace in *Athens*.

2. *T.* There is no time ſo miſerable, but a man may be true. [*Exeunt* Thieves.

Enter Steward.

Ste. O you gods!
Is yon deſpis'd and ruinous man my lord?
Full of decay and failing? O monument
And wonder of good deeds evilly beſtow'd!
Why, what an alteration of honour
Has deſperate want made!
What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,
Who can bring nobleſt minds to baſeſt ends!
How rarely does it meet with this time's guiſe,
When man was wiſh'd to love his enemies:
Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo
Thoſe that would miſchief me, than thoſe that do.
H'as caught me in his eye: I will present
My honeſt grief unto him; and, as my lord,
Still ſerve him with my life.—My deareſt maſter!

Tim. Away! what art thou?

Ste. Have you forgot me, ſir?

Tim. Why doſt aſk that? I have forgot all men;
Then, if thou grant'ſt thou'rt a man, I've forgot thee.

Ste. An honeſt poor ſervant of yours.

Tim. Nay, then
I know thee not: I ne'er had honeſt man
About me, I; all that I kept were knaves,
To ſerve in meat to villains.

Ste. The gods are witneſs,
Ne'er did poor ſteward wear a truer grief

For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you. [I love thee,
Tim. What, doſt thou weep? — Come nearer: — then
Because thou art a woman, and diſclaim'ſt
Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give,
But thorough luſt, and laughter. Pity's ſleeping:
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping.
Ste. I beg of you to know me, my good lord,
To accept my grief, and, whilſt this poor † wealth laſts,
To entertain me as your ſteward ſtill.
Tim. Had I a ſteward then, ſo true, ſo juſt,
And now ſo comfortable? It almoſt turns
My dangerous nature wild. Let me behold
Thy face: Surely, this man was born of woman. —
Forgive my general and exceptleſs raſhneſs,
Perpetual-ſober gods! I do proclaim
One honeſt man, — miſtake me not, but one;
No more, I pray you, — and he is a ſteward. —
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'ſt thyſelf: But all, ſave thee,
I fell with curſes.
Methinks, thou art more honeſt now, than wise;
For, by oppreſſing and betraying me,
Thou might'ſt have ſooner got another ſervice:
For many ſo arrive at ſecond maſters,
Upon their firſt lord's neck. But tell me true,
(For I muſt ever doubt, though ne'er ſo ſure)
Is not thy kindneſs ſubtle, covetous,
Is't not a uſuring kindneſs; and as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?
Ste. No, my moſt worthy maſter, — in whose breaſt
Doubt and ſuſpect, alas, are plac'd too late:
You ſhould have fear'd falſe times, when you did feaſt:

15 You per- 28 If not

Suſpect ſtill comes where an eſtate is leaſt. —
That which I ſhew, heaven knows, is meerly love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living:
And, o, believe it, my moſt honour'd lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange't
For this one wiſh, That you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich yourſelf.

Tim. Look ye, 'tis ſo! — Thou ſingly honeſt man,
Here, † take; the gods out of my misery
Have ſent thee treaſure. Go, live rich, and happy:
But thus condition'd; Thou ſhalt build from men;
Hate all, curſe all: ſhew charity to none;
But let the famiſh'd fleſh ſlide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs
What thou deny'ſt to men; let priſons ſwallow 'em,
Debts wither 'em to nothing: Be men like blaſted woods,
And may diſeases lick up their falſe bloods!
And ſo, farewel, and thrive.

Ste. O, let me ſtay,
And comfort you, my maſter.

Tim. If thou hat'ſt curſes,
Stay not; but fly, whilſt thou art bleſt and free:
Ne'er ſee thou man, and let me ne'er ſee thee.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The ſame. Before* Timon's *Cave.*

Enter Poet, *and* Painter; Timon *behind, unſeen.*

Pai. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far

[10] Looke thee, [12] Ha's ſent

where he abides.

Poe. What's to be thought of him? Does the rumour hold for true, that he's so full of gold?

Pai. Certain: *Alcibiades* reports it; *Phrynia* and *Timandra* had gold of him: he likewise enrich'd poor straggling soldiers with great quantity: 'Tis said, he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

Poe. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends.

Pai. Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in *Athens* again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore, 'tis not amiss, we tender our loves to him, in this supposed distress of his: it will shew honestly in us; and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travel for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poe. What have you now to present unto him?

Pai. Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poe. I must serve him so too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pai. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o'the time; it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will, or testament; which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

Tim. "Excellent workman! Thou canst not paint" "a man so bad as is thyself."

Poe. I am thinking, what I shall say I have pro-

vided for him: It muſt be a perſonating of himſelf: a ſatyr againſt the ſoftneſs of proſperity; with a diſcovery of the infinite flatteries, that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. "Muſt thou needs ſtand for a villain in thine"
"own work? wilt thou whip thine own faults in other"
"men? Do ſo, I have gold for thee."

Pai. Nay, let's ſeek him:
Then do we ſin againſt our own eſtate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Poe. True;
When the day ſerves, before black-corner'd night,
Find what thou want'ſt by free and offer'd light.
[*going towards the Cave.*

Tim. "I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold,"
"That he is worſhip'd in a baſer temple,"
"Than where ſwine feed!"
"'Tis thou that rig'ſt the bark, and plow'ſt the foam;"
"Setl'ſt admired reverence in a ſlave:"
"To thee be worſhip! and thy ſaints for aye"
"Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!"
"Fit I do meet them." [*puts himſelf in their Way.*

Poe. Hail, worthy *Timon:*

Pai. Our late noble maſter.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to ſee two honeſt men?

Poe. Sir,
Having often of your open bounty taſted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankleſs natures—O abhorred ſpirits!
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—
What! to you!
Whose ſtarlike nobleneſs gave life and influence

[8] *Poet.* Nay [11] *Painter.* True [20] worſhipt

To their whole being! I am rapt, and cannot cover
The monſtrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any ſize of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may ſee't the better:
You, that are honeſt, by being what you are,
Make them beſt ſeen, and known.

Pai. He, and myſelf,
Have travel'd in the great ſhower of your gifts,
And ſweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you are honeſt men.

Pai. We are hither come to offer you our ſervice.

Tim. Moſt honeſt men! Why, how ſhall I requite you?
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you ſervice.

Tim. You're honeſt men: You've heard that I have gold;
I am ſure, you have; ſpeak truth: you're honeſt men.

Pai. So it is ſaid, my noble lord: but therefore
Came not my friend, and I.

Tim. Good honeſt men: — Thou draw'ſt a counterfeit
Beſt in all *Athens:* thou'rt, indeed, the beſt;
Thou counterfeit'ſt moſt lively.

Pai. So, ſo, my lord.

Tim. Ev'n ſo, ſir, as I ſay: — And, for thy fiction,
Why, thy verſe ſwells with ſtuff ſo fine and ſmooth,
That thou art even natural in thine art. —
But, for all this, my honeſt-natur'd friends,
I muſt needs ſay, you have a little fault:
Marry, 'tis not monſtrous in you; neither wiſh I,
You take much pains to mend.

both. Beſeech your honour,
To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

both. Moſt thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Will you, indeed?

both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There's ne'er a one of you but truſts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.

both. Do we, my lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, ſee him diſſemble,
Know his groſs patchery; yet love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom: yet remain aſſur'd,
That he's a made-up villain.

Pai. I know none ſuch, my lord.

Poe. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies:
Hang them, or ſtab them, drown them in a draught,
Confound them by ſome courſe, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.

both. Name them, my lord, let's know them.

Tim. You † that way, — and you † this, — not two in
Each man apart, all ſingle and alone, [company;
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company. —
If, where thou art, two villains ſhall not be,
Come not near † him: — If thou would'ſt not reside
But where one villain is, then him † abandon. —
Hence! pack! there's † gold, you came for gold, ye ſlaves;
You have work for me, there is † payment: Hence! —
You are an alchymiſt, make gold of † that: —
Out, raſcal dogs! [*Exit, beating them out.*

SCENE II. *The ſame.*

Enter Steward, *and two* Senators.

Ste. It is in vain, that you would ſpeak with *Timon*;

19 this: | But two

For he is ſet ſo only to himſelf,
That nothing, but himſelf, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.

1. *S.* Bring us to his cave:
It is our part, and promise to the *Athenians*,
To ſpeak with *Timon*.

2. *S.* At all times alike
Men are not ſtill the ſame: 'Twas time, and griefs,
That fram'd him thus: time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him: Bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.

Ste. Here † is his cave.—
Peace and content be here! Lord *Timon*, *Timon*,
Look out, and ſpeak to friends: The *Athenians*,
By two of their moſt reverend ſenate, greet thee;
Speak to them, noble *Timon*.

Enter TIMON. [be hang'd:

Tim. Thou ſun, that comfort'ſt, burn!—Speak, and
For each true word, a bliſter! and each falſe
Be cancerizing to the root o' the tongue,
Conſuming it with ſpeaking!

1. *S.* Worthy *Timon*,—

Tim. Of none but ſuch as you, and you of *Timon*.

1. *S.* The ſenators of *Athens* greet thee, *Timon*:

Tim. I thank them; and would ſend them back the
Could I but catch it for them. [plague,

1. *S.* O, forget
What we are ſorry for ourſelves in thee:
The ſenators, with one conſent of love,
Intreat thee back to *Athens*; who have thought
On ſpecial dignities, which vacant lye

19 comforts 21 Be as a Cantherizing

For thy beſt uſe and wearing.

2. *S.* They confeſs,
Toward thee, forgetfulneſs too general, groſs:
But now the publick body, — which doth ſeldom
Play the recanter, feeling in itſelf
A lack of *Timon*'s aid, hath ſenſe withal
Of it's own fail, reſtraining aid to *Timon*;
And ſends forth us, to make their ſorrows' tender,
Together with a recompence more fruitful
Then their offence can weigh down by the dram;
Ay, even ſuch heaps and ſums of love and wealth,
As ſhall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it;
Surprize me to the very brink of tears:
Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,
And I'll beweep these comforts, worthy ſenators.

1. *S.* Therefore, ſo please thee to return with us,
And of our *Athens* (thine, and ours) to take
The captainſhip, thou ſhalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with abſolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority: ſo ſoon we ſhall drive back
Of *Alcibiades* the approaches wild;
Who, like a boar too ſavage, doth root up
His country's peace:

2. *S.* And ſhakes his threat'ning ſword
Againſt the walls of *Athens*.

1. *S.* Therefore, *Timon*, —

Tim. Well, ſir, I will; therefore I will, ſir; Thus, —
If *Alcibiades* kill my countrymen,
Let *Alcibiades* know this of *Timon*,

4 Which now 6 ſince 7 fall 8 ſorrowed render

That *Timon* cares not. But if he ſack fair *Athens*,
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the ſtain
Of contumelious, beaſtly, mad-brain'd war;
Then let him know, and, tell him, *Timon* ſpeaks it,
In pity of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him,—that I care not,
And let him take't at worſt; for their knives care not,
While you have throats to anſwer: for myſelf,
There's not a whittle in the unruly camp,
But I do prize it at my love, before
The reverend'ſt throat in *Athens*. So I leave you
To the protection of the proſperous gods,
As thieves to keepers.

Ste. Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph,
It will be ſeen to-morrow; My long ſickneſs
Of health, and living, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live ſtill;
Be *Alcibiades* your plague, you his,
And laſt ſo long enough!

1. *S.* We ſpeak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country; and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit doth put it:

1. *S.* That's well ſpoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen,—[them.

1. *S.* These words become your lips as they paſs through

2. *S.* And enter in our ears, like great triúmphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them;
And tell them, that, to ease them of their griefs,

Their fears of hoſtile ſtrokes, their aches, loſſes,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragil veſſel doth ſuſtain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will ſome kindneſs do them,
I'll teach them to prevent wild *Alcibiades'* wrath.

1. *S.* I like this well, he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my cloſe,
That mine own uſe invites me to cut down,
And ſhortly muſt I fell it; Tell my friends,
Tell *Athens*, in the ſequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that whoſo' please
To ſtop affliction, let him take his haſte,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himſelf: I pray you, do my greeting. [him.

Ste. Trouble him no further, thus you ſtill ſhall find

Tim. Come not to me again: but ſay to *Athens*,
Timon hath made his everlaſting manſion
Upon the beached verge of the ſalt flood,
Which once a day with his emboſſed froth
The turbulent ſurge ſhall cover; thither come,
And let my grave-ſtone be your oracle.—
Lips, let four words go by, and language end:
What is amiſs, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works; and death, their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! *Timon* hath done his reign.
[*Exit* Timon.

1. *S.* His diſcontents are unremoveably
Coupl'd to his nature.

2. *S.* Our hope in him is dead: let us return,
And ſtrain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril.

1. *S.* It requires ſwift foot. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Athens. *A Council-Chamber.*

Enter two Senators, *and a* Meſſenger.

1. *S.* Thou haſt painfully diſcover'd; Are his files
As full as thy report?

Meſ. I have ſpoke the leaſt:
Beſides, his expedition promiſes
Present approach.

2. *S.* We ſtand much hazard, if they bring not *Timon.*

Meſ. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend;—
And, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love had a particular force,
And made us ſpeak like friends:—this man was riding
From *Alcibiades* to *Timon*'s cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowſhip i'the cauſe againſt your city,
In part for his ſake mov'd.

1. *S.* Here come our brothers.

Enter Senators, *from* Timon.

1. *S.* No talk of *Timon*, nothing of him expect;
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful ſcouring
Doth choak the air with duſt: In, and prepare;
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the ſnare. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Woods. A rude Tomb ſeen.*

Enter a Soldier, *ſeeking* Timon.

Sol. By all deſcription, this ſhould be the place.
Who's here? ſpeak, ho! No anſwer?—What is this?
[*ſpying the Tomb.*
Timon is dead, he hath out-ſtretch'd his ſpan.
Some beaſt rear'd this; here does not live a man.
Dead, ſure; and this his grave. What's on this tomb?

11 Whom though 12 love made a
30 dead, who hath 31 read this; There

I cannot read; the character I'll take
With wax: [*applying a waxen Table.*
Our captain hath in every figure skill;
An ag'd interpreter, though young in days:
Before proud *Athens* he's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *Before the Walls of* Athens.

Trumpets. Enter ALCIBIADES, *and Forces.*

ALC. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach. [*Parley sounded.*

Enter Senators, &c. *upon the Walls.*

'Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice; 'till now myself, and such
As slept within the shadow of your power,
Have wander'd with our traversť arms, and breath'd
Our sufferance vainly: Now the time is flush,
When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,
Cries, of itself, *No more:* now breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease;
And purfy insolence shall break his wind,
With fear, and horrid flight.

1. *S.* Noble, and young,
When thy first griefs were but a meer conceit,
Ere thou had'ſt power, or we had cause of fear,
We sent to thee; to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitudes with loves
Above their quantity.

2. *S.* So did we woo
Transformed *Timon* to our city's love,
By humble message, and by promis'd 'mends:

28 Ingratitude, 32 promiſt meanes

We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common ſtroke of war.
1. *S.* These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You have receiv'd your griefs: nor are they ſuch,
That these great towers, trophies, and ſchools ſhould fall
For private faults in them.
2. *S.* Nor are they living,
Who were the motives that you firſt went out;
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in exceſs
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners ſpred:
By decimation, and a tythed death,
(If thy revenges hunger for that food,
Which nature loaths) take thou the deſtin'd tenth;
And by the hazard of the ſpotted dye,
Let dye the ſpotted.
1. *S.* All have not offended;
For those that were, it is not ſquare, to take,
On those that are, revenge: crimes, like to lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
Spare thy *Athenian* cradle, and those kin,
Which, in the bluſter of thy wrath, muſt fall
With those that have offended; like a ſhepherd
Approach the fold, and cull the infected forth,
But kill not all together.
2. *S.* What thou wilt,
Thou rather ſhalt enforce it with thy ſmile,
Than hew to't with thy ſword.
1. *S.* Set but thy foot
Againſt our rampir'd gates, and they ſhall ope;

So thou wilt ſend thy gentle heart before,
To ſay, thou'lt enter friendly.
2. *S.* Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honour elſe,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redreſs,
And not as our confusion, All thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, 'till we
Have ſeal'd thy full desire.
Alc. Then, there's my † glove;
Deſcend, and open your uncharged ports:
Those enemies of *Timon*'s, and mine own,
Whom you yourſelves ſhall ſet out for reproof,
Fall, and no more: and,—to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning,—not a man
Shall paſs his quarter, or offend the ſtream
Of regular juſtice in your city's bounds,
But ſhall be remedy'd by your publick laws
At heavieſt anſwer.
Sen. 'Tis moſt nobly ſpoken.
Alc. Deſcend, and keep your words.
Senators *come from the Walls, and deliver their Keys to* Alcibiades.
Enter Soldier.
Sol. My noble general, *Timon* is dead;
Intomb'd upon the very hem o'the ſea:
And, on his grave-ſtone, this ‡ inſculpture; which
With wax I brought away, whose ſoft impreſſion
Interpreteth for my poor ignorance.
Alc. [reads.] *Here lies a wretched corſe, of wretched ſoul bereft:*
Seek not my name: A plague conſume you wicked caitiffs left!

28 Interprets

Here lie I Timon; *who, alive, all living men did hate:*
Paſs by, and curſe thy fill; but paſs, and ſtay not here thy gate.

These well expreſs in thee thy latter ſpirits:
Though thou abhor'dſt in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dſt our brine's flow, and those our droplets which
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vaſt *Neptune* weep for aye
On thy low grave.—On: faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble *Timon*; of whose memory
Hereafter more. Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my ſword:
Make war breed peace; make peace ſtint war; make each
Preſcribe to other, as each other's leach.—
Let our drums ſtrike. [*Exeunt.*

---

7 Braines 10 v. *Note.*

TITUS

ANDRONICUS.

Perſons represented.

Saturninus, *and* Baſſianus, *Brothers*; } *Sons of a deceaſ'd Emperor, and Contenders for the Empire*; Saturninus *gaining it.*

Titus Andronicus, *a noble* Roman, *and Commander:*

Marcus, *his Brother:*

Lucius, Quintus, Martius, *and* Mutius, } *Sons to* Titus:

Boy, Son to Lucius:

Gentleman, of their Houſe.

Æmilius, *a noble* Roman;

two other noble Romans;

a Captain, Tribune, Meſſenger, and Clown, Romans.

Chiron, *and* Demetrius, } *Sons to* Tamora:

Aaron, *a* Moor, *her Paramour.*

three noble Goths.

Tamora, *Queen of the* Goths.

Lavinia, Titus' *Daughter.*

a Nurſe.

Alarbus, *Son to* Tamora: *a black Child.*

Gentlemen of Titus' *Houſe: Senators,* &c. Romans.

Guards, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants, Romans *and* Goths.

Scene, Rome; *and Parts adjacent.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Rome. *Place before the Capitol; in it, the Tomb of the* Andronici. *Senators, &c. aloft; a great Crowd below: Enter* SATURNINUS, *and his Followers, on one Side; and* BASSIANUS, *and his, on the other; with Drum and Colours.*

SAT. Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the juſtice of my cauſe with arms;
And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my ſucceſſive title with your ſwords:
I am his firſt-born ſon, that was the laſt
That ware the imperial diadem of *Rome*;
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

BAS. *Romans*, — friends, followers, favourers of my right, —
If ever *Baſſianus*, *Cæſar*'s ſon,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal *Rome*,
Keep then this paſſage to the capitol;
And ſuffer not diſhonour to approach
The imperial ſeat, to virtue conſecrate,
To juſtice, continence, and nobility:
But let deſert in pure election ſhine;

And, *Romans*, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter, among the Senators, aloft,
MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

MAR. Princes,—that ſtrive by factions, and by friends,
Ambitiouſly for rule and empery,—
Know, that the people of *Rome*, for whom we ſtand
A ſpecial party, have, by common voice,
In fair election for the empery,
Chosen *Andronicus*, ſurnamed *Pius*
For many good and great deserts to *Rome*;
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls:
He by the ſenate is accited home,
From weary wars againſt the barbarous *Goths*;
That, with his ſons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yoak'd a nation ſtrong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are ſpent, ſince firſt he undertook
This cause of *Rome*, and châſtised with arms
Our enemies' pride: Five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to *Rome*, bearing his valiant ſons
In coffins from the field;
And now at laſt, laden with honour's ſpoils,
Returns the good *Andronicus* to *Rome*,
Renowned *Titus*, flouriſhing in arms.
Let us intreat,—By honour of his name,
Whom worthily you would have now ſucceeded;
And in the capitol and ſenate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,—
That you withdraw you, and abate your ſtrength;
Diſmiſs your followers, and, as ſuiters ſhould,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleneſs.

SAT. How fair the tribune ſpeaks to calm my thoughts!

[8] the Romaine Emperie

Bas. *Marcus Andronicus*, ſo I do affy
In thy uprightneſs and integrity,
And ſo I love and honour thee, and thine,
Thy noble brother *Titus*, and his ſons,
And her, to whom my thoughts are humbl'd all,
Gracious *Lavinia*, *Rome*'s rich ornament,
That I will here diſmiſs my loving friends;
And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,
Commit my cauſe in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt Followers of* Baſſianus.

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,
I thank you all, and here diſmiſs you all;
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit myſelf, my perſon, and the cauſe.

[*Exeunt Followers of* Saturninus.

Rome, be as juſt and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.—
Open the gates, tribunes, and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.

[Sat. *and* Bas. *with a few, aſcend the Capitol*; *and Exeunt, with Senators, and* Marcus.

SCENE II. *The ſame.*

Trumpet. Enter a Captain, *and Others.*

Cap. *Romans*, make way; The good *Andronicus*,
Patron of virtue, *Rome*'s beſt champion,
Succeſſful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd,
From where he circumſcribed with his ſword,
And brought to yoak, the enemies of *Rome*.

Flouriſh of Trumpets, &c.

Enter certain of the Troops of Titus, *marching*

Slowly; *then* MUTIUS, *and* MARTIUS, *abreaſt*; *after them, Perſons bearing a Coffin, cover'd with black*; *then* QUINTUS, *and* LUCIUS; *and then* TITUS ANDRONICUS; *Officers behind: After them,* TAMORA, *with* Alarbus, CHIRON, *and* DEMETRIUS, *her Sons*, Aaron, *and other* Goths, *Priſoners*; *Soldiers, and People, following. Bearers ſet down the Coffin, and* Titus *advances.*

Tit. Hail, *Rome*, victorious in thy mourning weeds!
Lo, as the bark, that hath diſcharg'd her fraught,
Returns with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at firſt ſhe weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh *Andronicus*, bound with laurel boughs,
To reſalute his country with his tears,
Tears of true joy for his return to *Rome*.—
Thou great defender of this capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!—
Romans, of five and twenty valiant ſons,
Half of the number that king *Priam* had,
Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead:
These, that ſurvive, let *Rome* reward with love;
These, that I bring unto their lateſt home,
With burial amongſt their anceſtors:
Here *Goths* have given me leave to ſheath my ſword.
Titus, unkind, and careleſs of thine own,
Why ſuffer'ſt thou thy ſons, unbury'd yet,
To hover on the dreadful ſhore of *Styx*?—
Make way to lay them by their bretheren.—
[*Tomb open'd.*
There greet in ſilence, as the dead are wont,
And ſleep in peace, ſlain in your country's wars!
O ſacred receptacle of my joys,

Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many ſons of mine haſt thou in ſtore,
That thou wilt never render to me more?

Luc. Give us the proudeſt prisoner of the *Goths*;
That we may hew his limbs, and, on a pile,
Ad manes fratrum ſacrifice his fleſh,
Before this earthly prison of their bones;
That ſo the ſhadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we diſturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you; the nobleſt that ſurvives,
The eldeſt ſon of this diſtreſſed queen.

[*giving them* Alarbus.

Tam. Stay, *Roman* brethren;—Gracious conqueror,
Victorious *Titus*, rue the tears I ſhed,
A mother's tears in paſſion for her ſon:
And, if thy ſons were ever dear to thee,
O think my ſon to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to *Rome*,
To beautify thy triumphs, and return,
Captive to thee, and to thy *Roman* yoak;
But muſt my ſons be ſlaughter'd in the ſtreets,
For valiant doings in their country's cauſe?
O, if to fight for king and common-weal
Were piety in thine, it is in these.
Andronicus, ſtain not thy tomb with blood:
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge;
Thrice-noble *Titus*, ſpare my firſt-born ſon.

Tit. Patient yourſelf, madam, and pardon me.
These are their brethren, whom you *Goths* beheld
Alive, and dead; and, for their brethren ſlain,

Religiouſly they aſk a ſacrifice:
To this your ſon is mark'd; and dye he muſt,
To appease their groaning ſhadows that are gone.
Luc. Away with him! and make a fire ſtraight;
And with our ſwords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs, 'till they be clean conſum'd.
[*Exeunt* Sons *with* Alarbus.
Tam. O cruel irreligious piety!
Chi. Was ever *Scythia* half ſo barbarous?
Dem. Oppose not *Scythia* to ambitious *Rome.*
Alarbus goes to reſt; and we ſurvive,
To tremble under *Titus'* threatning look:
Then, madam, ſtand resolv'd; but hope withal,
The ſelf-ſame gods, that arm'd the queen of *Troy*
With opportunity of ſharp revenge
Upon the *Thracian* tyrant in his tent,
May favour *Tamora*, the queen of *Goths*,
(When *Goths* were *Goths*, and *Tamora* was queen)
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.
Re-enter Sons, *with their Swords bloody.*
Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
Our *Roman* rites: *Alarbus'* limbs are lopt,
And entrails feed the ſacrificing fire,
Whoſe ſmoke, like incenſe, doth perfume the ſky.
Remaineth nought, but to interr our brethren,
And with loud 'larums welcome them to *Rome.*
Tit. Let it be ſo; and let *Andronicus*
Make this his lateſt farewel to their ſouls.
[*Solemn and warlike Musick.*
Coffin lay'd into the Tomb.
In peace and honour reſt you here, my ſons;
Rome's readieſt champions, repose you here,

32 here in reſt,

Secure from worldly chances and miſhaps!
Here lurks no treason, here no envy ſwells,
Here grow no damned grudges; here no ſtorms,
No noise, but ſilence and eternal ſleep:
In peace and honour reſt you here, my ſons!

Enter LAVINIA, *attended.*

LAV. In peace and honour live lord *Titus* long;
My noble lord and father, live in fame!
Lo, at this tomb my tributary tears
I render, for my brethren's obſequies;
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
Shed on the earth for thy return to *Rome:*
O, bleſs me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes *Rome*'s beſt citizens applaud.

TIT. Kind *Rome*, that haſt thus lovingly reserv'd
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!—
Lavinia, live; out-live thy father's days,
In fame's eternal date for virtue's praiſe!

Enter, from the Capitol, MARCUS ANDRONICUS, SATURNINUS, BASSIANUS, *and Others.*

MAR. Long live lord *Titus*, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of *Rome!*

TIT. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother *Marcus.*

MAR. And welcome, nephews, from ſucceſsful wars,
You that ſurvive, and you that ſleep in fame!
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's ſervice drew your ſwords:
But ſafer triumph is this funeral pomp;
That hath aſpir'd to *Solon*'s happineſs,
And triumphs over chance in honour's bed.—
Titus Andronicus, the people of *Rome*,
Whose friend in juſtice thou haſt ever been,

Send thee by me, their tribune, and their truſt,
This † palliament of white and ſpotleſs hue;
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late-deceaſed emperor's ſons:
Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,
And help to ſet a head on headleſs *Rome*.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,
Than his, that ſhakes for age and feebleneſs:
What ſhould I don this robe, and trouble you?
Be chose with proclamations to-day;
To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,
And ſet abroad new buſineſs for you all?
Rome, I have been thy ſoldier forty years,
And led my country's ſtrength ſucceſſfully;
And bury'd one and twenty valiant ſons,
Knighted in field, ſlain manfully in arms,
In right and ſervice of their noble country:
Give me a ſtaff of honour for mine age,
But not a ſcepter to controul the world;
Upright he held it, lords, that held it laſt.

Mar. *Titus*, thou ſhalt obtain and aſk the empery.

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canſt thou tell?

Tit. Patience, prince *Saturnine*.

Sat. *Romans*, do me right;—
Patricians, draw your ſwords; and ſheath them not,
'Till *Saturninus* be *Rome*'s emperor:—
Andronicus, 'would thou wert ſhipt to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

Luc. Proud *Saturnine!* interrupter of the good
That noble-minded *Titus* means to thee!

Tit. Content thee, prince; I will reſtore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from themſelves.

10 choſen 23 *Saturninus*

Bas. *Andronicus*, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do 'till I dye:
My faction if thou ſtrengthen with thy friends,
I will moſt thankful be; and thanks, to men
Of noble minds, is honourable meed.

Tit. People of *Rome*, and people's tribunes here,
I aſk your voices and your ſuffrages;
Will you beſtow them friendly on *Andronicus?*

Tri. To gratify the good *Andronicus*,
And gratulate his ſafe return to *Rome*,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you: and this ſuit I make,
That you create your emperor's eldeſt ſon,
Lord *Saturnine*; whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on *Rome*, as *Titan*'s rays on earth,
And ripen juſtice in this common-weal:
Then, if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him; and ſay, *Long live our emperor!*

Mar. With voices and applauſe of every ſort,
Patricians, and plebeians, we create
Lord *Saturninus Rome*'s great emperor,
And ſay, *Long live our emperor* Saturnine!
[*Flouriſh*; *and Shouts of*, Long live, &c.

Sat. *Titus Andronicus*, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deſerts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleneſs:
And, for an onſet, *Titus*, to advance
Thy name, and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my empereſs,
Rome's royal miſtreſs, miſtreſs of my heart,
And in the ſacred *Pántheon* her eſpouse;

Tell me, *Andronicus*, doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and, in this match,
I hold me highly honour'd of your grace.
And here, in sight of *Rome*, to *Saturnine*,—
King and commander of our common-weal,
The wide world's emperor,—do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners;
Presents well worthy *Rome*'s imperial lord:
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbl'd at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble *Titus*, father of my life!
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
Rome shall record; and, when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor;
[*to* Tamora.
To him that, for your honour and your state,
Will use you nobly, and your followers.

Sat. "A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue"
"That I would choose, were I to choose anew."—
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance;
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in *Rome*:
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: Madam, he comforts you,
Can make you greater than the queen of *Goths*.—
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?

Lav. Not I, my lord; sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet *Lavinia*.—*Romans*, let us go:

Ranſomleſs here we ſet our prisoners free:
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.
[*Flouriſh.* Saturninus *addreſſes* Tamora.
Bas. Lord *Titus*, by your leave, this maid is mine.
[*ſeizing* Lavinia.
Tit. How, ſir! Are you in earneſt then, my lord?
Bas. Ay, noble *Titus*; and resolv'd withal,
To do myſelf this reason and this right.
Mar. *Suum cuique*, is our *Roman* juſtice:
This prince in juſtice ſeizeth but his own.
Luc. And that he will, and ſhall, if *Lucius* live.
Tit. Traitors, avaunt! — Where is the emperor's
Treason, my lord; *Lavinia* is ſurpriz'd. [guard; —
Sat. Surpriz'd! By whom?
Bas. By him that juſtly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.
[*Exit, bearing off* Lavinia; Marcus, *and*
Titus' *Sons, guarding them*; Mutius *laſt.*
Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my ſword I'll keep this door ſafe.
Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll ſoon bring her back.
Mut. My lord, you paſs not here.
Tit. What, villain boy! [*aſſailing him.*
Bar'ſt me my way in *Rome?*
Mut. Help, *Lucius*, help! [*falls, and dies.*
Re-enter Lucius.
Luc. My lord, you are unjuſt; and, more than ſo,
In wrongful quarrel you have ſlain your ſon.
Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any ſons of mine;
My ſons would never ſo diſhonour me:
Traitor, reſtore *Lavinia* to the emperor.
Luc. Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife,

That is another's lawful promis'd love. [*Exit.*

Sat. No, *Titus*, no; the emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy ſtock:
I'll truſt, by leisure, him that mocks me once;
Thee never, nor thy traiterous haughty ſons,
Confederates all thus to diſhonour me.
Was there none elſe in *Rome* to make a ſtale of,
But *Saturnine?* Full well, *Andronicus*,
Agree these deeds, with that proud brag of thine,
That ſaid'ſt, I beg'd the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monſtrous! what reproachful words are these?

Sat. But go thy ways, go, give that changing piece
To him that flouriſh'd for her with his ſword:
A valiant ſon-in-law thou ſhalt enjoy;
One fit to bandy with thy lawleſs ſons,
To ruffle in the common-wealth of *Rome*.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely *Tamora*, queen of *Goths*,—
That, like the ſtately *Phœbe* 'mongſt her nymphs,
Doſt over-ſhine the gallant'ſt dames of *Rome*,—
If thou be pleas'd with this my ſudden choice,
Behold, I choose thee, *Tamora*, for my bride,
And will create thee empereſs of *Rome*.
Speak, queen of *Goths*, doſt thou applaud my choice?
And here I ſwear by all the *Roman* gods,—
Sith prieſt and holy water are ſo near,
And tapers burn ſo bright, and every thing
In readineſs for *Hymenæus* ſtands,—
I will not reſalute the ſtreets of *Rome*,
Or climb my palace, 'till from forth this place
I lead eſpous'd my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in ſight of heaven to *Rome* I ſwear,

If *Saturnine* advance the queen of *Goths*,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurſe, a mother to his youth. [pany
Sat. Aſcend, fair queen, *Pantheon* :—Lords, accom-
Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride;
Sent by the heavens for prince *Saturnine*,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered:
There ſhall we cónſummate our ſpousal rites.
[*Exeunt* Saturninus, *and Followers, with*
Tamora, *her* Sons, Aaron, Goths, &c.
Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride:—
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Diſhonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?
Re-enter Marcus, Lucius, Quintus,
and Martius.
Mar. O *Titus*, ſee, o, ſee what thou haſt done!
In a bad quarrel ſlain a virtuous ſon.
Tit. No, fooliſh tribune, no; no ſon of mine,
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed
That hath diſhonour'd all our family;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy ſons!
Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes;
Give *Mutius* burial with our bretheren.
Tit. Traitors, away; he reſts not in this tomb.
This monument five hundred years hath ſtood,
Which I have ſumptuouſly re-edify'd:
Here none but ſoldiers, and *Rome*'s ſervitors,
Repose in fame; none baſely ſlain in brawls:
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.
Mar. My lord, this is impiety in you:
My nephew *Mutius*' deeds do plead for him;
He muſt be bury'd with his bretheren.

[A] Panthean

Qui. Mart. And ſhall, or him we will accompany.
Tit. And ſhall! What villain was it, ſpake that word?
Mart. He that would vouch 't in any place but here.
Tit. What, would you bury him in my deſpight?
Mar. No, noble *Titus*; but intreat of thee,
To pardon *Mutius*, and to bury him.
Tit. *Marcus*, even thou haſt ſtrook upon my creſt,
And, with these boys, mine honour thou haſt wounded:
My foes I do repute you every one;
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.
Qui. He is not with himſelf, let us withdraw.
Mart. Not I, 'till *Mutius*' bones be buried.
[Marcus *and* Titus' *Sons kneel to him.*
Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead,—
Mart. Father, and in that name doth nature ſpeak,—
Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the reſt will ſpeed.
Mar. Renowned *Titus*, more than half my ſoul,—
Luc. Dear father, ſoul and ſubſtance of us all,—
Mar. Suffer thy brother *Marcus* to interr
His noble nephew here in virtue's neſt,
That dy'd in honour and *Lavinia*'s cauſe.
Thou art a *Roman*, be not barbarous.
The *Greeks*, upon advice, did bury *Ajax*
That ſlew himſelf; and wise *Laertes*' ſon
Did graciouſly plead for his funerals:
Let not young *Mutius* then, that was thy joy,
Be bar'd his entrance here.
Tit. Rise, *Marcus*, riſe:—
The diſmal'ſt day is this, that e'er I ſaw,
To be diſhonour'd by my ſons in *Rome!*—
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.
[Mutius *put into the Tomb.*

Luc. There lye thy bones, ſweet *Mutius*, with thy
'Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb! — [friends,
No man ſhed tears for noble *Mutius*;
He lives in fame, that dy'd in virtue's cause.
all. No man, &c. [*Tomb clos'd.*
Mar. My lord, — to ſtep out of these dreary dumps, —
How comes it, that the ſubtle queen of *Goths*
Is of a ſudden thus advanc'd in *Rome?*
Tit. I know not, *Marcus*; but, I know, it is;
Whether by device, or no, the heavens can tell:
Is ſhe not then beholding to the man,
That brought her for this high good turn ſo far?
Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

Flouriſh. Enter, on one Side,
SATURNINUS, *and his Train, with* TAMORA,
Goths, &c. *on the other,* BASSIANUS, *and his, with* Lavinia.

Sat. So, *Baſſianus*, you have play'd your prize;
God give you joy, ſir, of your gallant bride.
Bas. And you of yours, my lord: I ſay no more,
Nor wiſh no leſs; and ſo I take my leave.
Sat. Traitor, if *Rome* have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction ſhall repent this rape.
Bas. Rape, call you it, my lord, to ſeize my own,
My true-betrothed love, and now my wife?
But let the laws of *Rome* determine all;
Mean while I am poſſeſt of that is mine.
Sat. 'Tis good, ſir: You are very ſhort with us;
But, if we live, we'll be as ſharp with you.
Bas. My lord, what I have done, as beſt I may,
Anſwer I muſt, and ſhall do with my life.
Only thus much I give your grace to know:

By all the duties that I owe to *Rome*,
This noble gentleman, lord *Titus* here,
Is in opinion, and in honour, wrong'd;
That, in the rescue of *Lavinia*,
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath
To be controul'd in that he frankly gave:
Receive him then to favour, *Saturnine*,
That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds,
A father, and a friend, to thee, and *Rome*.

Tit. Prince *Bassianus*, leave to plead my deeds;
'Tis thou, and † those, that have dishonour'd me:
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have lov'd and honour'd *Saturnine!*

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever *Tamora*
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak indifferently for all,
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

Sat. What, madam! be dishonour'd openly,
And basely put it up without revenge?

Tam. Not so, my lord; The gods of *Rome* forefend,
I should be author to dishonour you!
But on mine honour dare I undertake
For good lord *Titus'* innocence in all,
Whose fury, not dissembl'd, speaks his griefs:
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him;
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.
"My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last,"
"Dissemble all your griefs, and discontents:"
"You are but newly planted in your throne;"
"Lest then the people, and patricians too,"

"Upon a juſt ſurvey, take *Titus*' part,"
"And ſo ſupplant us for ingratitude,"
"(Which *Rome* reputes to be a heinous ſin)"
"Yield at intreats, and then let me alone:"
"I'll find a day to maſſacre them all,"
"And raſe their faction, and their family,"
"The cruel father, and his trait'rous ſons,"
"To whom I ſued for my dear ſon's life;"
"And make them know, what 'tis to let a queen"
"Kneel in the ſtreets, and beg for grace in vain."
Come, come, ſweet emperor, — come, *Andronicus*, —
Take up this good old man, and chear the heart
That dies in tempeſt of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, *Titus*, † rise; my empreſs hath prevail'd.

Tit. I thank your majeſty, and her, my lord:
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tam. *Titus*, I am incorporate in *Rome*,
A *Roman* now adopted happily,
And muſt advise the emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels dye, *Andronicus*;
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you. —
For you, prince *Baſſianus*, I have paſſ'd
My word and promise to the emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable. —
And fear not, lords, — and you, *Lavinia*; —
By my adviſe, all-humbl'd on your knees,
You ſhall aſk pardon of his majeſty.

Luc. We do; and vow to heaven, and to his highneſs,
That, what we did, was mildly, as we might,
Tend'ring our ſiſter's honour, and our own.

Mar. That on mine honour here I do proteſt.

Sat. Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.
Tam. Nay, nay, ſweet emperor, we muſt all be friends:
The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;
I will not be deny'd, ſweet heart, look back.
Sat. *Marcus*, for thy ſake, and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely *Tamora*'s intreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults:
Stand † up.—
Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend; and ſure as death I ſwore,
I would not part a batchelor from the prieſt.
Come, if the emperor's court can feaſt two brides,
You are my gueſt, *Lavinia*, and your friends:—
This day ſhall be a love-day, *Tamora*.
Tit. To-morrow an it please your majeſty
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With hound and horn we'll give your grace *bonjour*.
Sat. Be it ſo, *Titus*, and gramercy too.
[*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The ſame. Before the Palace.*

Enter Aaron.

Aar. Now climbeth *Tamora Olympus'* top,
Safe out of fortune's ſhot; and ſits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning flaſh;
Advanc'd above pale envy's threat'ning reach.
As when the golden ſun ſalutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiack in his gliſt'ring coach,

And overlooks the higheſt-peering hills:
So *Tamora:* —
Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue ſtoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, *Aaron*, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial miſtreſs,
And mount her pitch; whom thou in triumph long
Haſt priſoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains;
And faſter bound to *Aaron*'s charming eyes,
Than is *Prometheus* ty'd to *Caucaſus*.
Away with ſlaviſh weeds, and idle thoughts!
I will be bright, and ſhine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made empereſs.
To wait, ſaid I? to wanton with this queen,
This goddeſs, this *Semiramis*; this nymph,
This *Syren*, that will charm *Rome*'s *Saturnine*,
And ſee his ſhipwreck, and his common-weal's.
Hola! what ſtorm is this?

Enter CHIRON, *and* DEMETRIUS, *braving*,

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge,
And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd,
And may, for aught thou know'ſt, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou doſt overween in all;
And ſo in this, to bear me down with braves.
'Tis not the difference of a year, or two,
Makes me leſs gracious, thee more fortunate:
I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
To ſerve, and to deſerve my miſtreſs' grace;
And that my ſword upon thee ſhall approve,
And plead my paſſions for *Lavinia*'s love.

Aar. Clubs! clubs! theſe lovers will not keep the peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,

15 this Queene, | This Syren, 26 gracious, or thee

Gave you a dancing rapier by your ſide,
Are you ſo deſperate grown to threat your friends?
Go to; have your lath glew'd within your ſheath,
'Till you know better how to handle it.
Chi. Mean while, ſir, with the little ſkill I have,
Full well ſhalt thou perceive how much I dare, [*draws.*
Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye ſo brave? [*draws too.*
Aar. Why, how now, lords? [*interposing.*
So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain ſuch a quarrel openly?
Full well I wote the ground of all this grudge;
I would not, for a million of gold,
The cause were known to them it moſt concerns:
Nor would your noble mother, for much more,
Be ſo diſhonour'd in the court of *Rome.*
For ſhame, put up.
Dem. Not I; 'till I have ſheath'd
My rapier in his bosom, and, withal,
Thruſt these reproachful ſpeeches down his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my diſhonour here.
Chi. For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd.
Foul-ſpoken coward! that thunder'ſt with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'ſt perform.
Aar. Away, I ſay.— [*beating down their Swords.*
Now by the gods that warlike *Goths* adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all.—
Why, lords, and think you not how dangerous
It is, to jet upon a prince's right?
What, is *Lavinia* then become ſo looſe,
Or *Baſſianus* ſo degenerate,
That for her love ſuch quarrels may be broacht,
Without controulment, juſtice, or revenge?

Young lords, beware! an ſhould the empreſs know
This diſcord's ground, the muſick would not please.
Chi. I care not, I, knew ſhe and all the world;
I love *Lavinia* more than all the world. [choice;
Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make ſome meaner
Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.
Aar. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in *Rome*
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.
Chi. *Aaron*, a thousand deaths
Would I propose, to atchieve her whom I love.
Aar. To atchieve her! How?
Dem. Why mak'ſt thou it ſo ſtrange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is *Lavinia*, therefore muſt be lov'd.
What, man! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of; and easy it is,
Of a cut loaf to ſteal a ſhive, we know:
Though *Baſſianus* be the emperor's brother,
Better than he have yet worn *Vulcan*'s badge.
Aar. "Ay, and as good as *Saturninus* may." [it
Dem. Then why ſhould he deſpair, that knows to court
With words, fair looks, and liberality?
What, haſt not thou full often ſtruck a doe,
And born her cleanly by the keeper's nose?
Aar. Why then, it ſeems, ſome certain ſnatch or ſo
Would ſerve your turns.
Chi. Ay, ſo the turn were ſerv'd.
Dem. *Aaron*, thou haſt hit it.

[1] I do love

Aar. 'Would you had hit it too;
Then ſhould not we be tir'd with this ado.
Why, hark ye, hark ye; And are you ſuch fools,
To ſquare for this? Would it offend you then,
That both ſhould ſpeed?

Chi. 'Faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me, ſo I were one.

Aar. For ſhame, be friends; and join for that you jar.
'Tis policy and ſtratagem muſt do
That you affect; and ſo muſt you resolve;
That, what you cannot, as you would, atchieve,
You muſt perforce accompliſh as you may.
Take this of me, *Lucrece* was not more chaſt
Than this *Lavinia*, *Baſſianus*' love.
A ſpeedier courſe than ling'ring languiſhment
Muſt we purſue, and I have found the path.
My lords, a ſolemn hunting is in hand;
There will the lovely *Roman* ladies troop:
The foreſt walks are wide and ſpacious;
And many unfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kind for rape and villany:
Single you thither then this dainty doe,
And ſtrike her home by force, if not by words:
This way, or not at all, ſtand you in hope.
Come, come, our empreſs, with her ſacred wit,
To villany and vengeance conſecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend;
And ſhe ſhall file our engines with advice,
That will not ſuffer you to ſquare yourſelves,
But to your wiſhes' height advance you both.
The emperor's court is like the houſe of fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears:

15 courſe this ling-

The woods are ruthleſs, dreadful, deaf, and dull;
There ſpeak, and ſtrike, brave boys, and take your turns;
There ſerve your luſt, ſhadow'd from heaven's eye,
And revel in *Lavinia*'s treasury.

Chi. Thy counſel, lad, ſmells of no cowardiſe.

Dem. Sit fas, aut nefas, 'till I find the ſtream
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,
Per Styga, per manes vehor. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Chace near* Rome. *Court before a Lodge. Horns, and Cry of Hounds, heard. Enter* Titus, *and Train of Hunters*, &c. Marcus, Lucius, Quintus, *and* Martius.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green:
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor, and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince; and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the emperor's perſon carefully:
I have been troubl'd in my ſleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inſpir'd.—

Hunters wind a Peal.

Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lavinia, Chiron, Demetrius, *and Train.*

Many good morrows to your majeſty;—
Madam, to you as many and as good!—
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have rung it luſtily, my lords,
Somewhat too early for new-marry'd ladies,

Bas. Lavinia, how ſay you?

[7] their fits [8] *Stigia*

Lav. I ſay, no;
I have been broad awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on then, horſe and chariots let us have,
And to our ſport:—Madam, now ſhall ye ſee
Our *Roman* hunting.

Mar. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudeſt panther in the chaſe,
And climb the higheſt promontory top.

Tit. And I have horſe will follow where the game
Makes way, and run like ſwallows o'er the plain.

Dem. "*Chiron*, we hunt not, we, with horſe nor hound,"
"But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground." [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The ſame: A desert Part of it.*

Enter Aaron, *with a Bag of Gold, which he hides.*

Aar. He, that had wit, would think, that I had none,
To bury ſo much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him, that thinks of me ſo abjectly,
Know that this gold muſt coin a ſtratagem;
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villany:
And ſo repose, ſweet gold, for their unreſt,
That have their alms out of the empreſs' cheſt.

Enter Tamora.

Tam. My lovely *Aaron*, wherefore look'ſt thou ſad,
When every thing doth make a gleeful boaſt?
The birds chaunt melody on every buſh;
The ſnake lies rowled in the chearful ſun;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequer'd ſhadow on the ground:
Under their ſweet ſhade, *Aaron*, let us ſit;

And,—whilſt the babling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying ſhrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,—
Let us ſit down, and mark their yelling noise:
And,—after conflict, ſuch as was ſuppos'd
The wandring prince and *Dido* once enjoy'd,
When with a happy ſtorm they were ſurpriz'd,
And curtain'd with a counſel-keeping cave,—
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
Our paſtimes done, poſſeſs a golden ſlumber;
While hounds, and horns, and ſweet melodious birds,
Be unto us as is a nurſe's ſong
Of lullaby, to bring her babe aſleep.

Aar. Madam, though *Venus* govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine:
What ſignifies my deadly-ſtanding eye,
My ſilence, and my cloudy melancholy?
My fleece of wooly hair, that now uncurls,
Even as an adder, when ſhe doth unrowl
To do ſome fatal execution?
No, madam, these are no venereal ſigns;
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, *Tamora*,—the empreſs of my ſoul,
Which never hopes more heaven than reſts in thee,—
This is the day of doom for *Baſſianus*;
His *Philomel* muſt lose her tongue to-day,
Thy ſons make pillage of her chaſtity,
And waſh their hands in *Baſſianus'* blood.
See'ſt thou this † letter? take it up, I pray thee,
And give the king this fatal-plotted ſcrowl:—
Now queſtion me no more, we are eſpy'd;

† yellowing

Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' deſtruction.

Enter BASSIANUS, *and* LAVINIA.

TAM. Ah, my ſweet *Moor*, ſweeter to me than life!

AAR. No more, great empreſs; *Baſſianus* comes:
Be croſs with him; and I'll go fetch thy ſons,
To back thy quarrels, whatſoe'er they be.

[*Exit* AARON.

BAS. Who have we here? *Rome*'s royal empereſs,
Unfurniſh'd of her well-beſeeming troop?
Or is it *Dian*, habited like her;
Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
To ſee the general hunting in this foreſt?

TAM. Saucy controuler of our private ſteps!
Had I the power, that, ſome ſay, *Dian* had,
Thy temples ſhould be planted presently
With horns, as were *Actæon*'s; and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-tranſformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

LAV. Under your patience, gentle empereſs,
'Tis thought, you have a goodly gift in horning;
And to be doubted, that your *Moor* and you
Are ſingl'd forth to try experiments:
Jove ſhield your husband from his hounds to-day!
'Tis pity, they ſhould take him for a ſtag.

BAS. Believe me, queen, your ſwarth *Cimmerian*
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, deteſted, and abhominable.
Why are you ſequeſter'd from all your train?
Diſmounted from your ſnow-white goodly ſteed,
And wander'd hither to an obſcure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous *Moor*,

7 quarrell 10 of our well 17 as was *Ac-* 18 upon his new

If foul desire had not conducted you?
Lav. And, being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For saucinesſ. — I pray you, let us hence,
And let her 'joy her raven-colour'd love;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.
Bas. The king my brother shall have note of this.
Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long:
Good king! to be so mightily abus'd!
Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?
Enter CHIRON, *and* DEMETRIUS.
Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother? [mo-
Why doth your highneſs look so pale and wan?
Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
These two have 'tic'd me hither to this place;
A bare detested vale, you see, it is:
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss, and baleful mistelto:
Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.
And, when they show'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
Would make such fearful and confused cries,
As any mortal body, hearing it,
Should straight fall mad, or else dye suddenly.
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But straight they told me, they would bind me here
Unto the body of a dismal yew,
And leave me to this miserable death.
And then they call'd me, foul adulteresſ,

7 notice of 16 A barren, de-

Lascivious *Goth*, and all the bittereſt terms
That ever ear did hear to ſuch effect.
And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed:
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
Or be not henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This † is a witneſs, that I am thy ſon. [ſtrength.

Chi. And this † for me; ſtrook home to ſhew my

[*ſtabing ſuddenly* Baſſianus; *who falls.*

Lav. I come, *Semiramis*, — nay, barbarous *Tamora*;
For no name fits thy nature but thy own!

Tam. Give me thy poniard; — you ſhall know, my boys,
Your mother's hand ſhall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her;
Firſt thraſh the corn, then after burn the ſtraw.
This minion ſtood upon her chaſtity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And with that paint now braves your mightineſs:
And ſhall ſhe carry this unto her grave?

Chi. An if ſhe do, I would I were an eunuch.
Drag hence her husband to ſome ſecret hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our luſt.

Tam. But, when you have the honey you desire,
Let not this waſp out-live, us both to ſting.

Chi. I warrant you, madam; we will make that ſure. —
Come, miſtreſs, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice-preserved honeſty of yours.

Lav. O, *Tamora!* thou bear'ſt a woman's face, —

Tam. I will not hear her ſpeak; away with her.

Lav. Sweet lords, intreat her hear me but a word.

Dem. Liſten, fair madam: let it be your glory,
To ſee her tears; but be your heart to them,

6 be ye not 18 painted hope, braves

As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam?
O, do not learn her wrath; ſhe taught it thee:
The milk, thou ſuck'dſt from her, did turn to marble;
E'en at thy teat thou hadſt thy tyranny. —
Yet every mother breeds not ſons alike;
Do thou entreat her ſhew a woman pity. [baſtard?

Chi. What, would'ſt thou have me prove myſelf a

Lav. 'Tis true; the raven doth not hatch a lark:
Yet have I heard, (o, could I find it now!)
The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure
To have his princely paws par'd all away.
Some ſay, that ravens foſter forlorn children,
The whilſt their own birds famiſh in their neſts:
O, be to me, though thy hard heart ſay no,
Nothing ſo kind, but ſomething pitiful!

Tam. I know not what it means; away with her.

Lav. O, let me teach thee: for my father's ſake, —
That gave thee life, when well he might have ſlain thee, —
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Had'ſt thou in perſon ne'er offended me,
Even for his ſake am I now pitileſs: —
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
To ſave your brother from the ſacrifice;
But fierce *Andronicus* would not relent:
Therefore away with her, use her as you will;
The worſe to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lav. O *Tamora*, be call'd a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place:
For 'tis not life, that I have beg'd ſo long;
Poor I was ſlain, when *Baſſianus* dy'd.

Tam. What beg'ſt thou then? fond woman, let me go.

4 ſuckſt 26 her, and uſe

Lav. 'Tis present death, I beg; and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
O, keep me from their worſe-than-killing luſt;
And tumble me into ſome loathſom pit,
Where never man's eye may behold my body:
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So ſhould I rob my ſweet ſons of their fee:
No, let them ſatiſfy their luſt on thee.

Dem. Away; for thou haſt ſtay'd us here too long.

Lav. No grace? no womanhood? Ah beaſtly creature!
The blot and enemy to our general name!
Confuſion fall,— [her husband;

Chi. Nay, then I'll ſtop your mouth:—Bring thou
This is the hole where *Aaron* bid us hide him.

[Dem. *throws the Body of* Baſ. *into the Pit:*
Exeunt he and Chi. *dragging off* Lav.

Tam. Farewel, my ſons: ſee, that you make her ſure:—
Ne'er let my heart know merry chear indeed,
'Till all the *Andronici* be made away.
Now will I hence, to ſeek my lovely *Moor*;
And let my ſpleenful ſons this trull deflour. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The ſame*

Enter Aaron, *with* Quintus *and* Martius.

Aar. Come on, my lords; the better foot before:
Straight will I bring you to the loathſom pit,
Where I eſpy'd the panther faſt aſleep.

Qui. My ſight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mart. And mine, I promiſe you: were it not for ſhame,
Well could I leave our ſport to ſleep a while.

[*falls into the Pit.*

Qui. What, art thou fall'n? What ſubtle hole is this,

Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars;
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-ſhed blood,
As freſh as morning's dew diſtill'd on flowers?
A very fatal place it ſeems to me:—
Speak, brother, haſt thou hurt thee with the fall?

Mart. O, brother, with the dismaleſt objéct,
That ever eye with ſight made heart lament.

Aar. "Now will I fetch the king, to find them here;"
"That he thereby may have a likely gueſs,"
"How these were they that made away his brother."
[*Exit* Aaron.

Mart. Why doſt not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-ſtained hole?

Qui. I am ſurprized with an úncouth fear:
A chilling ſweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;
My heart ſuſpects more than mine eye can ſee.

Mart. To prove thou haſt a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And ſee a fearful ſight of blood and death.

Qui. *Aaron* is gone; and my compaſſionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing, whereat it trembles by ſurmise:
O, tell me how it is; for ne'er 'till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

Mart. Lord *Baſſianus* lies embrued here,
All on a heap, like to a ſlaughter'd lamb,
In this deteſted, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Qui. If it be dark, how doſt thou know 'tis he?

Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole;
Which, like a taper in ſome monument,
Doth ſhine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,

And ſhews the ragged entrails of this pit:
So pale did ſhine the moon on *Pyramus*,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood:
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand,—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as *Cocytus*' miſty mouth.

Qui. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out;
Or, wanting ſtrength to do thee ſo much good,
I may be pluck'd into the ſwallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor *Baſſianus*' grave.
I have no ſtrength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mart. Nor I no ſtrength to climb without thy help.

Qui. Thy hand once more; I will not looſe again,
'Till thou art here aloft, or I below:
Thou canſt not come to me, I come to thee. [*falls in.*

Enter Saturninus, *and* Aaron.

Sat. Along with me: I'll ſee what hole is here;
And what he is, that now is leapt into it.—
Say, who art thou, that lately didſt deſcend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Mart. The unhappy ſon of old *Andronicus*;
Brought hither in a moſt unlucky hour,
To find thy brother *Baſſianus* dead.

Sat. My brother dead! I know, thou doſt but jeſt:
He and his lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north-ſide of this pleaſant chaſe;
'Tis not an hour ſince I left him there.

Mart. We know not where you left him all alive,
But, out-alas! here have we found him dead.

Enter Tamora, *attended*; Titus, *and* Lucius.

Tam. Where is my lord the king?

Sat. Here, *Tamora*; though griev'd with killing grief.
Tam. Where is thy brother *Baſſianus?*
Sat. Now to the bottom doſt thou ſearch my wound;
Poor *Baſſianus* here lies murthered.
Tam. Then all too late I bring this † fatal writ,
The complot of this timeleſs tragedy;
And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold
In pleaſing ſmiles ſuch murd'rous tyranny.
Sat. [*reads.*] *An if we miſs to meet him handſomly,—*
Sweet huntsman, Baſſianus *'tis, we mean,—*
Do thou ſo much as dig the grave for him;
Thou know'ſt our meaning: look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder-tree,
Which overſhades the mouth of that ſame pit,
Where we decreed to bury Baſſianus.
Do this, and purchaſe us thy laſting friends.
O, *Tamora,* was ever heard the like! —
This is the pit, and this the elder-tree:
Look, ſirs, if you can find the huntsman out,
That ſhould have murther'd *Baſſianus* here.
Aar. My gracious lord, here † is the bag of gold.
Sat. Two of thy whelps, [*to* Tit.] fell curs of bloody
Have here bereft my brother of his life: — [kind,
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the priſon;
There let them bide, until we have deviſ'd
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.
Tam. What, are they in this pit? O wondrous thing!
How easily murder is diſcovered!
Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly ſhed,
That this fell fault of my accurſed ſons,
(Accurſed, if the fault be prov'd in them)—

32 faults

Sat. If it be prov'd! you ſee, it is apparent.—
Who found this letter? *Tamora*, was it you?

Tam. *Andronicus* himſelf did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail:
For by my father's reverend tomb I vow,
They ſhall be ready, at your highneſs' will,
To anſwer their ſuſpicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou ſhalt not bail them: ſee, thou follow me:—
Some bring the murther'd body, ſome the murtherers:
Let them not ſpeak a word, the guilt is plain;
For, by my ſoul, were there worſe end than death,
That end upon them ſhould be executed.

[*Attendants draw* Quintus, *and* Martius, *out of the Pit, and the Body of* Baſſianus; *and Exeunt, bearing them off.*

Tam. *Andronicus*, I will entreat the king;
Fear not thy ſons, they ſhall do well enough.

[*Exeunt* Sat. Tam. Aar. *and Train.*

Tit. Come, *Lucius*, come; ſtay not to talk with them.

[*Exeunt* Titus, *and* Lucius.

SCENE V. *The ſame.*

Enter Chiron, *and* Demetrius, *with* Lavinia, *raviſht*; *her Hands cut off, and her Tongue cut out.*

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can ſpeak,
Who 'twas, that cut thy tongue, and raviſh'd thee.

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning ſo,
An if thy ſtumps will let thee play the ſcribe.

Dem. See, how with ſigns and tokens ſhe can ſcowl.

Chi. Go home, call for ſweet water, waſh thy hands.

Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to waſh:

And ſo let's leave her to her ſilent walks.

Chi. An 'twere my cause, I ſhould go hang myſelf.

Dem. If thou hadſt hands to help thee knit the cord.

[*Exeunt* Chiron, *and* Demetrius.

Horns within: Lavinia *ſtarts, and is making from them*; *Enter* Marcus.

Mar. Who's this,—my niece?—that flies away ſo faſt?
Couſin, a word; Where is your husband?—
If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would wake me!
If I do wake, ſome planet ſtrike me down,
That I may ſlumber in eternal ſleep!—
Speak, gentle niece, what ſtern ungentle hand
Hath lop'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare
Of her two branches? those ſweet ornaments,
Whoſe circling ſhadows kings have ſought to ſleep in;
And might not gain ſo great a happineſs,
As half thy love? Why doſt not ſpeak to me?
Alas, a crimſon river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain ſtir'd with wind,
Doth riſe and fall between thy roſed lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But, ſure, ſome *Tereus* hath defloured thee;
And, leſt thou ſhould'ſt detect him, cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'ſt away thy face for ſhame;
And, notwithſtanding all this loſs of blood,—
As from a conduit, with three iſſuing ſpouts,—
Yet do thy cheeks look red as *Titan*'s face,
Bluſhing to be encounter'd with a cloud.
Shall I ſpeak for thee? ſhall I ſay, 'tis ſo?
O, that I knew thy heart; and knew the beaſt,
That I might rail at him to eaſe my mind!
Sorrow concealed, like an oven ſtopt,

12 hands 23 detect them, 25 their iſſuing

Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair *Philomela* ſhe but loſt her tongue,
And in a tedious ſampler ſew'd her mind:
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier *Tereus* haſt thou met withal;
And he hath cut thoſe pretty fingers off,
That could have better ſew'd than *Philomel.*
O, had the monſter ſeen thoſe lilly hands
Tremble, like aſpen leaves, upon a lute,
And make the ſilken ſtrings delight to kiſs them,
He would not then have touch'd them for his life.
Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony,
Which that ſweet tongue hath made;
He would have dropt his knife, and fell aſleep,
As *Cerberus* at the *Thracian* poet's feet.
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;
For ſuch a ſight will blind a father's eye:
One hour's ſtorm will drown the fragrant meads;
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee;
O, could our mourning ease thy misery!

[*Exit, with* Lavinia.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Rome. A Street.*

Enter Senators, Tribunes, &c. *and Officers of Juſtice, with* Quintus *and* Martius, *bound, paſſing to Execution;* TITUS *before, pleading.*

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, ſtay!
For pity of mine age, whoſe youth was ſpent

In dangerous wars, whilſt you ſecurely ſlept;
For all my blood in *Rome*'s great quarrel ſhed;
For all the froſty nights that I have watch'd;
And for these bitter tears, which now you ſee
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;
Be pitiful to my condemned ſons,
Whose ſouls are not corrupted as 'tis thought!
For two and twenty ſons I never wept,
Because they dy'd in honour's lofty bed:
For these, these, tribunes, in the duſt I write
[*throwing himſelf on the Ground.*
My heart's deep languor, and my ſoul's ſad tears.
[*Tribunes, &c. paſs* Titus, *and Exeunt with the Prisoners.*
Let my tears ſtanch the earth's dry appetite;
My ſons' ſweet blood will make it ſhame and bluſh.
O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,
That ſhall diſtil from these two ancient urns,
Than youthful *April* ſhall with all his ſhowers:
In ſummer's drought, I'll drop upon thee ſtill;
In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the ſnow,
And keep eternal ſpring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear ſons' blood.

Enter LUCIUS, *with his Sword drawn.*

O reverend tribunes! gentle, aged men!
Unbind my ſons, reverſe the doom of death;
And let me ſay, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. O noble father, you lament in vain;
The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
And you recount your ſorrows to a ſtone.

Tit. Ah, *Lucius*, for thy brothers let me plead:—
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you.

17 ancient ruines, 24 Tribunes, oh gen-

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you ſpeak.
Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man: [*riſes.*] if they did hear,
They would not mark me; or, if they did mark,
All bootleſs unto them, they would not pity me.
Therefore I tell my ſorrows to the ſtones;
Who, though they cannot anſwer my diſtreſs,
Yet in ſome ſort are better than the tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale:
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears, and ſeem to weep with me;
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.
A ſtone is ſoft as wax, tribunes more hard than ſtones:
A ſtone is ſilent, and offendeth not;
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
But wherefore ſtand'ſt thou with thy weapon drawn?
Luc. To reſcue my two brothers from their death:
For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd
My everlaſting doom of baniſhment.
Tit. O happy man! they have befriended thee.
Why, fooliſh *Lucius*, doſt thou not perceive,
That *Rome* is but a wilderneſs of tigers?
Tigers muſt prey; and *Rome* affords no prey,
But me, and mine: How happy art thou then,
From these devourers to be baniſhed?
But who comes with our brother *Marcus* here?

Enter Marcus, *and* Lavinia.

Mar. *Titus*, prepare thy noble eyes to weep;
Or, if not ſo, thy noble heart to break;
I bring conſuming ſorrow to thine age.
Tit. Will it conſume me? let me ſee it then.
Mar. This † was thy daughter.

5 ſorrowes bootles to 7 ſort they are

Tit. Why, *Marcus*, ſo ſhe is.

Luc. Ah me! this object kills me!

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her.—
Speak, my *Lavinia*, what accurſed hand
Hath made thee handleſs in thy father's ſight?
What fool hath added water to the ſea?
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning *Troy?*
My grief was at the height, before thou cam'ſt;
And now, like *Nilus*, it diſdaineth bounds.—
Give me a ſword, I'll chop off my hands too:
For they have fought for *Rome*, and all in vain;
And they have nurſ'd this woe, in feeding life;
In bootleſs prayer have they been held up,
And they have ſerv'd me to effectleſs uſe:
Now, all the ſervice I require of them
Is, that the one will help to cut the other.—
'Tis well, *Lavinia*, that thou haſt no hands;
For hands, to do *Rome* ſervice, is but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle ſiſter, who hath martyr'd thee?

Mar. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blab'd them with ſuch pleaſing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage;
Where, like a ſweet melodious bird, it ſung
Sweet-vary'd notes, enchanting every ear.

Luc. O, ſay thou for her, who hath done this deed?

Mar. O, thus I found her, ſtraying in the park,
Seeking to hide herſelf; as doth the deer,
That hath receiv'd ſome unrecuring wound.

Tit. It was my deer; and he, that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me dead:
For now I ſtand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderneſs of ſea;

Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when ſome envious ſurge
Will in his briniſh bowels ſwallow him.
This way to death my wretched ſons are gone;
Here ſtands my other ſon, a baniſh'd man;
And here my brother, weeping at my woes:
But that, which gives my ſoul the greateſt ſpurn,
Is dear *Lavinia*, dearer than my ſoul. —
Had I but ſeen thy picture in this plight,
It would have madded me; What ſhall I do,
Now I behold thy lively body ſo?
Thou haſt no hands, to wipe away thy tears;
Nor tongue, to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:
Thy husband he is dead; and, for his death,
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this: —
Look, *Marcus!* ah, ſon *Lucius*, look on her!
When I did name her brothers, then freſh tears
Stood on her cheeks; as doth the honey dew
Upon a gather'd lilly almoſt wither'd. [husband:

Mar. Perchance, ſhe weeps because they kill'd her
Perchance, because ſhe knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them. —
No, no, they would not do ſo foul a deed;
Witneſs the ſorrow that their ſiſter makes. —
Gentle *Lavinia*, let me kiſs thy lips;
Or make ſome ſign how I may do thee ease:
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother *Lucius*,
And thou, and I, ſit round about ſome fountain;
Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
How they are ſtain'd; like meadows, yet not dry
With miry ſlime left on them by a flood?

[21] knowes him inn- [31] ſtaind in mead-

And in the fountain ſhall we gaze ſo long,
'Till the freſh taſte be taken from that clearneſs,
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
Or ſhall we cut away our hands, like thine?
Or ſhall we bite our tongues, and in dumb ſhews
Paſs the remainder of our hateful days?
What ſhall we do? let us, that have our tongues,
Plot ſome deviſe of further misery,
To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, ceaſe your tears; for, at your grief,
See, how my wretched ſiſter ſobs and weeps. [eyes.

Mar. Patience, dear niece;—good *Titus*, dry thine

Tit. Ah, *Marcus*, *Marcus*, brother, well I wote,
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, haſt drown'd it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my *Lavinia*, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, *Marcus*, mark! I underſtand her ſigns:
Had ſhe a tongue to ſpeak, now would ſhe ſay
That to her brother which I ſaid to thee;
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no ſervice on her ſorrowful cheeks.
O, what a ſympathy of woe is this!
As far from help as limbo is from bliſs.

Enter Aaron.

Aar. *Titus Andronicus*, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word,—That, if thou love thy ſons,
Let *Marcus*, *Lucius*, or thyſelf, old *Titus*,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And ſend it to the king: he, for the ſame,
Will ſend thee hither both thy ſons alive;
And that ſhall be the ranſom for their fault.

Tit. O gracious emperor! O gentle *Aaron!*

20 with her true

Did ever raven ſing ſo like a lark,
That gives ſweet tidings of the ſun's uprise?
With all my heart I'll ſend the king my hand;
Good *Aaron*, wilt thou help to chop it off?

Luc. Stay, father; for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down ſo many enemies,
Shall not be ſent: my hand will ſerve the turn:
My youth can better ſpare my blood than you;
And therefore mine ſhall ſave my brothers' lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended *Rome*,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,
Writing deſtruction on the enemies' caſque?
O, none of both but are of high deſert:
My hand hath been but idle; let it ſerve
To ranſom my two nephews from their death;
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come, agree whose hand ſhall go along,
For fear they dye before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand ſhall go.

Luc. By heaven, it ſhall not go.

Tit. Sirs, ſtrive no more; ſuch wither'd herbs as these
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I ſhall be thought thy ſon,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Mar. And, for our father's ſake, and mother's care,
Now let me ſhow a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you, I will ſpare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe.

Mar. But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt* Lucius, *and* Marcus.

Tit. Come hither, *Aaron*; I'll deceive them both;
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

3 the Emperour my 12 Caſtle?

Aar. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honeſt,
And never, whilſt I live, deceive men ſo:—
"But I'll deceive you in another ſort;"
"And that you'll ſay, ere half an hour paſs."
[*cuts off* Titus' *Hand.*

Re-enter Lucius, *and* Marcus.

Tit. Now ſtay your ſtrife: what ſhall be, is diſpatch'd.—
Good *Aaron*, give his majeſty my hand:
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers; bid him bury it;
More hath it merited, that let it have.
As for my ſons, ſay, I account of them
As jewels purchaſ'd at an easy price;
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, *Andronicus:* and, for thy hand,
Look by and by to have thy ſons with thee:—
"Their heads, I mean. O, how this villany"
"Doth fat me with the very thought of it!"
"Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace;"
"*Aaron* will have his ſoul black like his face."
[*Exit, with* Titus' *Hand.*

Tit. O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call;—What, wilt thou kneel with me? [*to* Lav.
Do then, dear heart; for heaven ſhall hear our prayers;
Or with our ſighs we'll breath the welkin dim,
And ſtain the ſun with fog, as ſometime clouds,
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Mar. O brother, ſpeak with poſſibilities,
And do not break into these deep extreams.

Tit. Is not my ſorrow deep, having no bottom?

Then be my paſſions bottomleſs with them.

Mar. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes:
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the ſea wax mad,
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-ſwoln face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the ſea, hark how her ſighs do blow;
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then muſt my ſea be moved with her ſighs;
Then muſt my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:
For why? my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard muſt I vomit them.
Then give me leave; for losers will have leave
To ease their ſtomacks with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Meſſenger, *with two Heads, and a Hand.*

Meſ. Worthy *Andronicus*, ill art thou repay'd
For that good hand thou ſent'ſt the emperor.
Here are the † heads of thy two noble ſons;
And here's thy † hand, in ſcorn to thee ſent back;
Thy griefs their ſports, thy resolution mock'd:
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death.

[*Exit* Meſſenger.

Mar. Now let hot *Ætna* cool in *Sicily*,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!
These miseries are more than may be born:
To weep with them that weep doth ease ſome deal,
But ſorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this ſight ſhould make ſo deep a wound,
And yet deteſted life not ſhrink thereat!
That ever death ſhould let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more intereſt but to breath!

Mar. Alas, poor heart, that kiſs is comfortleſs,
As frozen water to a ſtarved ſnake.

Tit. When will this fearful ſlumber have an end?

Mar. Now, farewel, flattery!—Dye, *Andronicus*;
Thou doſt not ſlumber: ſee, thy two ſons' heads;
Thy warlike hand; thy mangl'd daughter here;
Thy other baniſh'd ſon, with this dear ſight
Struck pale and bloodleſs; and thy brother, I,
Even like a ſtony image, cold and numb.
Ah, now no more will I controul thy griefs:
Rent off thy ſilver hair, thy other hand
Gnaw with thy teeth; and be this dismal ſight
The closing up of our moſt wretched eyes:
Now is a time to ſtorm; Why art thou ſtill?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha!

Mar. Why doſt thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to ſhed:
Beſides, this ſorrow is an enemy,
And would uſurp upon my watry eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears;
Then which way ſhall I find revenge's cave?
For these two heads do ſeem to ſpeak to me;
And threat me, I ſhall never come to bliſs,
'Till all these miſchiefs be return'd again,
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me ſee what taſk I have to do.
You heavy people, circle me about;
That I may turn me to each one of you,

14 controule my griefes 16 Gnawing with

And ſwear unto my ſoul to right your wrongs.
The vow is made. Come, brother, take a head;
And in this hand the other will I bear:
Lavinia, thou ſhalt be employ'd in these things,
Bear thou my hand, ſweet wench, between thy arms.
As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my ſight;
Thou art an exile, and thou muſt not ſtay:
Hye to the *Goths*, and raise an army there:
And, if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiſs, and part, for we have much to do.
[*Exeunt* Titus, Marcus, *and* Lavinia.

Luc. Farewel, *Andronicus*, my noble father;
The woeful'ſt man that ever liv'd in *Rome!*
Farewel, proud *Rome!* 'till *Lucius* come again,
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life.
Farewel, *Lavinia*, my noble ſiſter;
O, 'would thou wert as thou 'tofore haſt been!
But now nor *Lucius*, nor *Lavinia*, lives,
But in oblivion, and hateful griefs.
If *Lucius* live, he will requite your wrongs;
And make proud *Saturninus* and his empreſs
Beg at the gates, like *Tarquin* and his queen.
Now will I to the *Goths*, and raise a power,
To be reveng'd on *Rome* and *Saturnine*. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The ſame.*

Room in Titus' *Houſe: Banquet ſet out.*

Enter Titus, *and* Marcus, *with* Lavinia, *and a young* Boy, *Son to* Lucius.

Tit. So, ſo; now ſit: and look you eat no more,
Than will preserve juſt ſo much ſtrength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.

5 v. *Note.* 15 He loves his

Marcus, unknit that ſorrow-wreathen knot;
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot paſſionate our ten-fold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breaſt;
And when my heart, all mad with miſery,
Beats in this hollow priſon of my fleſh,
Then thus † I thump it down. —
Thou map of woe, that thus doſt talk in ſigns,
When thy poor heart beats with outragious beating,
Thou canſt not ſtrike it thus to make it ſtill.
Wound it with ſighing, girl, kill it with groans:
Or get ſome little knife between thy teeth,
And juſt againſt thy heart make thou a hole;
That all the tears, that thy poor eyes let fall,
May run into that ſink, and, ſoaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in ſea-ſalt tears.

Mar. Fye, brother, fye! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now! has ſorrow made thee doat already?
Why, *Marcus*, no man ſhould be mad but I.
What violent hands can ſhe lay on her life?
Ah, wherefore doſt thou urge the name of hands;
To bid *Æneas* tell the tale twice o'er,
How *Troy* was burnt, and he made miſerable?
O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands;
Leſt we remember ſtill, that we have none. —
Fye, fye! how frantickly I ſquare my talk!
As if we ſhould forget we had no hands,
If *Marcus* did not name the word of hands! —
Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat † this: —
Here is no drink! — Hark, *Marcus*, what ſhe ſays; —

I can interpret all her martyr'd ſigns; —
She ſays, ſhe drinks no other drink but tears,
Brew'd with her ſorrow, meſh'd upon her cheeks: —
Speechleſs complainer, I will learn thy thought;
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect,
As begging hermits in their holy prayers:
Thou ſhalt not ſigh, nor hold thy ſtumps to heaven,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a ſign,
But I, of these, will wreſt an alphabet,
And, by ſtill practice, learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandſire, leave these bitter deep laments;
Make my aunt merry with ſome pleasing tale.

Mar. Alas, the tender boy, in paſſion mov'd,
Doth weep to ſee his grandſire's heavineſs.

Tit. Peace, tender ſapling; thou art made of tears,
And tears will quickly melt thy life away. —
What doſt thou ſtrike at, *Marcus*, with thy knife?

Mar. At that that I have kill'd, my lord; a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'ſt my heart;
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:
A deed of death, done on the innocent,
Becomes not *Titus'* brother: Get thee gone;
I ſee, thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. But! How if that fly had a father, ſir?
How would he hang his ſlender gilded wings,
And buz lamenting dolings in the air?
Poor harmleſs fly!
That, with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry; and thou haſt kill'd him.

Mar. Pardon me, ſir; it was a black ill-favour'd fly,
Like to the empreſs' *Moor*; therefore I kill'd him.

4 complaynet, I 25 v. *Note.* 27 doings

Tit. O, o! Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou haſt done a charitable deed.
Give me thy knife, I will inſult on him;
Flattering myſelf, as if it were the *Moor*,
Come hither purposely to poison me.—
There's † for thyſelf; and that's † for *Tamora*:
Ah, ſirra!—
Yet, I think, we are not brought ſo low,
But that, between us, we can kill a fly,
That comes in likeneſs of a coal-black *Moor*.

Mar. Alas, poor man! grief has ſo wrought on him,
He takes falſe ſhadows for true ſubſtances.

Tit. Come, take away.—*Lavinia*, go with me:
I'll to thy closet; and go read with thee
Sad ſtories, chanced in the times of old.—
Come, boy, and go with me; thy ſight is young,
And thou ſhalt read when mine begins to dazzle.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The ſame. Before* Titus' *Houſe.*
Enter Titus, *and* Marcus. *Then, Enter young* Lucius, *running*; Lavinia *after him.*

Boy. Help, grandſire, help! my aunt *Lavinia*
Follows me every where, I know not why:—
Good uncle *Marcus*, ſee, how ſwift ſhe comes!—
Alas, ſweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Mar. Stand by me, *Lucius*; do not fear thine aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in *Rome*, ſhe did.

Mar. What means my niece *Lavinia* by these ſigns?

17 begin

Tit. Fear her not, *Lucius:* — Somewhat doth she
See, *Lucius*, see, how much she makes of thee: [mean:—
Somewhither would she have thee go with her.
Ah, boy, *Cornelia* never with more care
Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee,
Sweet poetry, and *Tully*'s oratory. [thus?
Mar. Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee
Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her:
For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,
Extremity of griefs would make men mad;
And I have read, that *Hecuba* of *Troy*,
Ran mad through sorrow: That made me to fear:
Although, my lord, I know, my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth:
Which made me down to throw my books, and fly;
Causeless, perhaps: — But pardon me, sweet aunt:
And, madam, if my uncle *Marcus* go,
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.
Mar. Lucius, I will.
Tit. How now, *Lavinia?*—*Marcus*, what means this?
[*seeing her turn over the Books* Lucius *has let fall.*
Some book there is, that she desires to see:—
Which is it, girl, of these? — Open them, boy. —
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd;
Come, and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, 'till the heavens
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed. —
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?
Mar. I think, she means, that there was more than one
Confederate in the fact; — Ay, more there was: —

Or elſe to heaven ſhe heaves them for revenge.
Tit. *Lucius*, what book is that ſhe toſſeth ſo?
Boy. Grandſire, 'tis *Ovid's Metamorphoſis*;
My mother gave it me.
Mar. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps ſhe cull'd it from among the reſt.
Tit. Soft, ſoft; how busily ſhe turns the leaves!
Help her:
What would ſhe find? — *Lavinia*, ſhall I read;
This is the tragic tale of *Philomel*,
And treats of *Tereus'* treaſon, and his rape;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.
Mar. See, brother, ſee; note, how ſhe quotes the leaves!
Tit. *Lavinia*, wert thou thus ſurpriz'd, ſweet girl,
Raviſh'd, and wrong'd, as *Philomela* was,
Forc'd in the ruthleſs, vaſt, and gloomy woods? —
See, ſee! —
Ay, ſuch a place there is, where we did hunt,
(O, had we never, never, hunted there!)
Pattern'd by that the poet here deſcribes,
By nature made for murthers, and for rapes.
Mar. O, why ſhould nature build ſo foul a den,
Unleſs the gods delight in tragedies! [friends, —
Tit. Give ſigns, ſweet girl, — for here are none but
What *Roman* lord it was, durſt do the deed:
Or ſlunk not *Saturnine*, as *Tarquin* erſt,
That left the camp to ſin in *Lucrece'* bed? [me. —
Mar. Sit down, ſweet niece; — brother, ſit down by
Apollo, *Pallas*, *Jove*, or *Mercury*,
Inſpire me, that I may this treaſon find! —
My lord, look here; — look here, *Lavinia*:
This ſandy plot is plain; guide, if thou can'ſt,

This † after me, when I have writ my name
Without the help of any hand at all. — [*his Arms.*
[*He takes his Staff in his Mouth, and writes, guiding it with*
Curſt be that heart that forc'd us to this ſhift! —
Write thou, good niece; and here diſplay, at laſt,
What god will have diſcover'd for revenge:
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy ſorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors, and the truth!
Lavinia *takes the Staff, and writes,*
using it as above.

Tit. O, do you read, my lord, what ſhe hath writ!
Stuprum ——— *Chiron* ——— *Demetrius.*

Mar. What, what! the luſtful ſons of *Tamora*
Performers of this heinous bloody deed?

Tit. ——— *Magne dominator poli,*
Tam lentus audis ſcelera? tam lentus vides?

Mar. O, calm thee, gentle lord! although I know,
There is enough written upon this earth,
To ſtir a mutiny in the mildeſt thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.
My lord, kneel down with me; *Lavinia*, kneel;
And kneel, ſweet boy, the *Roman Hector*'s hope;
[*all kneel.*
And ſwear with me, — as with the woeful feer,
And father, of that chaſt diſhonour'd dame,
Lord *Junius Brutus* ſware for *Lucrece*' rape, —
That we will proſecute, by good advice,
Mortal revenge upon these trait'rous *Goths*,
And ſee their blood, or dye with this reproach.

Tit. ——— 'Tis ſure enough, an you knew how.
But if you hunt these bear-whelps, then beware:
The dam will wake; and, if ſhe wind you once,

15 *Magni* 26 ſweare

She's with the lion deeply ſtill in league,
And lulls him whilſt ſhe playeth on her back,
And, when he ſleeps, will ſhe do what ſhe liſt.
You're a young huntsman *Marcus*; let it alone.
And, come, I will go get a leaf of braſs,
And with a gad of ſteel will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry northern wind
Will blow these ſands, like *Sibyl*'s leaves, abroad,
And where's your leſſon then? — Boy, what ſay you?

Boy. I ſay, my lord, that, if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber ſhould not be ſafe
For these bad bondmen to the yoak of *Rome.*

Mar. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft
For his ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, ſo will I, an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into mine armory;
Lucius, I'll fit thee: and, withal, my boy,
Shalt carry for me to the empreſs' ſons
Presents, that I intend to ſend them both:
Come, come; thou'lt do thy meſſage, wilt thou not?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grandſire.

Tit. No, boy, not ſo; I'll teach thee another courſe. —
Lavinia, come: — *Marcus*, look to my houſe:
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court;
Ay, marry, will we, ſir; and we'll be waited on.
[*Exeunt* Boy, Titus, *and* Lavinia.

Mar. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compaſſion him?
Marcus, attend him in his extaſy;
That hath more ſcars of ſorrow in his heart,
Than foe-men's marks upon his batter'd ſhield:
But yet ſo juſt, that he will not revenge: —

[18] Shall carry

Revenge thee, heaven, for old *Andronicus!* [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same. A Room in the Palace.*
Enter DEMETRIUS, *and* AARON; CHIRON *meeting them; with him, young* Lucius, *and an Attendant, with a Bundle of Weapons, and Verses writ upon them.*

Chi. *Demetrius*, here's the son of *Lucius*;
He hath some message to deliver us. [father.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grand-

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from *Andronicus*; —
"And pray the *Roman* gods, confound you both."

Dem. Gramercy, lovely *Lucius*: What's the news?

Boy. "That you are both decipher'd, that's the news,"
"For villains mark'd with rape." — May it please you,
My grandsire, well advis'd, hath sent by me [lords,
The goodliest weapons of his armory,
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of *Rome*; for so he bad me say,
And so I do; and with his gifts † present
Your lordships, that, whenever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well:
And so I leave you both, — "like bloody villains."
[*Exeunt* Boy, *and Attendant.*

Dem. What's here? A scrowl; and written round about?
Let's see: [*reads.*

Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis nec arcu.

Chi. O, 'tis a verse in *Horace*; I know it well;
I read it in the grammar long ago. [it."

Aar. "Ay, just; — a verse in *Horace*; — right, you have

† Revenge the heavens

"Now, what a thing it is, to be an aſs!"
"Here's no fond jeſt: the old man hath found their guilt;"
"And ſends the weapons wrapt about with lines,"
"That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick:"
"But, were our witty empreſs well a-foot,"
"She would applaud *Andronicus'* conceit."
"But let her reſt in her unreſt a while."—
And now, young lords, was't not a happy ſtar
Led us to *Rome*, ſtrangers, and, more than ſo,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good, before the palace gate
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to ſee ſo great a lord
Baſely inſinuate, and ſend us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, lord *Demetrius?*
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

Dem. I would we had a thousand *Roman* dames
At ſuch a bay, by turn to ſerve our luſt.

Chi. A charitable wiſh, and full of love.

Aar. Here's lack but of your mother, to ſay amen.

Chi. And that would ſhe for twenty thousand more.

Dem. Come, let us go; and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. Pray to the devils; the gods have given us over.
[*Trumpets within.*

Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets flouriſh thus?

Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a ſon.

Dem. Soft; who comes here?

Enter a Nurſe *haſtily, with a Child in her Arms.*

Nur. Good morrow, lords:
O, tell me, did you ſee *Aaron* the *Moor?*

Aar. Well, more, or leſs, or ne'er a whit at all,

[2] no found ieſt [20] v. *Note.*

Here *Aaron* is; And what with *Aaron* now?
Nur. O gentle *Aaron*, we are all undone!
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!
Aar. Why, what a caterwawling doſt thou keep?
What doſt thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?
Nur. O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our empreſs' ſhame, and ſtately *Rome*'s diſgrace; —
She is deliver'd, lords, ſhe is deliver'd!
Aar. To whom?
Nur. I mean, ſhe is brought a-bed.
Aar. Well, god
Give her good reſt! What hath he ſent her?
Nur. A devil.
Aar. Why, then ſhe is the devil's dam; a joyful iſſue.
Nur. A joyleſs, dismal, black, and ſorrowful iſſue:
Here is the babe, as loathſome as a toad
Amongſt the faireſt breeders of our clime;
The empreſs ſends it thee, thy ſtamp, thy ſeal,
And bids thee chriſten it with thy dagger's point.
Aar. Out on you, whore! is black ſo baſe a hue! —
Sweet blowze, you are a beauteous bloſſom, ſure.
Dem. Villain, what haſt thou done?
Aar. Done! that which thou
Canſt not undo.
Chi. Thou haſt undone our mother.
Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother.
Dem. And therein, helliſh dog, thou haſt undone.
Woe to her chance! and damn'd her loathed choice!
Accurſ'd the offſpring of ſo foul a fiend!
Chi. It ſhall not live.
Aar. It ſhall not dye.
Nur. *Aaron*, it muſt; the mother wills it ſo.

Aar. What, muſt it, nurſe? then let no man, but I,
Do execution on my fleſh and blood.
Dem. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point:—
Nurſe, give it me; my ſword ſhall ſoon diſpatch it.
Aar. Sooner this ſword ſhall plough thy bowels up.
[*taking the Child from the Nurſe, and drawing.*
Stay, murtherous villains! will you kill your brother?
Now, by the burning tapers of the ſky,
That ſhone ſo brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my ſcymitar's ſharp point,
That touches this my firſt-born ſon and heir!
I tell you, younglings, not *Enceladus*,
With all his threat'ning band of *Typhon*'s brood,
Nor great *Alcides*, nor the god of war,
Shall ſeize this prey out of his father's hands.
What, what; ye ſanguine, ſhallow-hearted boys!
Ye white-lim'd walls! ye alehouſe painted ſigns!
Coal-black is better than another hue,
In that it ſcorns to bear another hue:
For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn the ſwan's black legs to white,
Although ſhe lave them hourly in the flood.—
Tell the empereſs from me, I am of age
To keep mine own; excuſe it how ſhe can.
Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble miſtreſs thus?
Aar. My miſtreſs is my miſtreſs; this, my ſelf;
The vigour, and the picture of my youth:
This, before all the world do I prefer;
This, maugre all the world, will I keep ſafe,
Or ſome of you ſhall ſmoke for it in *Rome*.
Dem. By this our mother is for ever ſham'd.
Chi. *Rome* will deſpise her for this foul eſcape.

17 white-limbde

Nur. The emperor, in his rage, will doom her death.
Chi. I bluſh, to think upon this ignomy.
Aar. Why, there's the priviledge your beauty bears:
Fye, treacherous hue! that will betray with bluſhing
The cloſe enacts and counſels of the heart.
Here's a young † lad fram'd of another leer:
Look, how the black ſlave ſmiles upon the father;
As who ſhould ſay, *Old lad, I am thine own.*
He is your brother, lords; ſenſibly fed
Of that ſelf blood that firſt gave life to you;
And, from that womb, where you imprison'd were,
He is enfranchised and come to light:
Nay, he's your brother by the ſurer ſide,
Although my ſeal be ſtamped in his face.
Nur. *Aaron*, what ſhall I ſay unto the empreſs?
Dem. Advise thee, *Aaron*, what is to be done,
And we will all ſubſcribe to thy advice:
Save thou the child, ſo we may all be ſafe.
Aar. Then ſit we † down, and let us all conſult.
My ſon and I will have the wind of you:—
Keep † there:—Now talk at pleasure of your ſafety.
Dem. How many women ſaw this child of his?
Aar. Why, ſo, brave lords; When we all join in league,
I am a lamb: but if you brave the *Moor*,
The chaſed boar, the mountain lioneſs,
The ocean ſwells not ſo as *Aaron* ſtorms.—
But, ſay again, how many ſaw the child?
Nur. *Cornelia* the midwife, and myſelf;
And no one elſe, but the deliver'd empreſs.
Aar. The empereſs, the midwife, and yourſelf.
Two may keep counſel, when the third's away:
Go to the empreſs; tell her, this † I ſaid:— [*kills her.*

Weke, weke! — so cries a pig, prepar'd to the spit.
Dem. What mean'st thou, *Aaron?* Wherefore didst thou this?
Aar. O lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy:
Shall she live, to betray this guilt of ours,
A long-tongu'd babling gossip? no, lords, no.
And now be it known to you my full intent.
Not far, one *Muliteus* lives, my countryman:
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed;
His child is like to her, fair as you are:
Go, pack with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all;
And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,
And be received for the emperor's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the court;
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
But, hark ye, lords; Ye see, I have given her physick,
And you must needs bestow her funeral;
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:
This done, see that you take no longer days,
But send the midwife presently to me.
The midwife, and the nurse, well made away,
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.
Chi. *Aaron*, I see, thou wilt not trust the air
With secrets.
Dem. For this care of *Tamora*,
Herself, and hers, are highly bound to thee.
[*Exeunt* Chi. *and* Dem. *bearing off the Nurse.*
Aar. Now to the *Goths*, as swift as swallow flies;
There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
And secretly to greet the empress' friends. —
Come on, you thick-lip'd slave, I'll bear you hence;

For it is you that puts us to our ſhifts:
I'll make you feed on berries and on roots,
And feaſt on curds and whey, and ſuck the goat,
And cabin in a cave; and bring you up,
To be a warrior, and command a camp. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The ſame. A publick Place.*
Enter TITUS, *carrying Arrows, with Letters on the Ends of them; with him, certain Gentlemen of his Kindred,* MARCUS, *and young* Lucius, *bearing Bows.*

Tit. Come, *Marcus*, come; — Kinsmen, this is the way: —
Sir boy, now let me ſee your archery;
Look, ye draw home enough, and 'tis there ſtraight. —
——— *Terras Aſtræa reliquit:* ———
Be you remember'd, *Marcus*; ſhe's gone, ſhe's fled. —
Sirs, take you to your tools. — You, cousins, ſhall
Go ſound the ocean, and caſt your nets;
Happily, you may find her in the ſea.
Yet there's as little juſtice as at land: —
No; *Publius*, and *Sempronius*, you muſt do it:
'Tis you muſt dig with mattock, and with ſpade,
And pierce the inmoſt centre of the earth:
Then, when you come to *Pluto*'s region,
I pray you to deliver him this petition:
Tell him, it is for juſtice, and for aid;
And that it comes from old *Andronicus*,
Shaken with ſorrows in ungrateful *Rome*. —
Ah, *Rome!* — Well, well; I made thee miſerable,
What time I threw the people's ſuffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me. —
Go, get you gone: and, pray, be careful all,

[2] And feede on

And leave you not a man of war unſearcht;
This wicked emperor may have ſhip'd her hence,
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for juſtice.
Mar. O, *Publius*, is not this a heavy caſe,
To ſee thy noble uncle thus diſtract.
1. *G.* Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,
By day and night to attend him carefully;
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
'Till time beget ſome careful remedy.
Mar. Kinsmen, his ſorrows are paſt remedy.
Join with the *Goths*; and, with revengeful war,
Take wreak on *Rome* for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor *Saturnine*.
Tit. *Publius*, how now? how now, my maſters? Well;
What, have you met with her?
1. *G.* No, my good lord: but *Pluto* ſends you word,
If you will have revenge from hell, you ſhall:
Marry, for juſtice, ſhe is ſo employ'd,
He thinks, with *Jove* in heaven, or ſomewhere elſe,
So that perforce you muſt needs ſtay a time.
Tit. He doth me wrong, to feed me with delays.
I'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of *Acheron* by the heels.—
Marcus, we are but ſhrubs, no cedars we;
No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the *Cyclops'* ſize:
But metal, *Marcus*, ſteel to the very back;
Yet wrung with wrongs, more than our backs can bear:—
And. ſith there is no juſtice in earth nor hell;
We will ſolicit heaven; and move the gods,
To ſend down juſtice for to wreak our wrongs:
Come, to this gear.—You're a good archer, *Marcus*;
[*pulling out his Arrows.*

Ad Jovem, that's ✝ for you: — Here, ✝ *ad Apollinem*: —
Ad Martem, — ♁, that's for myself: —
Here, ✝ boy, to *Pallas*: — Here, ✝ to *Mercury*: —
To *Saturn*, ✝ *Caius*; not to *Saturnine*,
You were as good to shoot against the wind. —
To it, my boys. — *Marcus*, loose when I bid. —
Sirs, o' my word, I have written to effect;
There's not a god left unsollicited.

Mar. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court;
We will afflict the emperor in his pride. [*Lucius!*

Tit. Now, masters, draw. — [*They shoot.*] O, well said,
Good boy, in *Virgo*'s lap, he'll give it *Pallas!*

Mar. My lord, I am a mile beyond the moon;
Your letter is with *Jupiter* by this.

Tit. Ha! *Publius*, *Publius*, what hast thou done?
See, see, thou hast shot off one of *Taurus*' horns.

Mar. This was the sport, my lord: when *Publius* shot,
The bull, being gall'd, gave *Aries* such a knock
That down fell both the ram's horns in the court;
And who should find them, but the empress' villain:
She laugh'd, and told the *Moor*, he should not choose
But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes: God give your lordship joy!

Enter Clown, *with a Basket and two Pigeons.*

News, news from heaven! *Marcus*, the post is come. —
Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?
Shall I have justice? what says *Jupiter?*

Clo. Ho! the gibbet-maker? he says, that he hath taken them down again; for the man must not be hang'd 'till the next week.

Tit. But what says *Jupiter*, I ask thee?

Clo. Alas, sir, I know not *Jupiter*; I never drank

[1] *Apollonem* [4] *Saturnine*, to *Caius* [13] I aime a

with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clo. Ay, of my pigeons, ſir; nothing elſe.

Tit. Why, did'ſt not thou come from heaven?

Clo. From heaven? alas, ſir, I never came there: God forbid, I ſhould be ſo bold to preſs to heaven in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the emperial's men.

Mar. Why, ſir, this is as fit as can be, to ſerve for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?

Clo. Nay, truly, ſir, I could never ſay grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither; make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the emperor:
By me thou ſhalt have juſtice at his hands. [charges.—
Hold, hold; — mean while here's ╪ money for thy
Give me a pen and ink.—
Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a ſupplication?

Clo. Ay, ſir.

Tit. Then here ╪ is a ſupplication for you. And, when you come to him, at the firſt approach, you muſt kneel; then kiſs his foot; then deliver up your pigeons; and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, ſir; ſee you do it bravely.

Clo. I warrant you, ſir; let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, haſt thou a knife? Come, let me ſee it.—
Here, *Marcus*, fold it in the oration;
For thou haſt made it like an humble ſuppliant:—

And when thou haſt given it the emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he ſays.
Clo. God be with you, ſir; I will.
Tit. Come, *Marcus*, let us go:—*Publius*, follow me.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The ſame. Before the Palace.*

Enter SATURNINE, *and* TAMORA, *attended*; Saturnine *with the Arrows in his Hand, that* Titus *ſhot.*

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these? was ever
An emperor in *Rome* thus over-born, [ſeen
Troubl'd, confronted thus; and, for the extent
Of egal juſtice, us'd in ſuch contempt?
My lords, you know, as do the mightful gods,
(However these diſturbers of our peace
Buz in the people's ears) there nought hath paſſ'd,
But even with law, againſt the wilful ſons
Of old *Andronicus*. And what an if
His ſorrows have ſo overwhelm'd his wits;
Shall we be thus afflicted in his freaks,
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterneſs?
And now he writes to heaven for his redreſs:
See, here's to *Jove*; and this to *Mercury*;
This to *Apollo*; this to the god of war:
Sweet ſcrowls, to fly about the ſtreets of *Rome!*
What's this, but libelling againſt the ſenate,
And blazoning our injuſtice every where?
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
As who would ſay, in *Rome* no juſtice were.
But, if I live, his feigned extaſies
Shall be no ſhelter to these outrages:

21 his wreakes,

But he and his ſhall know, that juſtice lives
In *Saturninus*' health; who, if he ſleep,
He'll ſo awake, as he in fury ſhall
Cut off the proud'ſt conſpirator that lives.
Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely *Saturnine*,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of *Titus*' age,
The effects of ſorrow for his valiant ſons,
Whose loſs hath pierc'd him deep, and ſcar'd his heart;
And rather pity his diſtreſſed plight,
Than proſecute the meaneſt, or the beſt,
For these contempts.—"Why, thus it ſhall become"
"High-witted *Tamora* to gloze with all:"
"But, *Titus*, I have touch'd thee to the quick,"
"Thy life-blood out: if *Aaron* now be wise,"
"Then is all ſafe, the anchor's in the port."—
Enter Clown.
How now, good fellow? would'ſt thou ſpeak with us?
Clo. Yea, forſooth, an your miſterſhip be emperial.
Tam. Empreſs I am, but yonder ſits the emperor.
Clo. 'Tis he.—God, and ſaint *Stephen*, give you good den: I have brought you a letter, and a couple of pigeons here. [Saturnine *reads the Letter.*
Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.
Clo. How much money muſt I have?
Tam. Come, ſirrah, you muſt be hang'd.
Clo. Hang'd! By'r-lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end. [*Exit, guarded.*
Sat. Deſpightful and intolerable wrongs!
Shall I endure this monſtrous villany?
I know from whence this ſame device proceeds:—
May this be born?—as if his traitr'ous ſons,

[2] whome if

That dy'd by law for murther of our brother,
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully.—
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;
Nor age, nor honour, ſhall ſhape priviledge:—
For this proud mock I'll be thy ſlaughter-man,
Sly frantick wretch; that holp'ſt to make me great,
In hope thyſelf ſhould govern *Rome* and me.

Enter Æmilius.

What news with thee, *Æmilius?*

Æmi. Arm, arm, my lords; *Rome* never had more cause!
The *Goths* have gather'd head; and, with a power
Of high-resolved men, bent to the ſpoil,
They hither march amain, under conduct
Of *Lucius*, ſon to old *Andronicus*;
Who threats, in courſe of this revenge, to do
As much as ever *Coriolanus* did.

Sat. Is warlike *Lucius* general of the *Goths?*
These tidings nip me; and I hang the head,
As flowers with froſt, or graſs beat down with ſtorms.
Ay, now begin our ſorrows to approach:
'Tis he, the common people love ſo much;
Myſelf hath often overheard them ſay,
(When I have walked like a private man)
That *Lucius'* baniſhment was wrongfully,
And they have wiſh'd that *Lucius* were their emperor.

Tam. Why ſhould you fear? is not your city ſtrong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour *Lucius*;
And will revolt from me, to ſuccour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.
Is the ſun dim'd, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle ſuffers little birds to ſing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby;

Knowing, that, with the ſhadow of his wings,
He can at pleasure ſtint their melody:
Even ſo may'ſt thou the giddy men of *Rome*.
Then chear thy ſpirit: for know, thou emperor,
I will enchant the old *Andronicus*,
With words more ſweet, and yet more dangerous,
Than baits to fiſh, or honey-ſtalks to ſheep;
When as the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious feed.

Sat. But he will not entreat his ſon for us.

Tam. If *Tamora* entreat him, then he will:
For I can ſmooth, and fill his aged ear
With golden promiſes; that were his heart
Almoſt impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet ſhould both ear and heart obey my tongue.—
Go thou before, [*to* Æmi.] be our embaſſador;
Say, that the emperor requeſts a parley
Of warlike *Lucius*, and appoint the meeting.

Sat. *Æmilius*, do this meſſage honourably:
And if he ſtand on hoſtage for his ſafety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him beſt.

Æmi. Your bidding ſhall I do effectually. [*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I to that old *Andronicus*;
And temper him with all the art I have,
To pluck proud *Lucius* from the warlike *Goths*.
And now, ſweet emperor, be blith again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go inceſſantly, and plead to him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Plains near* Rome.

16 before to be 20 ſtand in hoſtage 28 ſucceſſantly

Enter, with Drum and Colours, LUCIUS, *and* Goths.

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great *Rome*,
Which ſignify, what hate they bear their emperor,
And how desirous of our ſight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witneſs,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;
And, wherein *Rome* hath done you any ſcathe,
Let him make treble ſatiſfaction.

1. *G.* Brave ſlip, ſprung from the great *Andronicus*,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;
Whose high exploits, and honourable deeds,
Ingrateful *Rome* requites with foul contempt;
Be bold in us: we'll follow where thou lead'ſt,—
Like ſtinging bees in hotteſt ſummer's day,
Led by their maſter to the flowred fields,—
And be aveng'd on curſed *Tamora*.

Got. And, as he ſaith, ſo ſay we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a luſty *Goth?*

Enter a Goth, *leading* AARON, *with his Child in his Arms.*

2. *G.* Renowned *Lucius*, from our troops I ſtray'd,
To gaze upon a ruinous monaſtery;
And, as I earneſtly did fix mine eye
Upon the waſted building, ſuddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall:
I made unto the noise; when ſoon I heard
The crying babe controul'd with this diſcourſe:
Peace, tawny ſlave; half me, and half thy dam!
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,

5 ſignifies

Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou might'ſt have been an emperor:
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf.
Peace, villain, peace! — even thus he rates the babe, —
For I muſt bear thee to a truſty Goth;
Who, when he knows thou art the empreſs' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's ſake.
With this, my weapon drawn, I ruſh'd upon him,
Surpriz'd him ſuddenly; and brought him hither,
To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy *Goth!* this is the incarnate devil,
That rob'd *Andronicus* of his good hand:
This is the pearl that pleas'd your empreſs' eye;
And here's the baſe fruit of his burning luſt. —
Say, wall-ey'd ſlave, whither would'ſt thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
Why doſt not ſpeak? What, deaf? No; not a word? —
A halter, ſoldiers; hang him on this tree,
And by his ſide his fruit of baſtardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the ſire for ever being good. —
Firſt, hang the child, that he may ſee it ſprawl;
A ſight to vex the father's ſoul withal.
Get me a ladder. [*Ladder brought:* Aaron *led up it.*

Aar. Lucius, ſave the child;
And bear it from me to the emperes.
If thou do this, I'll ſhew thee wondrous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear:
If thou wilt not, befal what may befal,
I'll ſpeak no more; But vengeance rot you all!

Luc. Say, on; and, if it please me which thou ſpeak'ſt,

25 v. *Note.*

Thy child ſhall live, and I will ſee it nouriſh'd.
Aar. An if it please thee? why, aſſure thee, *Lucius*,
'Twill vex thy ſoul to hear what I ſhall ſpeak.
For I muſt talk of murthers, rapes, and maſſacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of miſchief, treason; villanies
Ruthful to hear, yet piteouſly perform'd:
And this ſhall all be bury'd by my death,
Unleſs thou ſwear to me, my child ſhall live.
Luc. Tell on thy mind; I ſay, thy child ſhall live.
Aar. Swear that he ſhall, and then I will begin.
Luc. Who ſhould I ſwear by? thou believ'ſt no god;
That granted, how canſt thou believe an oath?
Aar. What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not:
Yet, — for I know thou art religious,
And haſt a thing within thee, called conſcience;
With twenty popiſh tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have ſeen thee careful to observe, —
Therefore I urge thy oath: — For that, I know,
An ideot holds his bauble for a god;
And keeps the oath, which by that god he ſwears;
To that I'll urge him: — Therefore thou ſhalt vow
By that ſame god, — what god ſoe'er it be,
That thou ador'ſt and haſt in reverence, —
To ſave my boy, nouriſh, and bring him up;
Or elſe I will diſcover nought to thee.
Luc. Even by my god I ſwear to thee, I will.
Aar. Firſt, know thou, I begot him on the empreſs.
Luc. O moſt inſatiate luxurious woman!
Aar. Tut, *Lucius!* this was but a deed of charity,
To that which thou ſhalt hear of me anon.
'Twas her two ſons, that murther'd *Baſſianus:*

25 boy, to nouriſh

They cut thy ſiſter's tongue, and raviſh'd her,
And cut her hands off; trim'd her as thou ſaw'ſt.
Luc. O déteſtable villain! call'ſt thou that trimming?
Aar. Why, ſhe was waſh'd, and cut, and trim'd; and
Trim ſport for them that had the doing of it. ['twas
Luc. O barbarous beaſtly villains, like thyſelf!
Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to inſtruct them:
That codding ſpirit had they from their mother,
As ſure a card as ever won the ſet;
That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head.
Well, let my deeds be witneſs of my worth.
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,
Where the dead corps of *Baſſianus* lay:
I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,
Confederate with the queen, and her two ſons:
And what not done, that thou haſt cause to rue,
Wherein I had no ſtroke of miſchief in it?
I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand;
And, when I had it, drew myſelf apart,
And almoſt broke my heart with extream laughter:
I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,
When, for his hand, he had his two ſons' heads;
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd ſo heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his;
And when I told the empreſs of this ſport,
She ſwooned almoſt at my pleasing tale,
And, for my tidings, gave me twenty kiſſes.
1. *G.* What! can'ſt thou ſay all this, and never bluſh?
Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the ſaying is.
Luc. Art thou not ſorry for these heinous deeds?

2 off, and trim'd 28 She ſounded

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.
Even now I curſe the day, (and yet, I think,
Few come within the compaſs of my curſe)
Wherein I did not ſome notorious ill:
As kill a man, or elſe devise his death;
Raviſh a maid, or plot the way to do it;
Accuse ſome innocent, and forſwear myſelf:
Set deadly enmity between two friends;
Make poor men's cattle break their necks; ſet fire
On barns and hay-ſtacks in the night, and bid
The wretched owners quench them with their tears:
Oft have I dig'd up dead men from their graves,
And ſet them upright at their dear friends' doors,
Even when their ſorrow almoſt was forgot;
And on their ſkins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in *Roman* letters,
Let not your ſorrow dye, though I am dead.
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things,
As willingly as one would kill a fly;
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil; for he muſt not dye
So ſweet a death, as hanging presently.

Aar. If there be devils, 'would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlaſting fire;
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

Luc. Sirs, ſtop his mouth, and let him ſpeak no more.

Enter a Goth.

3. *G.* My lord, there is a meſſenger from *Rome*,
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near. [*Exit* Goth.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Welcome, *Æmilius:* What's the news from *Rome?*

Æmi. Lord *Lucius*, and you princes of the *Goths*,
The *Roman* emperor greets you all by me:
And for he underſtands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's houſe;
Willing you to demand your hoſtages,
And they ſhall be immediately deliver'd.

1. *G.* What ſays our general?

Luc. *Æmilius*, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father, and my uncle *Marcus*,
And we will come. — Away. [*March. Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Rome. *Court of* Titus' *Houſe.*

Enter, in diſguiſ'd Attirements, TAMORA, CHIRON, *and* DEMETRIUS.

Tam. Thus, in this ſtrange and ſad habiliment,
I will encounter with *Andronicus*;
And ſay, I am revenge, ſent from below,
To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs.
Knock at his ſtudy, where, they ſay, he keeps,
To ruminate ſtrange plots of dire revenge;
Tell him, revenge is come to join with him,
And work confuſion on his enemies. [*They knock.*

Enter TITUS, *above.*

Tit. Who doth moleſt my contemplation?
Is it your trick, to make me ope the door;
That ſo my ſad decrees may fly away,
And all my ſtudy be to no effect?
You are deceiv'd: for what I mean to do,
See † here, in bloody lines I have ſet down;
And what is written ſhall be executed.

12 march away. *Exeunt.*

Tam. Lord *Titus*, I am come to talk with thee.
Tit. No; not a word; How can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it that accord?
Thou haſt the odds of me, therefore no more. [me.
Tam. If thou did'ſt know me, thou would'ſt talk with
Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough:
Witneſs this wretched ſtump, these crimson lines;
Witneſs these trenches, made by grief and care;
Witneſs the tiring day, and heavy night;
Witneſs all ſorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud empreſs, mighty *Tamora*:
Is not thy coming for my other hand?
Tam. Know, thou ſad man, I am not *Tamora*;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend:
I am revenge; ſent from the infernal kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;
Confer with me of murder and of death:
There's not a hollow cave, or lurking place,
No vaſt obſcurity, or miſty vale,
Where bloody murther, or deteſted rape,
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offenders quake.
Tit. Art thou revenge? and art thou ſent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies?
Tam. I am; therefore come down, and welcome me.
Tit. Do me ſome ſervice, ere I come to thee.
Lo, by thy ſide where rape, and murder, ſtands:
Now give ſome 'ſurance that thou art revenge,
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels;

7 ſtump, witnes theſe

And then I'll come, and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globes.
Provide two proper palfries, black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
And find out murderers in their guilty caves:
And, when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the waggon wheel
Trot, like a servile footman, all day long;
Even from *Hyperion*'s rising in the east,
Until his very downfal in the sea.
And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy rapine and murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are they thy ministers? what are they call'd?

Tam. Rapine, and murder: therefore called so,
'Cause they take vengeance on such kind of men.

Tit. Good lord, how like the empress' sons they are!
And you, the empress! But we worldly men
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.
O sweet revenge, now do I come to thee:
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by. [*Exit from above.*

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy:
Whate'er I forge, to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches.
For now he firmly takes me for revenge:
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for *Lucius* his son;
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some cunning practise out of hand,
To scatter and disperse the giddy *Goths*,
Or, at the least, make them his enemies.

3 Provide thee two 5 murder in

See, here he comes, and I muſt ply my theme.

Enter TITUS.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:
Welcome, dread fury, to my woeful houſe;—
Rapine, and murther, you are welcome too:—
How like the empreſs and her ſons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a *Moor:*—
Could not all hell afford you ſuch a devil?—
For, well I wote, the empreſs never wags,
But in her company there is a *Moor*;
And, would you represent our queen aright,
It were convenient you had ſuch a devil:
But welcome, as you are. What ſhall we do?

Tam. What would'ſt thou have us do, *Andronicus?*

Dem. Shew me a murtherer, I'll deal with him.

Chi. Shew me a villain that hath done a rape,
And I am ſent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Shew me a thousand that have done thee wrong,
And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked ſtreets of *Rome*;
And, when thou find'ſt a man that's like thyſelf,
Good murther, ſtab him; he's a murtherer.—
Go thou with him; and, when it is thy hap
To find another that is like to thee,
Good rapine, ſtab him; he is a raviſher.—
Go thou with them; and in the emperor's court
There is a queen, attended by a *Moor*;
Well may'ſt thou know her by thy own proportion,
For up and down ſhe doth resemble thee;
I pray thee, do on them ſome violent death,
They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well haſt thou leſſon'd us; this ſhall we do.

But would it please thee, good *Andronicus*,
To ſend for *Lucius* thy thrice valiant ſon,
Who leads towards *Rome* a band of warlike *Goths*,
And bid him come and banquet at thy houſe;
When he is here, even at thy ſolemn feaſt,
I will bring in the empreſs, and her ſons,
The emperor himſelf, and all thy foes;
And at thy mercy ſhall they ſtoop and kneel,
And on them ſhalt thou ease thy angry heart:
What ſays *Andronicus* to this deviſe?

Tit. *Marcus*, my brother! 'tis ſad *Titus* calls.

Enter MARCUS.

Go, gentle *Marcus*, to thy nephew *Lucius*;
Thou ſhalt enquire him out among the *Goths*:
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefeſt princes of the *Goths*;
Bid him encamp his ſoldiers where they are:
Tell him, the emperor and the empreſs too
Feaſt at my houſe; and he ſhall feaſt with them.
This do thou for my love; and ſo let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

Mar. This will I do, and ſoon return again.

[*Exit* MARCUS.

Tam. Now will I hence about thy buſineſs,
And take my miniſters along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let rape and murder ſtay with me;
Or elſe I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but *Lucius*.

Tam. "What ſay you, boys? will you abide with him,"
"Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor,"
"How I have govern'd our determin'd jeſt?"
"Yield to his humour, ſmooth and ſpeak him fair,"

"And tarry with him 'till I turn again." [mad;"
Tit. "I know them all, though they ſuppose me
"And will o'er-reach them in their own deviſes,"
"A pair of curſed hell-hounds, and their dam."
Dem. "Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here."
Tam. Farewel, *Andronicus:* revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes.
Tit. I know, thou doſt; and, ſweet revenge, farewel.
[*Exit* Tamora.
Chi. Tell us, old man, how ſhall we be employ'd?
Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.—
Publius, come hither, *Caius*, and *Valentine!*
Enter certain Gentlemen, and Domeſticks.
1. *G.* What is your will?
Tit. Know you these two?
1. *G.* The empreſs' ſons,
I take them, *Chiron*, and *Demetrius.*
Tit. Fie, *Publius*, fie! thou art too much deceiv'd;
The one is murder, rape is the other's name:
And therefore bind them, gentle *Publius*;
Caius, and *Valentine*, lay hands on them:
Oft have you heard me wiſh for ſuch an hour,
And now I find it: therefore bind them ſure;
And ſtop their mouths, if they begin to cry.
[*Gentlemen* &c. *lay Hands on them. Exit* Titus.
Chi. Villains, forbear; we are the empreſs' ſons.
1. *G.* And therefore do we what we are commanded.—
Stop cloſe their mouths, let them not ſpeak a word:
Is he ſure bound? look, that you bind them faſt.
Re-enter Titus, *with* Lavinia;
Titus *bearing a Knife, and ſhe a Baſon.*
Tit. Come, come, *Lavinia*; look, thy foes are bound:—

Sirs, ſtop their mouths, let them not ſpeak to me;
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.—
O villains, *Chiron* and *Demetrius*,
Here † ſtands the ſpring whom you have ſtain'd with mud;
This goodly ſummer with your winter mix'd.
You kill'd her husband; and, for that vile fault,
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death:
My hand cut off, and made a merry jeſt:
Both her ſweet hands, her tongue, and that, more dear
Than hands or tongue, her ſpotleſs chaſtity,
Inhuman traitors, you conſtrain'd and forc'd.
What would you ſay, if I ſhould let you ſpeak?
Villains, for ſhame you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats;
Whilſt that *Lavinia* 'tween her ſtumps doth hold
The baſon, that receives your guilty blood.
You know, your mother means to feaſt with me,
And calls herſelf revenge, and thinks me mad,—
Hark, villains; I will grind your bones to duſt,
And with your blood, and it, I'll make a paſte;
And of the paſte a coffin I will rear,
And make two paſties of your ſhameful heads;
And bid that ſtrumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth, ſwallow her own encreaſe.
This is the feaſt that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet ſhe ſhall ſurfeit on;
For worſe than *Philomel* you us'd my daughter,
And worſe than *Progne* I will be reveng'd:
And now prepare your throats.—*Lavinia*, come,
[*cuts their Throats.*
Receive the blood: and, when that they are dead,

Let me go grind their bones to powder ſmall,
And with this hateful liquor temper it;
And in that paſte let their vile heads be bak'd.
Come, come, be every one officious
To make this banquet; which I wiſh might prove
More ſtern and bloody than the *Centaur*'s feaſt.
So, now bring in; for I will play the cook,
And ſee them ready 'gainſt their mother comes.
[*Exeunt, bearing in the Bodies.*

SCENE III. *The ſame. Gardens of the ſame. A magnificent Pavillion; Tables under it; Domeſticks attending. Enter* LUCIUS, *and* Goths, MARCUS *with him; and* AARON, *Prisoner.*

Luc. Why, uncle *Marcus*, ſince 'tis my father's mind,
That I repair to *Rome*, I am content.

1. *G.* And ours with thine, befall what fortune will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous *Moor*,
This ravenous tiger, this accurſed devil;
Let him receive no ſuſtenance, fetter him,
'Till he be brought unto the emperor's face,
For teſtimony of her foul proceedings:
And ſee the ambuſh of our friends be ſtrong;
I fear, the emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some devil whiſper curſes in mine ear;
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my ſwelling heart!

Luc. Away, inhuman dog, unhallow'd ſlave!—
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.—
[*Attendants lead in* AARON. *Trumpets within.*
The trumpets ſhew the emperor is at hand.

7 bring them in, for Ile play

Flouriſh. Enter SATURNINUS, *and* TAMORA; *with a great Train of Senators, Tribunes, and others.*

SAT. What, hath the firmament more ſuns than one?

LUC. What boots it thee, to call thyſelf a ſun?

MAR. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle;
These quarrels muſt be quietly debated.
The feaſt is ready, which the careful *Titus*
Hath órdain'd to an honourable end,
For peace, for love, for league, and good to *Rome:*
Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.

SAT. Marcus, we will. [*Company ſit to Table. Musick. Enter* TITUS, *and Others, and* Lavinia *veil'd:* Titus, *habited like a Cook, places the Diſhes.*

TIT. Welcome, my gracious lord;—welcome, dread
Welcome, ye warlike *Goths*;—*Lucius*, welcome;—[queen;
And welcome, all: although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your ſtomacks; please you, eat of it.

SAT. Why art thou thus attir'd, *Andronicus?*

TIT. Because I would be ſure to have all well,
To entertain your highneſs, and your empreſs.

TAM. We are beholding to you, good *Andronicus.*

TIT. An if your highneſs knew my heart, you were.—
My lord the emperor, resolve me this;
Was it well done of raſh *Virginius*,
To ſlay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because ſhe was enforc'd, ſtain'd, and deflour'd?

SAT. It was, *Andronicus.*

TIT. Your reason, mighty lord?

SAT. Because the girl ſhould not ſurvive her ſhame,
And by her presence ſtill renew his ſorrows.

TIT. A mighty reason, ſtrong, and effectual;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,

15 welcome *Lucius* 31 reaſon mighty

For me, moſt wretched, to perform the like: —
Dye, dye, *Lavinia*, and thy ſhame with thee;
[*kills* Lavinia.
And, with thy ſhame, thy father's ſorrow dye!

Sat. What haſt thou done, unnatural, and unkind?

Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.
I am as woeful as *Virginius* was:
And have a thouſand times more cauſe than he,
To do this outrage; and it is now done.

Sat. What, was ſhe raviſh'd? tell, who did the deed.

Tit. Wilt please you eat? wilt please your highneſs feed?

Tam. Why haſt thou ſlain thine only daughter thus?

Tit. Not I; 'twas *Chiron*, and *Demetrius*:
They raviſh'd her, and cut away her tongue;
And they 'twas, they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go, fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pye;
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the fleſh that ſhe herſelf hath bred.
'Tis true, 'tis true; witneſs my knife's ſharp point.
[*killing* Tamora.

Sat. Dye, frantick wretch, for this accurſed deed.
[*killing* Titus.

Luc. Can the ſon's eye behold his father bleed? —
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.
[*killing* Saturnine.

Company in Confuſion. A great Tumult: the Andronici, *and their Friends, gain the Steps of* Titus' *Houſe: Tumult ceaſes.*

Mar. You ſad-fac'd men, people and ſons of *Rome*,
By uproars ſever'd, like a flight of fowl

Scatter'd by winds and high tempeſtuous guſts,
O, let me teach you how to knit again
This ſcatter'd corn into one mutual ſheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body:
Leſt *Rome* herſelf be bane unto herſelf;
And ſhe, whom mighty kingdoms court'ſy to,
Like a forlorn and deſperate caſt-away,
Do ſhameful execution on herſelf.
But if my froſty ſigns and chaps of age,
Grave witneſſes of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,—
Speak, *Rome*'s dear friend; as erſt our anceſtor,
When with his ſolemn tongue he did diſcourſe,
To love-ſick *Dido*'s ſad attending ear,
The ſtory of that baleful burning night,
When ſubtle *Greeks* ſurpriz'd king *Priam*'s *Troy*;
Tell us, what *Sinon* hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
That gives our *Troy*, our *Rome*, the civil wound.—
My heart is not compact of flint, nor ſteel;
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my very utterance; even i' the time
When it ſhould move you to attend me moſt,
Lending your kind commiſeration:
Here † is a captain, let him tell the tale;
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him ſpeak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
That curſed *Chiron* and *Demetrius*
Were they that murdered our emperor's brother;
And they it was, that raviſhed our ſiſter:
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded;

5 v. *Note.* 31 it were that

Our father's tears despis'd; and basely cozen'd
Of that true hand, that fought *Rome*'s quarrel out,
And sent her enemies unto the grave.
Lastly, myself unkindly banished,—
The gates shut on me,— and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among *Rome*'s enemies;
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend:
And I am the turn'd-forth, be it known to you,
That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood;
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body:
Alas, you know, I am no vaunter, I;
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just, and full of truth.
But, soft, methinks, I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise: O, pardon me;
For, when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Mar. Now is my turn to speak; Behold this child,
[*Shewing it in the Arms of an Attendant.*
Of this was *Tamora* delivered;
The issue of an irreligious *Moor*,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes;
The villain is alive in *Titus*' house,
Damn'd as he is, to witness this is true.
Now judge, what cause had *Titus* to revenge
These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what say you, *Romans*?
Have we done aught amiss? Shew us wherein,
And, from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of the *Andronici*

25 And as 26 what course had

Will, hand in hand, all headlong caſt us down,
And on the ragged ſtones beat forth our brains,
And make a mutual closure of our houſe.
Speak, *Romans*, ſpeak; and, if you ſay, we ſhall,
Lo, hand in hand, *Lucius* and I will fall. [*Rome.*

1. *R.* Come down, come down, thou reverent man of
And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius our emperor; for, well I know,
The common voice doth cry, it ſhall be ſo.

Rom. *Lucius*, all hail; *Rome*'s royal emperor!

Mar. Go, go into old *Titus*' ſorrowful houſe;
[*to Attendants.*

And hither hale that miſbelieving *Moor*,
To be adjudg'd ſome direful ſlaughtering death,
As puniſhment for his moſt wicked life.
Lucius, *and the reſt, come down*;
with them, young Lucius.

Rom. *Lucius*, all hail: *Rome*'s gracious governor!—

Luc. Thanks, gent: *Romans*; May I govern ſo,
To heal *Rome*'s harms, and wipe away her woe!
But, gentle people, give me aim a while,—
For nature puts me to a heavy taſk;—
Stand all aloof;—but, uncle, draw you near,
To ſhed obſequious tears upon this † trunk:—
[*kneels over* Titus' *Body.*
O, take this warm kiſs on thy pale cold lips,
These ſorrowful drops upon thy blood-ſtain'd face,
The laſt true duties of thy noble ſon!

Mar. A tear for tear, and loving kiſs for kiſs,
[*kneeling by him.*
Thy brother *Marcus* tenders on thy lips:
O, were the ſum of these that I ſhould pay

9 doe cry 27 bloud ſtaine

Countleſs and infinite, yet would I pay them!

Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn of us
To melt in ſhowers: Thy grandſire lov'd thee well:
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
Sung thee aſleep, his loving breaſt thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet, and agreeing with thine infancy;
In that reſpect then, like a loving child,
Shed yet ſome ſmall drops from thy tender ſpring,
Because kind nature doth require it ſo:
Friends ſhould aſſociate friends in grief and woe:
Bid him farewel; commit him to the grave,
Do him that kindneſs, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandſire, grandſire, e'en with all my heart
'Would I were dead, ſo you did live again!
O lord, I cannot ſpeak to him for weeping;
My tears will choak me, if I ope my mouth.

Enter Attendants with Aaron.

2. *R.* You ſad *Andronici*, have done with woes;
Give ſentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breaſt-deep in earth, and famiſh him;
There let him ſtand, and rave and cry for food:
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom:
Some ſtay, to ſee him faſten'd in the earth.

Aar. Ah, why ſhould wrath be mute, and fury dumb?
I am no baby, I, that, with baſe prayers,
I ſhould repent the evils I have done;
Ten thousand, worſe than ever yet I did,
Would I perform, if I might have my will:
If one good deed in all my life I did,

I do repent it from my very ſoul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave:
My father, and *Lavinia*, ſhall forthwith
Be closed in our houſhold's monument.
As for that heinous tiger, *Tamora*,
No funeral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell ſhall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beaſts, and birds of prey:
Her life was beaſt-like, and devoid of pity;
And, being ſo, ſhall have like want of pity.
See juſtice done on *Aaron*; that damn'd *Moor*,
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning:
Then, afterwards, to order well the ſtate;
That like events may ne'er it ruinate. [*Exeunt.*